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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.



VOLUME XXXIII.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1905, TO APRIL, 1906.

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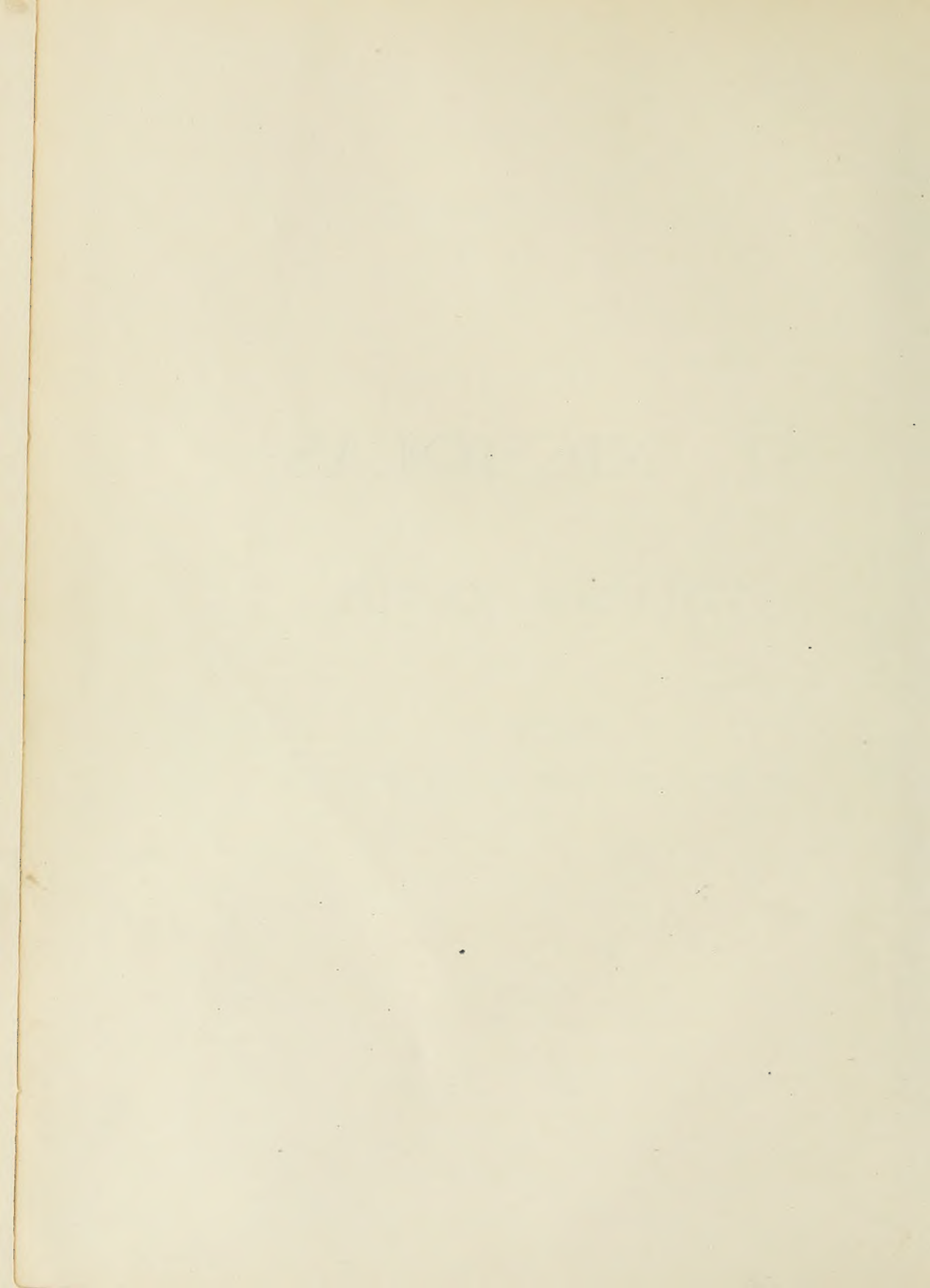
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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXXIII.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1905, TO APRIL, 1906.



CONTENTS OF PART I. VOLUME XXXIII.

	PAGE
"ACTÆON," A VIRGINIA DEER. (Illustrated from photographs by the Author) <i>Ernest Harold Baynes</i>	387
ADD A STEP. Verse. <i>E. E. Brown</i>	19
AHEAD OF THE SEASON. (Illustrated from photographs) <i>Florence Peltier</i>	464
ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. Picture, drawn by Anne Goldthwaite	57
ALPHABET'S CHRISTMAS TREE, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author) <i>Diantha W. Horne</i>	235
ANIMAL CRACKERS. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author) <i>Herbert Paus</i>	41
ANIMAL GIANT OF LONG AGO, AN. (Illustrated) <i>Walter L. Beasley</i>	452
APRIL GIRL, AN. Picture, drawn by Amy Otis	506
AS TO A CANINE KING. Verse <i>John Kendrick Bangs</i>	541
AS TO FAIRIES. Verse <i>John Kendrick Bangs</i>	247
AS TO THE RESTLESS BROOK. Verse <i>John Kendrick Bangs</i>	427
A. T. E. Verse. (Illustrated)	472
AT THE TOAD-STOOL SCHOOL. Picture, drawn by Frederick Richardson	60
BALLAD OF BRUCE'S BOWL, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Herbert Paus) <i>Paul R. Heyl</i>	195
BANBURY CROSS. ("Ride a Cock-horse to Banbury Cross") <i>Millicent Olmsted</i>	132
BASHFUL CALLER, A. Picture, drawn by Wallace Goldsmith	555
BETTY BARDEEN: HER SPELLING. (Illustrated by Florence L. Storer) <i>Grace Ethelwyn Cody</i>	226
BIRD THAT BOUGHT BARGAINS, THE. (Illustrated by Frederick Richardson) <i>Grace MacGowan Cooke</i>	358
BRAVE ANNABEL LOU. Verse. (Illustrated by Bessie Collins Pease) <i>Clara Odell Lyon</i>	166
BRUCE'S BOWL, THE BALLAD OF. Verse. (Illustrated by Herbert Paus) <i>Paul R. Heyl</i>	195
BUSY DAY, A. Verse. (Illustrated by Clara D. Davidson) <i>Carolyn Wells</i>	397
CAPITAL GUESS, A. Verse <i>Nixon Waterman</i>	310
CARACAS, CHARMING. (Illustrated from photographs) <i>George M. L. Brown</i>	304
CASSEL. ("Where Princes Played") <i>Grace S. H. Tytus</i>	436
CASTER, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by J. G. Francis)	286
CHARMING CARACAS. (Illustrated from photographs) <i>George M. L. Brown</i>	304
CHESTNUTTING EXPEDITION, THE. Picture, drawn by Culmer Barnes	70
CHILDREN'S HOUR IN THE OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE, THE. (Illustrated } <i>J. L. Harbour</i>	32
by J. Alden Peirson and from photographs)	
CHRISTMAS IN OLD ENGLAND. (Illustrated by Margaret Ely Webb) <i>Nora Archibald Smith</i>	156
CHRISTMAS MORNING IN OLD SPAIN, A. Picture, drawn by Hilah T. Drake	124
CHRISTMAS OF LONG AGO, A. Picture, drawn by Margaret Ely Webb	124
COASTING KILLIWOGS, THE (Illustrated by Arthur G. Dove) <i>Henry M. Kieffer</i>	142
COURAGE. (Illustrated by W. Benda) <i>Sally Campbell</i>	528
COWARD OF THE ELEVEN, THE. (Illustrated by Jerome Uhl) <i>Ralph D. Paine</i>	398
CRIMSON SWEATER, THE. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea) <i>Ralph Henry Barbour</i>	3
	149, 204, 296, 419, 507
DEAR BUT A QUEER LITTLE BOY, A. Verse. (Illustrated) <i>Malcolm Douglas</i>	515
DECEMBER. Verse <i>Pauline Frances Camp</i>	167
DILEMMA, A. Verse. (Illustrated) <i>Mary L. B. Branch</i>	71
DOMESTIC TROUBLES IN AFRICA. Picture, drawn by Frederick Richardson	303
EASTER BLOOMS. Picture, drawn by A. E. Learned	494
FAMILY FAILING, THE. (Illustrated by Arthur G. Dove) <i>Jenny Chandler Jones</i>	28
FATHER'S WHALING VOYAGE. (Illustrated by the Author) <i>Josephine Grant</i>	473

	PAGE
FEBRUARY. Verse. (Illustrated by Laura C. Hills).....	<i>Pauline Frances Camp</i> 356
FLAPJACK. (Illustrated by I. W. Taber).....	<i>Carter Hamilton</i> 214
FORKS.....	<i>D. M. Morrell</i> 350
FRETFUL PORCUPINE, THE. Picture, drawn by Culmer Barnes.....	417
GASPARD THE BRAVE. (Illustrated by Herbert Paus).....	<i>Frederick Orin Bartlett</i> 483
GIBBS MANSFIELD. From a portrait by Louise L. Heustis.....	467
GLASSES SOMETIMES HAVE EYES. Picture, drawn by F. E. Burton.....	19
GOOD FAIRY, A. Poem. (Illustrated by Frances Day).....	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> 220
GOOSE THAT GREW BIG, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Jessie McD. Walcott).....	<i>Margaret Johnson</i> 319
GOPHERS. ("A Question in Natural History.") Verse.....	<i>Clara Bradway Creveling</i> 225
GRANDMA'S POSY-BOWL. Verse. (Illustrated by Anna Milo Upjohn).....	<i>Delia Hart Stone</i> 418
GRETCHEN. Verse. (Illustrated by M. O. Kobbé).....	<i>Zella Milhau</i> 455
GROUND CIRCUIT, THE. (Illustrated by F. W. Read).....	<i>Frank Lillie Pollock</i> 119
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, A SCENE FROM. Picture, drawn by N. M. Price.....	148
HARVEST-HOME PROCESSION IN LILLIPUT-LAND, A. Picture.....	71
HOLD-UP IN THE PARK, A. Picture, drawn by Culmer Barnes.....	295
HOMEWARD BOUND. Picture, drawn by Culmer Barnes.....	417
HOOPLE TIME HAS COME AGAIN. Picture, drawn by Ethel N. Farnsworth.....	558
HOW ELLEN CAME TO STEAL THE INDIAN BABY. (Illustrated).....	<i>David MacGregor Cheney</i> 441
HOW THE MONEY WENT TO DUDLEY. (Illustrated by H. S. DeLay).....	<i>Henry Gardner Hunting</i> 42
HUMMING-BIRD'S BANQUET, A. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Meredith Nugent</i> 342
HURRAH! THE DEAR OLD MAN IS OFF! Picture, drawn by Culmer Barnes.....	155
IDA SPIED A SPIDER. Verse. (Illustrated by George A. Williams).....	<i>Clara A. Williams</i> 475
"I HAD A SAUCY SERVANT." Verse. (Illustrated by George R. Halm).....	<i>E. E. Sterns</i> 351
IRONING DAY. Picture, drawn by C. S. Griswold.....	468
JINGLES.....	41, 70, 225, 247, 286, 310, 332, 341, 418, 427, 454, 455, 472, 475, 527, 541
JOHN HENRY PAUL BROWN, A TALE OF. Verse. (Illustrated by Culmer Barnes).....	<i>Ina Wright Hanson</i> 122
JONQUIL, THE. Verse.....	<i>Don Marquis</i> 494
KNITTING SCHOOL, THE. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>H. S. Fetter</i> 491
LANGUAGE OF THE MAP, THE.....	<i>H. M. Kingery</i> 330
LEARNING. Verse. (Illustrated by Jessie Wilcox Smith).....	<i>E. S. Martin</i> 108
LEARNING THEIR LETTERS. Verse. (Illustrated).....	<i>H. H. B.</i> 470
LIGHTHOUSE-BUILDER'S SON, THE. (Illustrated by John Boyd and photograph of Memorial).....	<i>Ariadne Gilbert</i> 495
LIKE MA! Picture, drawn by B. Cory Kilvert.....	114
LINCOLN, THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM. (Illustrated by Jay Hambidge and others).....	<i>Helen Nicolay</i> 21
	125, 228, 313, 409, 516
LISTENERS NEVER HEAR ANY GOOD OF THEMSELVES. (Illustrated by L Hopkins).....	<i>Carolyn Wells</i> 60
LITTLE GRAY LAMB, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Henry Hutt).....	<i>Archibald B. D. Sullivan</i> 97
LONESOME DOG, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Wm. A. McCullough).....	<i>Annie Willis McCullough</i> 407
LUCKY BROTHER, MY. Verse.....	<i>Malcolm Douglas</i> 527
LUCKY MR. ELEPHANT. Picture drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell.....	541
MANSFIELD, GIBBS. From a portrait by Louise L. Heustis.....	467
MARGARET. From a painting by M. D. Page.....	405
MARIE'S ACCIDENT. Verse. (Illustrated by Mary Hallock Foote).....	<i>Delia Hart Stone</i> 455
MARION'S MID-OCEAN SECRET. Illustrated by H. R. Boehm.....	<i>Ralph D. Paine</i> 291
MATCH, THE. (Illustrated).....	<i>S. E. Forman</i> 251
MIDGET'S NERVE, THE. (Illustrated by Howard Giles).....	<i>Leslie W. Quirk</i> 66
MILITARY TRAINING IN OUR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES. (Illustrated from photographs).....	<i>Captain Charles T. Boyd, U. S. A.</i> 48
MISLAID UNCLE, A. (Illustrated by Granville Smith).....	<i>E. Vinton Blake</i> 99
MISS DOROTHEA'S RECITAL. (Illustrated by Clara E. Peck).....	<i>Elizabeth Price</i> 199
MISTAKE, A. Verse. (Illustrated by George A. Williams).....	<i>Clara Andrews Williams</i> 41
MONKEY CARVING IN THE NIKKO TEMPLE. From a photograph.....	261
MORE THAN ONE TO MAKE A PANCAKE. (Illustrated by Blanche Greer).....	<i>Anna Branch</i> 559

MOTHER RABBIT ON A VISIT TO TOWN. Picture, drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell	203
MOVING TALL, A. Verse. (Illustrated by F. G. Long)	341
N. E. W. S. Verse.	203
NEW SEED, THE. Picture, drawn by M. W. Enright	107
ODD EVENT—AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP, THE. (Illustrated)	343
OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE, THE. Verse. (Illustrated)	454
OSTRICH ETIQUETTE. Picture, drawn by Frederick Richardson	427
PENNY SAD AND PENNY GLAD. Verse. (Illustrated by Florence E. Storer)	357
PICTURES 19, 40, 57, 60, 66, 70, 71, 114, 124, 141, 148, 155, 107, 203, 201, 295, 303, 405, 417, 420, 427, 444, 497 468, 469, 494, 506, 515, 527, 541, 555, 558	
PINKEY PERKINS. (Illustrated by George Varian)	{ Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A. }
How Pinkey Made the Best of a Bad Bargain	61
How Pinkey Became his Own Santa Claus	143
How Pinkey Caught a Bank Account	255
How Pinkey Became a Philanthropist	333
How Pinkey Found an Unexpected Ally	445
How Pinkey Went Snipe-hunting	549
PIPE AND THE SOAP-BUBBLE, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author)	Katharine Pyle 349
PLANTATION STORIES. (Illustrated by Frederick Richardson)	Grace MacGowan Cooke
The Bird that Bought Bargains	358
The West Wind and the Bear	556
PRESIDENT AND THE BOYS, THE. (Illustrated by John Cassel and from photographs)	Maurice Francis Egan 111
PROCESSION OF THE THREE KINGS, THE. Verse. (Illustrated)	Edith M. Thomas 249
PUZZLED GEOGRAPHER, A. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author)	A. D. Condo 332
QUESTION IN NATURAL HISTORY, A. Verse.	Clara Bradway Creveling 225
RANSOM OF BILLY, THE. (Illustrated by J. Cassel)	W. J. B. Moses 221
RIDE A COCK-HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS. (Illustrated by Herbert Paus and from photographs)	Millicent Olmsted 132
RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION. Verse. (Illustrated by W. B. King)	John Adamson 406
RIGI, ON THE. (Illustrated by Ralph Taylor Schultz)	Rebecca Harding Davis 161
"ROCKET" TO THE "ST. LOUIS," FROM THE. (Illustrated from a photo- graph)	J. I. Harbour 339
ROGUE, THE STORY OF A. (Illustrated by I. W. Taber)	Daniel Gibbons 352
ROMANY ROAD, ON THE. (Illustrated by the Author)	J. M. Gleeson 525
ROOMMATE REFORM MOVEMENT, A. (Illustrated by Katherine R. Wireman)	Winifred Kirkland 30
ROWENA O'TOOLE COMPANY, THE. (Illustrated by R. Kirby)	Ellis Parker Buller 243
RUINED RAIN-COAT, A. Picture, drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell	469
SIoux TO SUSAN, FROM. (Illustrated by Bessie Collins Pease)	Agnes McClelland Daulton 12
	135, 230, 322, 428, 542
SCHOOL-ROOM CHARACTERS. Pictures, by Gertrude Farrington	515
SEATS OF THE MIGHTY. Verse. (Illustrated by Margaret Ely Webb)	Edmund Vance Cooke 58
SENSITIVE CAT, THE. Jingle. (Illustrated)	Alice Brown 70
SHEPHERD BOY AND THE RAM, THE. (Illustrated by R. Kirby)	O. C. Vico 320
SNAP-SHOT, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by H. R. Boehm)	Edwin L. Sabin 311
SNOW-BOUND SANTA CLAUS, A. (Illustrated by Florence E. Storer)	Izola L. Forrester 115
SPANISH BALLAD, A. Verse. (Illustrated by Thomas C. Lawrence)	Laura E. Richards 11
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS ("The Lighthouse Builder's Son")	Ariadne Gilbert 495
STORIES OF USEFUL INVENTIONS. (Illustrated)	S. E. Foreman
Foreword	250
The Match	251
TALE OF A TEA-TABLE, A. Verse	Ellen Manly 468
TALKING THROUGH THE HAT. Verse. (Illustrated by H. R. Boehm)	Nora Archibald Smith 212
TELEPHONE-TELEGRAPH BIRD, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Florence E. Storer)	Julie Fay Shipman 492
TOO BUSY TO GROW	James H. Lambert, Jr. 418
TOY RAILROADING. (Illustrated from photographs)	Francis Arnold Collins 261

	PAGE
TRAINING BOTH HEAD AND HAND. (Illustrated from photographs).....	<i>Charles C. Johnson</i> 531
TREE THAT BEARS ITS BEST FRUIT INDOORS, THE. Picture, drawn by } A. G. Learned..... } 141
TROLLEY-PARTY IN THE NORTH WOODS. Pictures, drawn by Culmer Barnes	527
TWO TRAVELERS, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Palmer Cox</i> 548
TWO TREES. Verse	<i>Elisabeth R. Finley</i> 490
UNDER THE MISTLETOE. Verse. (Illustrated).....	286
UPSIDE DOWN ACT, THE GREAT. Picture, drawn by H. C. Wall.....	40
WEST WIND AND THE BEAR, THE. (Illustrated by Culmer Barnes).	<i>Grace MacGowan Cooke</i> ... 556
WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN ON HALLOWE'EN. Picture drawn by A. G. Learned.....	66
WHERE PRINCES PLAYED. (Illustrated from photographs)	<i>Grace S. H. Tytus</i> 436
WHITE FIELDS. Verse.....	<i>Carolyn Wells</i> 255
WINTER REGULATIONS. Picture, drawn by Wm. A. McCullough.....	426
WINTER SPORTS AMONG THE ANIMALS. Pictures	444

FRONTISPIECES.

"A Little School-girl of France," from a painting by Pascau, facing page 3—"The Little Gray Lamb," by Henry Hutt, facing page 97—"Robert the Bruce's Bowl," by Herbert Paus, facing page 195—"When the Snow Came on the 22nd of February," by G. A. Haist, facing page 291—"Actæon in an Attitude of Alarm," from a photograph, facing page 387—"On Guard!" cried Gaspard," by Herbert Paus, facing page 483.

DEPARTMENTS.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE. (Illustrated).....	80, 176, 272, 368, 564
NATURE AND SCIENCE. (Illustrated)	72, 168, 264, 360, 456, 560
BOOKS AND READING. (Illustrated).....	92, 188, 284, 380, 476, 572
THE LETTER-BOX. (Illustrated).....	94, 190, 382, 478, 574
THE RIDDLE-BOX. (Illustrated).....	95, 191, 287, 383, 479, 575
EDITORIAL NOTES	190, 478



A LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRL OF FRANCE.
FROM A PAINTING BY PASCAL IN THE SALON OF 1805.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1905.

No. 1.

The CRIMSON SWEATER

By Ralph Henry Barbour.

CHAPTER I.

THE CRIMSON SWEATER APPEARS.

"HELLO, kid!"

H

The boy in the crimson sweater raised a pair of blue eyes to the speaker's face, and a little frown crept into the sun-burned forehead; but there was no answer.

"Where 'd you get that sweater?"

The older boy, a tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested youth of nineteen, with a dark, not altogether pleasant face, paused on his way down the gymnasium steps and put the question sneeringly. Below, on the graveled path leading to the athletic field, a little group of fellows had turned and were watching expectantly: Horace Burlen had a way of taking conceit out of new boys that was always interesting. To be sure, in the present case, the new boy did n't look especially conceited,—unless it is conceit to appear for foot-ball practice in a dandy crimson sweater, which must have cost well up in two figures,—but you never could tell; and, anyway, Horace Burlen was the school leader and had a right to do what he pleased. Just at present it pleased him to scowl fiercely, for the new boy was displaying a most annoying deliberation. Horace examined the other with awakening interest.

He saw a fairly tall youth, sixteen years of age, well set up, with good chest and shoulders and rather wide hips. Like Horace, the younger boy was in foot-ball togs, only his sweater, instead of being brown, was crimson. But the difference between the two boys did n't end there: Horace Burlen was tall and big and dark; Roy Porter was several inches shorter, and not so wide of shoulder nor so deep of chest; and whereas Horace's hair was straight and black, Roy's was light, almost sandy, and was inclined to be curly. Under the hair was a good-looking, sun-browned face, with a short, well-built nose, a good mouth, and a pair of nice gray-blue eyes which at this moment were regarding Horace calmly. The older boy scowled threateningly.

"Say, kid, at this school we teach 'em to answer when they're spoken to; see? Where 'd you get that silly red rag of a sweater?"

"It was given to me," answered Roy, coolly.

"Think you 'll ever grow enough to fill it?"

"I guess so."

"Who gave it to you?"

"Seems to me they're a bit inquisitive at this school. But if you must know, my brother gave it to me."

"Too big for him, was n't it?"

Roy smiled.

"Not to speak of. He got a better one."

"Hope he changed the color," said Horace, with a sneer.

"Why, yes, he did, as it happened. His new one is black with a crimson H."

Horace started and shot a quick glance up and down the form confronting him.

"Is Porter of the Harvard eleven your brother?" he asked, with a trace of unwilling respect in his voice. Roy nodded.

"I suppose you think you can play the game because he can, eh? What's your name?"

"Porter," answered Roy, sweetly.

"Don't get fresh," admonished the other, angrily. "What's your first name?"

"I guess it will do if you just call me Porter," was the reply. There was a sudden darkening of the blue eyes, and in spite of the fact that the lips still smiled serenely, Horace saw the danger-signal and respected it.

"You're a pretty fresh young kid at present, but you'll get some of it taken out of you before you're here long," said the school leader, turning away.

"Fresh, am I?" mused Roy, watching the other join the group below and cross the lawn toward the field. "I wonder what he thinks he is? If he ever asks me, I'll mighty soon tell him! Red rag! I'll make him take that back some day, see if I don't!"

Roy's angry musings were interrupted by the sudden outward swing of the big oak door behind him. A dozen or so of Ferry Hill boys in foot-ball attire trooped out in company with Mr. Cobb, an instructor who had charge of the foot-ball and base-ball coaching. Roy fell in behind the group, crossed the lawn, passed through the gate in the well-trimmed hedge, and found himself on the edge of the cinder-track. The gridiron had just been freshly marked out for this first practice of the year, and the white lines gleamed brightly in the afternoon sunlight. Roy, however, remained on the side-line and looked about him.

Beyond the field was a border of trees and an occasional telegraph-pole marking the road over which he had journeyed the evening before from the Silver Cove station, where he had left the train from New York—and home. To his left, beyond the turn of the track, were the tennis-courts all freshly limed. Beyond those,

the trees began and sloped gently upward and away in a forest of swaying branches. Turning, he saw, below the courts, and divided from them by a stone wall, a good-sized orchard. Below the orchard lay the vegetable-garden, filled with the blue-green of late cabbages and the yellower hues of waving corn. Then, facing still further about until the field was at his back, he could look over the level top of the wide hedge and so down the slope of the campus. To his right were the two white barns and clustering outhouses, with the tower of School Hall rising beyond them. Further to the left was the red brick, vine-covered "Cottage," residence of the Principal, Doctor Emery, and his family. Then, further away down the sloping turf, stood Burgess Hall, the dormitory and dining-room; while here, close by, was the handsome new gymnasium. Beyond the campus, the "Grove," a small plantation of beech and oaks, shaded the path which led to the river and the boat-house at its margin. A long expanse of the Hudson was in sight from where he stood, its broad, rippled surface aglint in the September sunshine. At the far side of the stream, a group of red buildings huddled under giant elms, stood Hammond Academy, Ferry Hill's lifelong rival. In the distance loomed the blue summits of the nearer mountains.

"This way, everybody!" called Mr. Cobb, and Roy turned and joined the group of candidates. There were forty-three students at Ferry Hill that year, and at first glance it seemed that every last one of them had decided to try for the foot-ball team. But a second look would have found a handful of juniors, and one or two older boys, too, among the spectators, and Roy wondered whether they were crippled or ill. Surely no healthy boy could be content to watch from the side-line!

"Fellows who played in the 'varsity or second last year," directed Mr. Cobb, "take the other end of the field and practise passing for a while; I'll be down presently. Captain Rogers won't be out until half-past four. The rest of you chaps get a couple of balls and come over this way. That's it. Make a circle and pass the balls around."

Roy found himself between a short, stout boy of about fourteen and another boy whose

age might have been from sixteen to eighteen years. He wore a faded brown sweater with crossed oars dividing the letters "F H." Roy experienced a touch of respect for him, as a member of the crew, quite out of keeping with the feeling of amusement aroused by his lanky body, unkempt hair, and unpleasant beady, brown eyes. Roy liked the little chunky



youth on his other side better. He was evidently a new hand, and was in a continual funk for fear he would drop the ball when Roy passed it to him. For this reason Roy took some pains to put it to him easily and where he could best catch it, a piece of thoughtfulness that more than once brought a shy glance of gratitude from the youngster's big, round eyes. But if Roy gave courtesies, he received none. The lanky youth seemed to be trying to slam the ball at him as hard as he knew how, and once Roy caught a gleam of malicious amusement from the squinting eyes.

"Just you wait a minute, my friend," he muttered.

Despite the tall boy's best endeavors, he was unable to make Roy fumble. No matter where he shot the ball nor how hard he sent it, Roy hands gripped themselves about it. After

one especially difficult handling of the pigskin Roy looked up to find Mr. Cobb watching him with evident approval. The big fellow who had taken exception to the crimson sweater was not in the squad, and Roy concluded that he was one of the last-year team. Presently the order came to reverse, and the balls began going the other way. Here was Roy's chance for revenge, and he did n't let it slip. The first two balls he passed to his tall neighbor very nicely, but when the third one reached him he caught it in front of him, and, without turning his body, sped it on swift and straight for the tall one's chest. The tall one was n't expecting it quite so soon, and Roy looked properly regretful when the ball went bobbing away into the center of the circle, and the shaggy-haired youth went sprawling after it, only to miss it at the first try, and have to crawl along on elbows and knees until he had it snuggled under his body. The tall one rewarded Roy with a scowl when he got back to his place, but Roy met the scowl with a look of cherubic innocence.

Presently Mr. Cobb called a halt.

"That 'll do, fellows. I want to get your names now, so keep your places a moment."

Out came a note-book and pencil, and one by one the candidates' names were entered. Roy looked on while he awaited his turn, and thought that he was going to like Mr. Cobb. The instructor was rather small, a trifle bald-headed, and apparently a bunch of muscles. His scarcity of hair could hardly have been due to advanced age, for he did n't look a bit over thirty. In his time he had been a good quarterback on his college eleven, and one of the best short-stops of his day.

The small youth at Roy's right, after darting several diffident looks in his direction, at length summoned courage to address him.

"You 're a new boy, are n't you?" he asked.

"Brand-new," answered Roy, smilingly. "How about you?"

"Oh, I 've been here two years." The knowledge lent a degree of assurance, and he went on with less embarrassment: "I was a junior last year and could n't play. You know, they won't let the juniors play foot-ball here. Mighty mean, I think, don't you?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Roy. "I played when I was twelve, but I guess it's pretty risky for a kid of that age to do it. How old are you?"

"Fourteen. Do you think I'll stand any show to get on the team?"

"Why not? You look pretty solid. Can you run?"

But Roy's curiosity had to go unsatisfied for the moment, for Mr. Cobb appeared with his book.

"Well, Sidney, you're out for the team at last, eh?"

"Yes, sir; do you think I can make it, sir?"

"Who knows? You'll have to get rid of some of that fat, though, my boy." Mr. Cobb turned to Roy.

"Your name is — er — Brown, is n't it?"

"Porter, sir."

"Oh, Porter; I remember now. How old are you?"

"Sixteen, sir."

"Played before, have n't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"In New York, on my grammar-school eleven."

"What position?"

"Quarter first, then left half."

"What class are you in?"

"Second senior."

"Thank you; that's all. Ferris, you take charge of the squad until I come back. Let them fall on the ball awhile. Gallup and Porter, come with me. I'm going to give you two a try on the first squad. Come on." And Mr. Cobb strode briskly off down the field.

CHAPTER II.

ROY MAKES AN ENEMY AND A FRIEND.

A FEW minutes later Roy found himself acting as quarter-back on one of the two squads made up of last season's first and second. The boy in front of him, playing center, was the big youth who had, half an hour before, insulted his precious sweater, and whom Roy now discovered to be Horace Burlen. Burlen had n't shown himself especially delighted at Roy's advent, but so far had refrained from addressing him.

For a time the work went well. Each squad, as there were not enough players present to make up two full elevens, held nine men, five in the line and four behind it, and the work consisted of snapping the ball back by center and handing it to one of the backs by quarter.

Roy showed great aptitude for the work, which more than vindicated Mr. Cobb's judgment, and for ten minutes or so there were few fumbles and few mistakes. But presently, when Mr. Cobb had taken himself off to the other squad, the cry of "Ball!" went up, and Roy was on his stomach, snuggling the oval in his arms. The backs took their places again, and the ball went back to center. This time there was no hitch, and full-back, followed by left and right halves, trotted through the line, between guard and tackle. But on the next play the erratic pigskin again eluded Roy's hands, and after that fumbles and the cry of "Ball! Ball!" became so frequent that Mr. Cobb's attention was attracted and he came over.

"What's the matter here? Who's doing all that fumbling?" he demanded.

"My fault, sir," answered Roy.

"What's the matter?"

"I can't seem to get my hands on it somehow, sir. I don't think — I don't think it is coming back very well."

Horace Burlen turned wrathfully.

"You're no good! that's what's the trouble with you!" he exclaimed. "I'm sending that ball back just as I always do."

"Well, try it again," said the coach.

Strange to tell, there were no more fumbles as long as Mr. Cobb was by; but almost as soon as his back was turned the trouble began again. Fumbles, perhaps, were not so frequent, but almost always there was delay in getting the ball from center to back. Finally Horace Burlen stood up and faced Roy disgustedly.

"Say, kid, can't you learn to handle that ball?" he asked. "Have n't you ever seen a foot-ball before?"

Roy strove to keep his temper, which was already at boiling-point.

"I'll do my part, if you'll do yours," he said. "You're trying to see how poorly you can pass."

"Oh, get out! I played foot-ball when you

were in the nursery! Maybe if you 'd take that red rag off you 'd be able to use your arms."

Somebody behind him chuckled, and Roy had to shut his lips resolutely to keep back the angry words. Finally —

"Ball to left half, through left tackle," he called. Horace grunted and stooped again over the pigskin. Again the ball came back, this time

about it, and went wiggling off across the turf. Roy, arising to go after it, almost ran into a tall, good-looking youth of apparently eighteen — a youth with clean-cut features and snapping gray eyes.

"That will do, Horace," said the new-comer. "You can rest awhile. You 're pretty bad."

The center met the unsmiling eyes of the captain with an attempt at bravado.

"Hello, Jack!" he said. "It 's about time you came. They 've given us the worst apology for a quarter you ever saw."

"Yes, I noticed it," replied Jack Rogers. "And I noticed that you seemed to have an idea that this practice is just for fun. You 'd better take a couple of turns around the track and go in. Oh, Ed! Ed Whitcomb! Come over here and play center. Fernald, you take Ed's place on the other squad."

The changes were made in a trice. After a muttered protest that the captain paid no heed to, and a threatening look at



"THAT WILL DO, HORACE." "YOU CAN REST AWHILE."

trickling slowly along on the turf. The next time it came back high and to the left, and was fumbled. Roy said nothing as he recovered it and pushed it back to center, but it was plain that the fellows, whispering among themselves, were losing interest in the work. Roy, without turning his head, became aware of the presence of a new-comer behind him. He supposed it was Mr. Cobb, and hoped the coach would notice the manner in which Burlen was snapping back. This time the ball was deliberately sent back to Roy as hard as Horace could send it, with the result that it bounded from his hands before he could close his fingers

Roy, Horace Burlen took himself off. The captain went in to the left of the line and practice was taken up again. After that there was no more trouble. Presently Mr. Cobb called a halt, and the candidates were put at punting and catching, which, followed by a trot twice around the quarter-mile cinder-track, completed the afternoon's work.

Roy had worked rather hard, and, as a result, he found himself pretty well out of breath when the second lap was half over. When the end of the run was in sight he was practically alone on the track, almost all of the others having turned in through the gate and made for the



"IN ANOTHER MOMENT HE WAS BRINGING IT DOWN TO ITS DISTRESSED OWNER."

gym. Roy had just finished the turn at an easy jog when he heard cries of distress from the direction of the stables behind him.

"Spot, drop it! Oh, you bad, wicked cat! John! John! Where are you, John? Spot! Spot! O-o-oh!" The exclamations ended in a wild, long-drawn wail of feminine anguish.

"A girl," thought Roy. "Wonder what 's up. Guess I 'd better go and see."

Turning, he struck off from the track at a run, crossed a triangle of turf, and found himself confronted by the wide hedge. But he could see over it, and what he saw was an odd little inclosure formed by one end of the barn and two walls of packing-cases and boxes piled one upon another. In the center of the inclosure stood a girl with the bluest of blue eyes, the reddest of red hair, and the most despairing of freckled faces. At first glance she seemed to be surrounded by dogs and cats and pigeons; afterward Roy found that the animals were not so numerous as had at first appeared. The girl saw Roy quite as soon as he saw her.

"Oh, quick, *quick!*" she commanded, pointing toward the roof of a low shed near by. "Spot has got one of the babies, and he 's killing it! Can't you hurry, boy?"

Roy retreated a few steps, took a running jump, and wriggled himself to the other side in a confusion of circling pigeons.

"Where?" he gasped when he had gathered himself up.

"There!" shrieked the girl, still pointing tragically. "Can't you climb up and get it away from him? Can't you do anything, you — you stupid silly?"

At last Roy saw the reason for her fright. On the edge of the shed roof, lashing his tail in ludicrous ferocity, crouched a half-grown cat, and under his claws lay a tiny young white rabbit. Roy looked hurriedly about for a stick, but not one was to be found. Meanwhile the red-haired girl taunted him to action.

"Are n't you going to do *anything?*" she wailed. "Are you going to stand there all night? Oh, please, *please* rescue him!"

Roy hesitated for an instant longer. Then he seized the first apparently empty box that came to hand, turned it upside down at the corner of the shed, and, amid more despairing shrieks

than ever, leaped on to it. Perhaps he was scared by the sudden appearance of Roy's head over the edge of the roof, perhaps by the renewed and more appalling clamor; at all events, the cat abandoned his prey on the instant and took off along the roof. Roy managed to save the rabbit from a bad fall by catching it in one hand just as it rolled over the edge, and in another moment was bringing it down, a very badly frightened little mass of white fur and pink eyes, to its distressed owner. But, strange to say, the owner seemed more angry and anguished than before. In another moment the mystery was explained. The box upon which he had stood toppled and fell and from out of it stalked a highly insulted red-and-green parrot. The bird cocked his head on one side and remarked fretfully in a shrill voice:

"Well, I never did! Naughty Poll! Naughty Poll!"

"I—I did n't know he was in the box," stammered Roy.

"No; I don't suppose you did," answered the girl, grudgingly. "Boys are so stupid! You might have killed him! Come here, Methuselah, and tell me all about it. Did the wicked boy frighten you 'most to death? Did he? Well, he was a wicked thing, so he was!" Then, turning to Roy, "You 're a new boy, are n't you?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Roy.

"What 's your name?"

"Roy Porter."

"Mine 's Harry—I mean Harriet Emery; they call me Harry."

"Is Doctor Emery your father?" asked Roy.

"Yes. Only they don't call him Doctor Emery—the boys, I mean."

"Don't they? What do they call him?"

"Emmy," answered Harry, with a giggle. "It 's such a funny name for papa! And mamma they call Mrs. Em."

"And they call you Harry," said Roy, for want of something better to say. Harry's head went up on the instant and her blue eyes flashed.

"No, indeed, they don't! That is, not many of them. They call me *Miss* Harry."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Roy apologized, removing an imaginary hat, "*Miss* Harry."

Harry hesitated. Then —

"Those that I like call me Harry," she said. "And you — you rescued the baby. So — you may call me Harry, without the Miss, you know."

Then, with a sudden change of manner, she advanced toward him with one hand stretched forth and a ludicrous smile on her face. "I forgot you were a new boy," she said. "I hope your stay with us will be both pleasant and profitable."

Roy accepted the proffered hand bewilderedly.

"There," she said, with a little shake of her shoulders and a quick abandonment of the funny stilted tone and manner. "There, that's done. Mamma makes me do that, you know. It's awfully silly, is n't it?"

Methuselah now decided to take part in the proceedings.

"Well, I never did!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Can't you be quiet? Naughty Poll! Stop your swearing! Stop your swearing!"

This resulted in his banishment, for Roy, at Harry's request, returned the borrowed box to its place, and thrust the parrot inside it.

Then Roy was formally introduced to the numerous residents of the inclosure. Snip, a fox-terrier, had already made friends. Lady Grey, a gray Angora cat, who lay curled up contentedly in one of the lower tier of boxes, received Roy's caresses with well-bred condescension. Joe, one of her kittens, and a brother of the disgraced Spot, showed more interest, and clawed Roy's hand in quite a friendly way. In other boxes were a squirrel called Teety, two white guinea-pigs, a family of rabbits, six white mice, and a bantam hen who resented Roy's advent with a very sharp beak. And all about fluttered gray pigeons and white pigeons, fantails and pouters. And while the exhibition was going on Roy observed the exhibitor with not a little interest.

Harriet — begging her pardon, Harry — Emery was fourteen years old, fairly tall for her age, not overburdened with flesh, and some-

what of a tomboy. Considering the fact that she had been born and had lived all her short life at a boys' school, the latter fact is not unnatural. The boys called Harry "a good fellow," and to Harry no praise could have been sweeter. As might have been expected, she had grown up with a fondness for boys' sports and interests, and could skate as well as, if not better than, any pupil Ferry Hill had ever known; could play tennis well; could handle a pair of oars knowingly; and was n't *very* much afraid of a swiftly thrown base-ball. But in spite of her liking for boys' ways, there was still a good deal of the girl about her, and she was capable of a dozen different emotions in as many minutes.

Roy decided that she was rather pretty. Her hair was luridly red, but many persons would have called it beautiful. Her eyes were very blue, and had a way of looking at you that was almost disconcerting in its frank directness. Her face was brown with sunburn, but there was color in the cheeks. A short, somewhat pugnacious little nose, not guiltless of freckles, went well with the red-lipped, mischievous mouth beneath. For the rest, Harry was a wholesome, lovable little minx, with the kindest heart that ever beat under a pretty white shirt-waist and the quickest temper that ever went with red hair.

Roy's examination of his new acquaintance was suddenly interrupted by the subject, who swung around upon him with an expression of great severity.

"Do you know," she asked, "that the boys are n't allowed in here without permission, and that if papa finds it out you'll be punished?"

Roy shook his head in bewilderment.

"And," continued Harry, impressively, "that John is coming along the lane, and that if he sees you here he'll have to report you, and —"



"What shall I do?" asked Roy, looking about for an avenue of escape.

"Why," said Harry, laughing enjoyably at his discomfiture, "just stay where you are. I'm the one who gives permission!"


(To be continued.)

A Spanish Ballad



Laura
E
Richards



A GENTLEMAN in fair Madrid
He loved a lovely maid, he did;
Of all the maids the pearl and pink —
Oh, tink-a-tink-a-tink-a-tink!

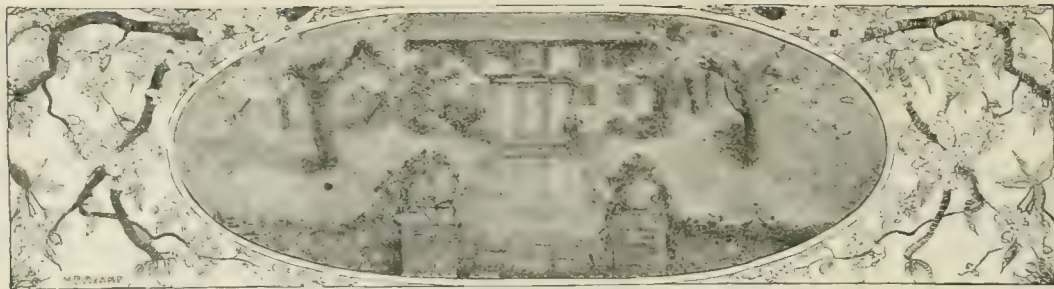


He followed her both near and far,
Performing on his light guitar;
And often at her feet he sank —
Oh, tank-a-tank-a-tank-a-tank!



But she remained both grim and grave:
"I wish," she said, "you would behave!"
And so he went and was a monk —
Oh, tunk-a-tunk-a-tunk-a-tunk!

Crimmell
Lawrence



FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON.

CHAPTER I.

CHERRYFAIR.

CHERRYFAIR had been painted white once upon a time, but the long years had tempered it to a melancholy gray and toned the cheerful shutters to a dull sage-green. Once it stood stately and beautiful, with its broad verandas and tall chimneys; but spiteful weathers of all sorts had snarled and worried and bit at it until, tired out with the battle, it had settled down to loneliness, a tumbledown, deserted old house.

But rain and shine, that had played such havoc with the house,—that being man's work, the weather thought, and only fit to be destroyed,—had nursed and coddled the growing things about it. Ivy clothed the old place, climbed the roof, and flung green banners even from the broken chimney-tops; cherry-trees, garlanded now with white and green, stretched great branches toward it; scraggy, untrimmed lilacs tapped the second-story windows with their purple clusters; and an old, twisted trumpet-vine mounted the brick wall that edged the lawn and curled lovingly about the stone balls that crowned the gateposts; while dandelions and violets pushed their way between the cracks in the walk up to the worn stone steps.

It was the first of May, and the world was flooded with sunshine, bird-song, blossoms, and all things good; but the dilapidated old house drowsed on, and never once dreamed that the straggling procession that was making its way

down the country lane already called it home. It was a jolly little procession that stepped to the happy music of the warm, green spring, and its line of march, under Sue's leadership, took in everything on both sides of the road. Betty was trying to keep her steps sedate, with her fat little hand tucked under her mother's arm; but Peggy, her twin, hippity-hopped in the middle of the road, now with Davie, who shied an ineffectual pebble at a squirrel, and now with Benny, who pranced like a fractious thoroughbred, only to be brought up again by Sue's vigorous calling. Phil whistled* as he strode thoughtfully along, head thrown back, hands in his pocket; but Sue was everywhere, her black eyes dancing, her face alight, her supple, slender body vibrant with joy. Their father—well, Betty said he behaved the worst of the lot, since he could n't keep from running races with Sue, tweaking the twins' braids, or tucking dandelions back of mother's ears; for, somehow, the spring had got into his blood and was cutting capers with his dignity. But in spite of all this, he was a no less personage than the Rev. Albert Warner Roberts, the new pastor, who, finding the parsonage at Monroe entirely too small for his brood, had been forced to rent Cherryfair, a half-mile from town, that being the only empty house to be found.

The Robertses had arrived by a train that morning, quite unexpected by the good people of Monroe. It was really a deep-laid scheme of Sue's; so, getting off at the water-tank, going down back streets and across lots, they had evaded notice, so that, as Sue said,—she was

always more forceful than elegant,—“they might view their landscape o’er without the congregation tagging at their heels.”

“How good the country smells!” exclaimed Peggy. “My, but I ’m glad there is such a lot of us; for if there had n’t been, father would have taken the parsonage, and we should have had to live in town. Parsonages are all alike.”

“Mercy on us!” cried Sue, who had just returned from chasing the little boys down the road, her dark hair tossed about her face. “Who ever heard a Roberts grumbling about a little thing like that? I ’m perfectly ashamed of you, Peggy Roberts! Have n’t we loved every roof that covered us, and have n’t we had the dandiest times, and are n’t we the jolliest, healthiest lot of youngsters? Answer me that, Margaret Fulton Roberts,” she demanded, pelting the culprit with dandelions. “This is just an extra-beautiful time, because we have it all to ourselves. We have n’t belonged, and never will belong, to ourselves. But really, mother, this is a between-whiles, when you come to think of it. Nay, nay, Pauline! Let ’s have a good time once in our lives unwatched; besides, we are in such ridiculous spirits it would never do for them to see us. Why, there is n’t a heavy heart among us!”

“Oh, Sue!” protested her mother.

“Well, is there?” laughed Sue. “Even Betty forgot her primness and hopped—oh! jiminy crickets! We ’re there! That ’s the wall father told us about!”

With a rush and a scurry—even gentle little Mrs. Roberts was carried, for the moment, off her feet—they sped along the wall and stood at last between the great ball-topped posts. Surely never in all its history had that gateway been crowded with such eager, happy faces.

“Hello!” shouted Phil: “there ’s an orchard!”

“A bay-window!” exclaimed Mrs. Roberts.

“A veranda!” sighed Betty.

“A knocker!” giggled Peggy.

“A barn!” squealed Davie.

“A-a-a-a cellar door!” panted little Ben.

“A-a-a-a—everything! The charmingest! quaintest! darlingest! You dear, horrid father! and you said it was an old tumbledown rookery, and we would have to try to be con-

tent!” Sue flung herself upon her father’s neck in a transport of rapture.

“Pooh, pooh!” chuckled Mr. Roberts, patting his impulsive daughter lovingly on the back. “It is so tumbledown I ’m afraid most men would have dreaded its introduction to their families; but, you see, I know my chicks so well,—my good little chicks and my little gray hen,—trust them to find the sunny side of a necessity! Come, Phil; you and I will make a royal chariot and carry mother in in state. She ’s the queen of this palace. Here is the key, Sue; you unlock the door, and you children fall in behind, single file. Up you go, little lady!”

There in the queen’s chair rode the little mother, so proud and happy, one arm around her merry husband’s neck, the other about her sturdy, laughing son; behind came the excited children, and before danced Sue.

“This is the very best time we ever *did* have,” said Sue, as she fitted the big key into the lock with a flourish. Then the key turned. “Shut your eyes, everybody! One, two, three!” and she flung open the door.

The Robertses stood dumb with amazement. Here was a surprise for Mr. Roberts, too; and it came so suddenly, so unexpectedly, and meant so much of loving helpfulness and kindness from his new people—no one noticed the queer, choking sound in his throat; but when his wife saw a tear steal out and go sliding down his cheek, she wiped it lovingly away and said softly: “There, dears, put me down. This is certainly a beautiful home-coming.”

“And to think,” groaned Sue, a heap of contrition from the lowest stair-step, “that I scorned the flock and made you escape from them! I shall go down on my knees to them!”

When Sue threw open the door of Cherry-fair, the family had expected to find the barren gloom, the musty, dusty, fustiness of a house long closed to sun and air. They had expected to see grimy floors and stained walls, for Mr. Roberts, hoping to charm them by the out-of-doors, and not wishing to disappoint them in the house, had kept its good points to himself and prepared them for all its discomforts. They had expected days and days of scouring and cleaning, of setting to rights and

furbishing, before there would be a spot with the air of home.

A low, wide hall with an open stairway led to the second floor, while a bay-window overlooked a quaint old garden; there was a fireplace on the side, and beside it an arch opening into the parlor. This much had been told them; but what of the fresh paper, all green and cream and gold; the pretty green carpet; the dainty curtains looped back that the lilacs might peep in; the low book-case by the window; the mass of ferns that filled the fireplace and trailed out over the shining brass fender; the wicker chairs; the little tea-table; the pictures on the wall? And in a green vase, a branch of cherry-bloom upheld a card.

Mr. Roberts rubbed his eye-glasses vigorously and cleared his throat many times before he could read what was written there:

"Accept, with the love of the whole congregation, this bit of brightness for your home-coming."

"I've always thought," said Betty, solemnly, addressing no one in particular, "that we have the most beautiful things happen to us a family ever had, and now I know it!"

But here, for Sue, happiness was getting too near tears; and before any one guessed what was to happen next, she had sprung to her feet: "All join hands," she cried; "it's time for a jubilee!"

"Oh, Sue, not on the new carpet!" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, as Phil seized her on one side and Davie on the other.

"In the parlor, then; we can't hurt anything there"; and Sue dragged her father through the arch. Here, in the big, empty room, where, through the half-closed shutters, the sunlight was painting yellow bars upon the bare floor, they gaily chanted the nonsense verse that Mr. Roberts had made for Sue and Phil when they were tots, and to which every little Roberts had danced miles,—a foolish little song which they all loved dearly. It had helped them through many a hard place, and expressed their joy in many a happy one:

"Whoopsy saw, sine craw:
The Robertses come to town
With troubles a-plenty, but never a frown;
Their laughter goes up and no tears run down.

Whoopsy saw, sine craw:
When the Robertses come to town!"

Around and around they went until Davie's head swam, and Ben's fat bare legs, twinkling in and out of the golden bars, fairly winked in the checkered gloom as he flew by, while above the clatter of their feet upon the floor their merry singing rang through the empty house.

"Mercy!" gasped little Mrs. Roberts, quite out of breath with prancing and singing, her hat knocked rakishly to one side, her back hair slipped from its fastenings. "Do have mercy on a poor old lady who can't keep up! Oh, children, I'm really past the age for this sort of thing!"

In a moment she was surrounded by a breathless, laughing group, exclaiming, pitying, to be tenderly led out to a seat on the veranda steps until she had quite recovered, for never in vain did 'Masie' cry for mercy. Mr. Roberts found that he, too, was glad to drop down by her side, to fan her with his hat while he rested after such unusual exertion.

"Now, my dears," he said, looking at his watch, "it is half-past nine, and at eleven we must be at Brother Reed's, so I think we had better settle down to business. While Masie and I rest a bit, suppose, Sue, you and the children look over the house, and come back and report. By that time we old folks will be ready to take a hand."

CHAPTER II.

THE MYSTERIOUS LUNCHEON.

EVER since Sue Roberts could remember, she had known responsibilities. The little mother had never been very strong, money was so scarce in the family treasury, and the babies had crowded so fast into the home nest, that, in spite of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts's longing to give their oldest daughter a care-free childhood, burdens had slipped upon her slender shoulders not often borne by so young a girl. But, somehow, the burdens had never seemed to hurt Sue,—perhaps because she had always taken them with such breezy good-humor. Luckily for them all, Sue could get so much real delight out of so little, that the younger Robertses had hardly felt the pinch of

poverty; for, as they said, "Sue always knows just what to do to make a good time."

Sue had the happiest and most rollicking of dispositions. If she was careless, somewhat untidy, and often rude, she was sincere, helpful, and loving. If she was slangy, wilful, and thoughtless, she was truthful, brave, and cheerful. She had plenty of faults, but more virtues; and no one knew her who did not respect the downright honesty of her character.

"As hoity-toity a child as ever breathed, but a most lovable and unselfish," Judge Fulton was wont to say; for Sue's tomboy ways had never hidden her real worth from her uncle's loving eyes. It was Aunt Serena who replied with a groan:

"But, oh, David, so undignified, so unrefined! I should think it would break Albert's heart—Mary is so mild I don't suppose a roaring lion would jostle her calm soul. Elizabeth is a little lady, and I have the greatest hopes for Margaret and the boys; but Susan, a great girl of fourteen, in spite of her capabilities, is absolutely impossible! What she needs is severe discipline, and she will never get it in that happy-go-lucky home."

Even those who loved Sue best were forced to admit that there was some truth in Aunt Serena's assertion; but, as her father said, she was like a chestnut-bur, all prickles on the outside, yet wholesome and sweet within.

At her father's command, her head went up like a young captain's, and in a moment she had marshaled her little company before her. They all knew it was Sue who would determine everything, from where the piano should stand to where the smallest frying-pan must hang. So now, with her little note-book open and her stumpy pencil between her teeth, she seemed a very different person from the romping girl who had been running races in the road only a few moments before.

The kind work of the congregation, Sue found, had not stopped with the pretty hall; for the whole house had been beautifully cleaned, and several rooms were newly papered. Even the cellar had been freshly whitewashed, and Phil discovered, greatly to the joy of Davie and Ben, rows and rows of enticing little jam and jelly pots, glowing with amber

and ruby, that had evidently just been placed upon the clean papers of the fruit-cupboard. On the dining-room mantel was a big bowl of lilies-of-the-valley, while in the open kitchen window stood a pot of parsley, and in it, tucked among the pretty green, was a card on which, scribbled in a girlish hand, Sue read:

"To flavor the soup and the savory stew
This pot of parsley is given to you,
Dear rollicking, merry, minister's Sue";

while pinned to a new tea-towel was a bit of paper that informed them, to the delight of the twins, that:

"Sweet as any violet
Are Elizabeth and Margaret,
Drying goblet, plate, and cup
Upon this brand-new towelet."

"It's dreadful poetry," laughed Sue; "but it makes it seem as if somebody who knew and loved us was going to jump out and say, 'Boo!' any minute, and that does give one such a beautiful, creepy feeling."

At each fresh discovery a messenger ran post-haste to tell the good news to father and mother out on the veranda. Davie and Ben fought valiantly over this honor, only to rush breathlessly back in hope of more news.

"It is just as if a fairy godmother had been here and left lovely bits of welcome everywhere," said Betty, her eyes shining, as she stood tracing with a plump forefinger the honeysuckle sprays on the pretty wall-paper of the bedroom Sue had just assigned to the twins. "It is so dear of you, Sue, to give us this pretty room. I'm afraid it is awfully selfish of us to have this, when you take that back room with the old red paper."

"Stuff and nonsense!" replied Sue, as she stepped off the floor to see if the striped green matting would cover it. "Just you lay low and see how my room turns out, girlies. Won't father's study be fine, with that big window to the east? If only we could get new curtains for the parlor, would n't it be dandy?"

"Oh, Sue!" grieved Betty—"dandy!"

"Well, would n't it?" argued Sue. "Jim-dandy, if you like that better. I do wonder who the parsley-girl is, and how she knew I cooked and you washed dishes. Father has been telling tales, I believe."

"Who 's talking about me?" called Mr. Roberts from the stairs. "Here we come, although I know very well Sue has us all settled."

"Oh, Masie," screamed the twins, flying to her side, "come see—come see our room."

"We 've got the honeysuckle room. Is n't it lovely of Sue to give it to us?" cried Peggy, dancing up and down; "and we are to have the green matting if Sue can cut the holes out, and the dresser with the leg off!"

"I do wish we could have ruffled curtains," broke in Betty; "they give things such an air."

"This is your room, Masie dear," and Sue flung open the door of a big, sunny room with an outlook over the orchard. "Father, your study is this corner room toward the garden and away from the noise; this big room is for the boys, and this is mine."

"Up to your old tricks, daughterling," observed Mr. Roberts, putting a loving arm about his slender girl. "We 'll have to watch you, or you will spoil us all."

"Now, Sue, let me take this room—" began her mother.

"You make me perfectly weary," declared Sue, vehemently, hammering her father's broad shoulder with her little brown fist. "If you say another word I will run 'off and let you settle alone, and how would you like that? I 'm so tired of this song and dance about my unselfishness. I 'm a regular pig, but you love me so hard you can't see it. I took this dinky little room because I see its possibilities; and I 'll be jolly in it. Besides, I just love the whole caboodle of you; and now I think we 'd better skedaddle for Brother Reed's."

"Susan, what language! Where do you hear such things?" groaned her father, yet laughing in spite of himself.

"Dear Sue, I hope you will be more careful for your father's sake, if not for your own," protested Mrs. Roberts. "What will the new people think of us all if you talk like that?"

"Don't you worry, Masie." Sue flew at her mother to drop a contrite kiss on the end of her nose. "I 'm going to be as proper as an etiquette-book and as meek as a sheep. You 'll think you have another Betty. Now, twinsies, hunt up the boys, for we really must be going."

"Heigho!" sighed Sue, as she slowly went down the steps, looking back longingly at the house. "Our lark is over, and once more we belong to the flock; so no more high jinks for Susie. But they are a blessed flock, and I love 'em. Pater, who *is* the parsley-girl, I wonder?"

Gay times came to Cherryfair. The sound of the tack-hammer was heard in the house, the rending of crates, the opening of boxes and of barrels, the scurrying of feet, the calling of merry voices, and now and then the wails of Benny, who, in his great anxiety not to miss anything that was going on, was under everybody's feet, getting continually trodden upon.

The week spent in getting acquainted with the congregation of Monroe, while they awaited their household goods, had been one full of pleasure to the Robertses. There had been only one real disappointment to Sue, and that was: she had failed to find her parsley-girl.

Sue knew, the moment she met them, it was neither Fanny Spencer nor Avis Taylor, although they were both charming girls; nor was it Belle Wilkin or Mildred Warner.

"I don't know why, Masie," Sue had said the morning after the church reception, as she stood combing her hair in Mrs. Reed's spare chamber, "but I felt, before I asked them, that I had n't found her, and I 'm afraid I never will; for the girls say I have met every one of their set except Martha Cutting, and she was n't out at Cherryfair that day, and yesterday she went to Dexter to visit her aunt, and so was n't at the reception. That shows she did n't care much about meeting me, does n't it?"

"Perhaps she had made arrangements to go before she knew of the reception," suggested Mrs. Roberts, as she stood on tiptoe to pin Sue's collar. "I thought all the girls had very pretty manners. Oh, Sue!"

"I know, Masie," groaned Sue, jabbing the hair-pins fiercely into her pompadour. "Was n't that awful when I could n't think of the name of the chandelier, and called it a thingumajig right before that lovely old Doctor Burton? Poor Betty blushed until I thought she 'd catch fire. Every time I want to be nice, I just go and disgrace you all."

Her mother, seeing the tears glistening in

the black eyes.—Sue was little given to crying,—drew her head down and kissed her fondly.

"You are such a dear, good girl, Sue," she said lovingly, "that I can't bear to have you

and refined. I just want to be strong and forceful and independent. I suppose I like slang because it is so expressive. I really don't care a penny what other people think. It is



"AROUND AND AROUND THEY WENT, WHILE ABOVE THE FATHER, I THOUGHT I COULD NOT HELP MYSELF SINGING SONGS THROUGH THE EMPTY HALL."

spoiled by such rudeness. It is like an ugly mask held up before you, so that the world may not see the true, sweet girl behind it."

"But that is just it, Masie. I know I'll shock you; but I don't want to be ladylike

only that father and you and the rest suffer over me so—that 'most breaks my heart."

Mrs. Roberts sighed deeply as she replied:

"Well, Sue, like all mothers, I want to save you pain; but I am afraid you will have to

learn for yourself that this world would be a most uncomfortable place without its conventions, and that your ideas of strength and independence are very far from what is best."

But Sue to-day, with a scarlet handkerchief tied around her curly head, a scarlet apron buttoned around her slim body, was a gay and picturesque little figure, as she flew upstairs, and down, issuing orders, clearing the way, suggesting, planning, comforting, cheering.

"Now," she said at last, "I'm going down to get lunch, and I want mother to settle right down on this couch for a couple of winks, and father to cuddle down here on this mattress—not a word of protest! Come on, kids! Phil can help me fix the table with the boards on the barrels, Betty can set it, and Peggy help me cook. Davie and Ben had better run out and play. Shoo, shoo!" and catching up her scarlet apron with both hands, she drove them down the stairs before her.

Laughing and singing, they trooped to the kitchen, with Sue dancing behind; but at the door they all stopped in astonishment.

"Oh, Sue!" cried Ben, his eyes round as moons; "somebody has been here!"

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" Sue exclaimed, dropping into a chair and throwing her apron over her head. "It's that parsley-girl again!"

And it was—it truly was! For who but the "parsley-girl" could have entered the house without being seen, could have worked so deftly and so quietly; and who else would have set a rhyme in the midst of the red tulips that stood in the center of the table?

"But where did she find the table-cloth and things?" asked Betty, dazedly.

"She found them because she is a girl after my own heart," cried Sue, flinging off the apron and rushing to the door; "because when she wants to help she finds a way, and does n't stand around talking about it. But now she's gone, and where will we find her?"

"She can't be far,"—Phil was already down the steps. "Come on; let's go hunt her! You run around that side of the barn, Sue, and I'll go this. Betty and Peggy can hunt in the orchard, and the kids run around the house. Hurry up; we'll catch her yet!"

But five minutes later they came back panting, and no one had found her.

"I was certain I heard her giggle back of a lilac-bush," puffed Davie, flinging himself down on the door-step; "but when I looked it was nothing but an old hen that flew out squawking."

"I found this," shrieked Peggy, tearing around the house and waving a pink sunbonnet over her head. "I found it hanging on a currant-bush down by the orchard wall, and I saw a girl just flying over the meadow, and she stopped and waved her hand at me as she climbed the fence!"

"Who can she be? We don't know a soul that lives on that side of us. I can't understand it at all," wailed Sue, as she searched for some clue in the pink bonnet.

But, fresh and dainty as a rose, from the perky little bow on top to the fluted ruffle of its frill, the pink bonnet kept its secret. So did the custard-pie, the crisp rolls, the slices of pink boiled ham set all about with parsley, and the yellow pat of butter, all waiting so demurely to be eaten; even the rhyme among the tulips only sent their curiosity to fever heat:

"O minister's Sue, but I love you—
Your scarlet apron and black eyes, too.
I wonder if your heart is true,
O black-eyed minister's Sue!"

"How does she know you have black eyes, Sue Roberts?" demanded Betty. "Except Ben, you are the only one of us that has! And how does she know you've got a scarlet apron? You only put it on this morning. I don't like her, for I just believe she's a spook, or something."

"Spooks don't bring custard-pies nor wear pink bonnets, let me tell you, Miss Betty. But I don't care if she is twenty spooks—she is the blessedest one I ever heard of, and I just love her!" and Sue rapturously hugged the pink bonnet to her breast. "Do run and call father and mother, Davie. Here is the tea-kettle boiling itself away on the oil-stove; and here is the tea in the pot. That dear, thoughtful parsley-girl did n't forget a thing; and to think I cannot even thank her!"

(To be continued.)

GLASSES SOMETIMES HAVE EYES!



THE LOOKING GLASS WENT AT IT, AND SAID, "I DON'T WANT IT!"

"ADD A STEP."

By F. E. BROWN.

"O father! my sword is too short, I know!
And how can I win the day
When, hand to hand, I must meet the foe
And keep him—with this!—at bay?"

"Say not, weak boy, that your sword is too short,
But add a step to its length!"
Was the Spartan father's stern retort
As he tested the young lad's strength.

Ah! many a time in the battle of life
When we murmur, disheartened and sad,
O'er our poor short swords, we might win in the strife
Had we courage the "step to add!"



"HE BORROWED EVERY BOOK IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. WHEN EVERYTHING ELSE HAD BEEN READ HE RESOLUTELY BEGAN ON THE 'REVISED STATUTES OF INDIANA.'"

"The Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln." (See page 26.)

THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By HELEN NICOLAY.

WHICH is the boy who does not like to read about a hero? And are not the most interesting and inspiring heroes the great men of real life; the men who have done the noblest deeds for humanity; the makers or the saviors of the nations; men who have risked and dared all for the sake of some great cause? Our country can boast many such heroes, but the two who stand highest in American history and American hearts are Washington and Lincoln. Every young American feels a thrill of pride and admiration at the mention of those honored names. Every young American ought to know almost by heart the life-history of those two distinguished patriots and Presidents.

Of course the school histories record the main facts of their lives, but too often in a way which makes them loom up as statuesque figures far removed from every-day life. ST. NICHOLAS has already given to its readers a "Boys' Life of Washington," which showed him not only as the founder of a mighty nation, but as a man among men—a living, breathing human being. And now the magazine gladly undertakes to present a like picture of Abraham Lincoln, the greatest man of his time, "a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch." The authentic and absorbing story of his life, which will be printed from month to month during the coming year, is written by Miss Helen Nicolay, whose father, John G. Nicolay, and the late Secretary John Hay, wrote the one great "Life of Lincoln" for grown-up readers. Miss Nicolay therefore had at her command the rich store of material which they spent many years in accumulating, and her biography of the martyr President is sure to be welcomed everywhere as the very best "Life of Lincoln" for American boys.

EDITOR.

I.

A PRESIDENT'S CHILDHOOD.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S forefathers were pioneers—men who left their homes to open up the wilderness and make the way plain for others to follow them. For one hundred and seventy years, ever since the first American Lincoln came from England to Massachusetts in 1638, they had been moving slowly westward as new settlements were made in the forest. They faced solitude, privation, and all the dangers and hardships that beset men who take up their homes where only beasts and wild men have had homes before; but they continued to press steadily forward, though they lost fortune and sometimes even life itself in their westward progress. Back in Pennsylvania and New Jersey some of the Lincolns had been men of wealth and influence. In Kentucky, where the future President was born on February 12, 1809, his parents lived in deep pov-

erty. Their home was a small log cabin of the rudest kind, and nothing seemed more unlikely than that their child, coming into the world in such humble surroundings, was destined to be the greatest man of his time. True to his race, he also was to be a pioneer—not indeed, like his ancestors, a leader into new woods and unexplored fields, but a pioneer of a nobler and grander sort, directing the thoughts of men ever toward the right, and leading the American people, through difficulties and dangers and a mighty war, to peace and freedom.

The story of this wonderful man begins and ends with a tragedy, for his grandfather, also named Abraham, was killed by a shot from an Indian's rifle while peaceably at work with his three sons on the edge of their frontier clearing. Eighty-one years later the President himself met death by an assassin's bullet. The murderer of one was a savage of the forest; the murderer of the other that far more cruel thing, a savage of civilization.

When the Indian's shot laid the pioneer farmer low, his second son, Josiah, ran to a neighboring fort for help, and Mordecai, the eldest, hurried to the cabin for his rifle. Thomas, a child of six years, was left alone beside the dead body of his father; and as Mordecai snatched the gun from its resting-place over the door of the cabin, he saw, to his horror, an Indian, in his war-paint, just stooping to seize the child. Taking quick aim at a medal on the breast of the savage, he fired, and the Indian fell dead. The little boy, thus released, ran to the house, where Mordecai, firing through the loopholes, kept the Indians at bay until help arrived from the fort.

It was this child Thomas who grew up to be the father of President Abraham Lincoln. After the murder of his father the fortunes of the little family grew rapidly worse, and doubtless because of poverty, as well as by reason of the marriage of his older brothers and sisters, their home was broken up, and Thomas found himself, long before he was grown, a wandering laboring boy. He lived for a time with an uncle as his hired servant, and later he learned the trade of carpenter. He grew to manhood entirely without education, and when he was twenty-eight years old could neither read nor write. At that time he married Nancy Hanks, a good-looking young woman of twenty-three, as poor as himself, but so much better off as to learning that she was able to teach her husband to sign his own name. Neither of them had any money, but living cost little on the frontier in those days, and they felt that his trade would suffice to earn all that they should need. Thomas took his bride to a tiny house in Elizabethtown, Kentucky, where they lived for about a year, and where a daughter was born to them.

Then they moved to a small farm thirteen miles from Elizabethtown, which they bought on credit, the country being yet so new that there were places to be had for mere promises to pay. Farms obtained on such terms were usually of very poor quality, and this one of Thomas Lincoln's was no exception to the rule. A cabin ready to be occupied stood on it, however; and not far away, hidden in a pretty clump of trees and bushes, was a fine spring of

water, because of which the place was known as Rock Spring Farm. In the cabin on this farm the future President of the United States was born on February 12, 1809, and here the first four years of his life were spent. Then the Lincolns moved to a much bigger and better farm on Knob Creek, six miles from Hodgenville, which Thomas Lincoln bought, again on credit, selling the larger part of it soon afterward to another purchaser. Here they remained until Abraham was seven years old.

About this early part of his childhood almost nothing is known. He never talked of these days, even to his most intimate friends. To the pioneer child a farm offered much that a town lot could not give him — space; woods to roam in; Knob Creek with its running water and its deep, quiet pools for a playfellow; berries to be hunted for in summer and nuts in autumn; while all the year round birds and small animals pattered across his path to people the solitude in place of human companions. The boy had few comrades. He wandered about playing his lonesome little games, and when these were finished returned to the small and cheerless cabin. Once, when asked what he remembered about the War of 1812 with Great Britain, he replied: "Only this: I had been fishing one day and had caught a little fish, which I was taking home. I met a soldier in the road, and having always been told at home that we must be good to soldiers, I gave him my fish." It is only a glimpse into his life, but it shows the solitary, generous child and the patriotic household.

It was while living on this farm that Abraham and his sister Sarah first began going to A-B-C schools. Their earliest teacher was Zachariah Riney, who taught near the Lincoln cabin; the next was Caleb Hazel, four miles away.

In spite of the tragedy that darkened his childhood, Thomas Lincoln seems to have been a cheery, indolent, good-natured man. By means of a little farming and occasional jobs at his trade, he managed to supply his family with the absolutely necessary food and shelter, but he never got on in the world. He found it much easier to gossip with his friends, or to dream about rich new lands in the West, than to make a thrifty living in the place where he hap-

pened to be. The blood of the pioneer was in his veins, too—the desire to move westward; and hearing glowing accounts of the new territory of Indiana, he resolved to go and see it for himself. His skill as a carpenter made this not only possible but reasonably cheap, and in the fall of 1816 he built himself a little flatboat, launched it half a mile from his cabin, at the mouth of Knob Creek on the waters of the

This time the journey to Indiana was made with two horses, used by the mother and children for riding, and to carry their little camping outfit for the night. The distance from their old home was, in a straight line, little more than fifty miles, but they had to go double that distance because of the very few roads it was possible to follow.

Reaching the Ohio River and crossing to the



THE FATE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, GENTLY HIT, AND THE TEST, BY A SET OF WOOD CARVERS, OF THE TRUE THOUGHTS, WHO GAVE TO THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Rolling Ford, and floated on it down that stream to Salt River, down Salt River to the Ohio, and down the Ohio to a landing called Thompson's Ferry on the Indiana shore.

Sixteen miles out from the river, near a small stream known as Pigeon Creek, he found a spot in the forest that suited him; and as his boat could not be made to float up-stream, he sold it, stored his goods with an obliging settler, and trudged back to Kentucky, all the way on foot, to fetch his wife and children—Sarah, who was now nine years old, and Abraham, seven.

Indiana shore, Thomas Lincoln hired a wagon which carried his family and their belongings the remaining sixteen miles through the forest to the spot he had chosen—a piece of heavily wooded land, one and a half miles east of what has since become the village of Gentryville in Spencer County. The lateness of the autumn made it necessary to put up a shelter as quickly as possible, and he built what was known on the frontier as a half-faced camp about fourteen feet square. This differed from a cabin in that it was closed on only three sides, being quite

open to the weather on the fourth. A fire was usually made in front of the open side, and thus the necessity for having a chimney was done away with. Thomas Lincoln doubtless intended this only for a temporary shelter, and as such it would have done well enough in pleasant summer weather; but it was a rude provision against the storms and winds of an Indiana winter. It shows his want of energy that the family remained housed in this poor camp for nearly a whole year; but, after all, he must not be too hastily blamed. He was far from idle. A cabin was doubtless begun, and there was the very heavy work of clearing away the timber—cutting down large trees, chopping them into suitable lengths, and rolling them together into great heaps to be burned, or of splitting them into rails to fence the small field upon which he managed to raise a patch of corn and other things during the following summer.

Though only seven years old, Abraham was unusually large and strong for his age, and he helped his father in all this heavy labor of clearing the farm. Writing about it in after years, he said: "An ax was put into his hands at once, and from that till within his twenty-third year he was almost constantly handling that most useful instrument—less, of course, in ploughing and harvesting seasons." At first the Lincolns and their seven or eight neighbors lived in the unbroken forest. They had only the tools and household goods they brought with them, or such things as they could fashion with their own hands. There was no sawmill to saw lumber. The village of Gentryville was not even begun. Breadstuff could be had only by sending young Abraham seven miles on horseback with a bag of corn to be ground in a hand grist-mill.

About the time the new cabin was ready relatives and friends followed from Kentucky, and some of these in turn occupied the half-faced camp. During the autumn a severe and mysterious sickness broke out in their little settlement, and a number of people died, among them the mother of young Abraham. There was no help to be had beyond what the neighbors could give each other. The nearest doctor lived fully thirty miles away. There was not even a minister to conduct the funerals.

Thomas Lincoln made the coffins for the dead out of green lumber cut from the forest trees with a whip-saw, and they were laid to rest in a clearing in the woods. Months afterward, largely through the efforts of the sorrowing boy, a preacher who chanced to come that way was induced to hold a service and preach a sermon over the grave of Mrs. Lincoln.

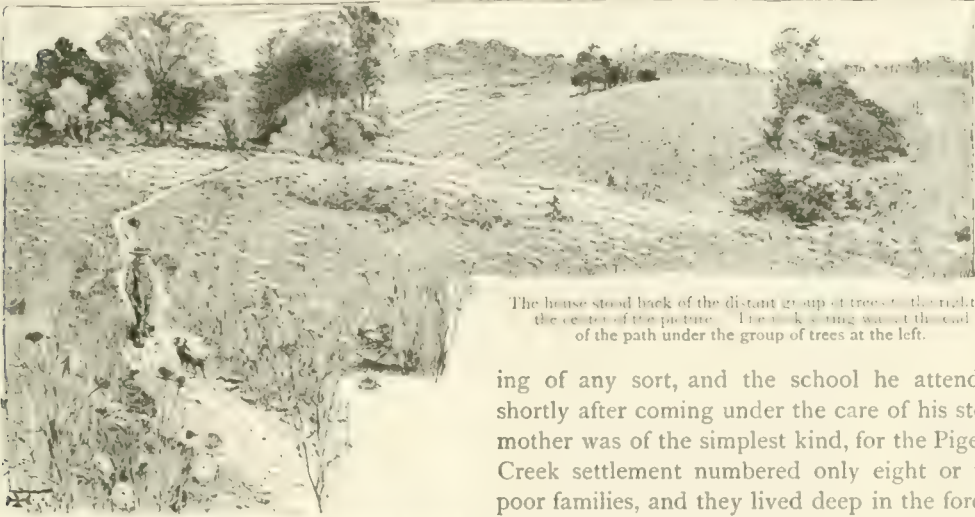
Her death was indeed a serious blow to her husband and children. Abraham's sister, Sarah, was only eleven years old, and the tasks and cares of the little household were altogether too heavy for her years and experience. Nevertheless they struggled bravely through the winter and following summer; then in the autumn of 1819 Thomas Lincoln went back to Kentucky and married Sarah Bush Johnston, whom he had known, and it is said courted, when she was only Sally Bush. She had married about the time Lincoln married Nancy Hanks, and her husband had died, leaving her with three children. She came of a better station in life than Thomas, and was a woman with an excellent mind as well as a warm and generous heart. The household goods that she brought with her to the Lincoln home filled a four-horse wagon, and not only were her own children well clothed and cared for, but she was able at once to provide little Abraham and Sarah with comforts to which they had been strangers during the whole of their young lives. Under her wise management all jealousy was avoided between the two sets of children; urged on by her stirring example, Thomas Lincoln supplied the yet unfinished cabin with floor, door, and windows, and life became more comfortable for all its inmates, contentment if not happiness reigning in the little home.

The new stepmother quickly became very fond of Abraham, and encouraged him in every way in her power to study and improve himself. The chances for this were few enough. Mr. Lincoln has left us a vivid picture of the situation. "It was," he once wrote, "a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond reading, writing, and ciphering to the Rule of Three. If a straggler supposed to under-

stand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard."

The school-house was a low cabin of round logs, with split logs or "puncheons" for a

book." The multiplication-table was still a mystery to him, and he could read or write only the words he spelled. His first two years in Indiana seem to have passed without school-



VIEW OF THOMAS LINCOLN'S FARM, WHERE ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN. (SEE PAGE 22.)

The house stood back of the distant group of trees to the right of the center of the picture. The path leading was at the end of the path under the group of trees at the left.

floor, split logs roughly leveled with an ax and set up on legs for benches, and holes cut out in the logs and the space filled in with squares of greased paper for window-panes. The main light came in through the open door. Very often Webster's "Elementary Spelling-book" was the only text-book. This was the kind of school most common in the middle West during Mr. Lincoln's boyhood, though already in some places there were schools of a more pretentious character. Indeed, back in Kentucky, at the very time that Abraham, a child of six, was learning his letters from Zachariah Riney, a boy only a year older was attending a Catholic seminary in the very next county. It is doubtful if they ever met, but the destinies of the two were strangely interwoven, for the older boy was Jefferson Davis, who became head of the Confederate government shortly after Lincoln was elected President of the United States.

As Abraham had been only seven years old when he left Kentucky, the little beginnings he learned in the schools kept by Riney and Hazel in that State must have been very slight, probably only his alphabet, or at most only three or four pages of Webster's "Elementary Spelling-

ing of any sort, and the school he attended shortly after coming under the care of his step-mother was of the simplest kind, for the Pigeon Creek settlement numbered only eight or ten poor families, and they lived deep in the forest, where, even if they had had the money for such luxuries, it would have been impossible to buy books, slates, pens, ink, or paper. It is worthy of note, however, that in our western country, even under such difficulties, a school-house was one of the first buildings to rise in every frontier settlement. Abraham's second school in Indiana was held when he was fourteen years old, and the third in his seventeenth year.



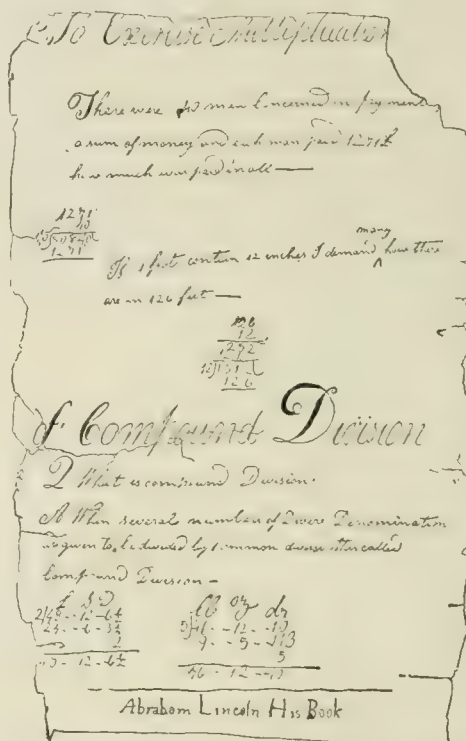
THE LOG CABIN IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN.
From a photograph by the Evans Art Co., Elizabethtown,
Kentucky.

By that time he had more books and better teachers, but he had to walk four or five miles to reach them. We know that he learned to write, and was provided with pen, ink, and a

copy-book—a very small supply of writing-paper, for copies have been printed of several scraps on which he carefully wrote down tables of long measure, land measure, and dry measure, as well as examples in multiplication and compound division, from his arithmetic. He was never able to go to school again after this time and though the instruction he received from his five teachers—two in Kentucky and three in Indiana—extended over a period of nine years, it must be remembered that it made up in all less than one twelvemonth; “that the aggregate of all his schooling did not amount to one year.” The fact that he received this instruction, as he himself said, “by littles,” was doubtless an advantage. A lazy or indifferent boy would of course have forgotten what was taught him at one time before he had opportunity at another; but Abraham was neither indifferent nor lazy, and these widely separated fragments of instruction were precious steps to self-help. He pursued his studies with very unusual purpose and determination not only to understand them at the moment, but to fix them firmly in his mind. His early companions all agree that he employed every spare moment in keeping on with some one of his studies. His stepmother tells us that when he came across a passage that struck him, he would write it down on boards if he had no paper, and keep it there until he did get paper. Then he would rewrite it, look at it, repeat it. He had a copy-book, a kind of scrap-book, in which he put down all things, and thus preserved them. He spent long evenings doing sums on the fire-shovel. Iron fire-shovels were a rarity among pioneers. Instead they used a broad, thin clapboard with one end narrowed to a handle, arranging with this the piles of coals upon the hearth, over which they set their “skillet” and “oven” to do their cooking. It was on such a wooden shovel that Abraham worked his sums by the flickering firelight, making his figures with a piece of charcoal, and, when the shovel was all covered, taking a drawing-knife and shaving it off clean again.

The hours that he was able to devote to his penmanship, his reading, and his arithmetic were by no means many; for, save for the short time that he was actually in school, he was, during

all these years, laboring hard on his father's farm, or hiring his youthful strength to neighbors who had need of help in the work of field or forest. In pursuit of his knowledge he was on an up-hill path; yet in spite of all obstacles he worked his way to so much of an education as placed him far ahead of his schoolmates and quickly abreast of his various teachers. He



LEAF, REDUCED IN SIZE, FROM ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S EXERCISE-BOOK, WRITTEN ABOUT HIS SEVENTEENTH YEAR. PRESENTED BY WILLIAM H. HFRNDON, ESQ., TO KEYS LINCOLN MEMORIAL COLLECTION.

borrowed every book in the neighborhood. The list is a short one: "Robinson Crusoe," "Æsop's Fables," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Weems's "Life of Washington," and a "History of the United States." When everything else had been read, he resolutely began on the "Revised Statutes of Indiana," which Dave Turnham, the constable, had in daily use, but permitted him to come to his house and read.

Though so fond of his books, it must not be supposed that he cared only for work and serious study. He was a social, sunny-tempered lad, as fond of jokes and fun as he was kindly

and industrious. His stepmother said of him: "I can say, what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say, Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused to do anything I asked him. I must say that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expect to see."

He and John Johnston, his stepmother's son, and John Hanks, a relative of his own mother's, worked barefoot together in the fields, grubbing, plowing, hoeing, gathering and shucking corn, and taking part, when occasion offered, in the practical jokes and athletic exercises that enlivened the hard work of the pioneers. For both work and play Abraham had one great advantage. He was not only a tall, strong country boy: he soon grew to be a tall, strong, sinewy man. He early reached the unusual height of six feet four inches, and his long arms gave him a degree of power as an axman that few were able to rival. He therefore usually led his fellows in efforts of muscle as well as of mind. That he could outrun, outlift, outwrestle his boyish companions, that he could chop faster, split more rails in a day, carry a heavier log at a "raising," or excel the neighborhood champion in any feat of frontier athletics, was doubtless a matter of pride with him; but stronger than all else was his eager craving for knowledge. He felt instinctively that the power of using the mind rather than the muscles was the key to success. He wished not only to wrestle with the best of them, but to be able to talk like the preacher, spell and cipher like the school-master, argue like the lawyer, and write like the editor.

Yet he was as far as possible from being a prig. He was helpful, sympathetic, cheerful. In all the neighborhood gatherings, when settlers of various ages came together at corn-huskings or house-raising, or when mere chance brought half a dozen of them at the same time to the post-office or the country store, he was able, according to his years, to add his full share to the gaiety of the company. By reason of his reading and his excellent memory, he soon became the best story-teller among his companions; and even the slight training gained from his studies greatly broadened and strengthened the strong reasoning faculty with which he had been gifted by nature. His wit might be mischievous, but it was never malicious, and his

nonsense was never intended to wound or to hurt the feelings. It is told of him that he added to his fund of jokes and stories humorous imitations of the sermons of eccentric preachers.

Very likely too much is made of all these boyish pranks. He grew up very like his fellows. In only one particular did he differ greatly from the frontier boys around him. He never took any pleasure in hunting. Almost every youth of the backwoods early became an excellent shot and a confirmed sportsman. The woods still swarmed with game, and every cabin depended largely upon this for its supply of food. But to his strength was added a gentleness which made him shrink from killing or inflicting pain, and the time the other boys gave to lying in ambush, he preferred to spend in reading or in efforts at improving his mind.

Only twice during his life in Indiana was the routine of his employment changed. When he was about sixteen years old he worked for a time for a man who lived at the mouth of Anderson's Creek, and here part of his duty was to manage a ferry-boat which carried passengers across the Ohio River. It was very likely this experience which, three years later, brought him another. Mr. Gentry, the chief man of the village of Gentryville, that had grown up a mile or so from his father's cabin, loaded a flatboat on the Ohio River with the produce his store had collected,—corn, flour, pork, bacon, and other miscellaneous provisions,—and putting it in charge of his son Allen Gentry and of Abraham Lincoln, sent them with it down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, to sell its cargo at the plantations of the lower Mississippi, where sugar and cotton were the principal crops, and where other food supplies were needed to feed the slaves. No better proof is needed of the reputation for strength, skill, honesty, and intelligence that this tall country boy had already won for himself, than that he was chosen to navigate the flatboat a thousand miles to the "sugar-coast" of the Mississippi River, sell its load, and bring back the money. Allen Gentry was supposed to be in command, but from the record of his after life we may be sure that Abraham did his full share both of work and management. The elder Gentry paid Lincoln eight dollars a month and his passage home on

a steamboat for this service. The voyage was made successfully, although not without adventure; for one night, after the boat was tied up to the shore, the boys were attacked by seven negroes, who came aboard intending to kill and rob them. There was a lively scrimmage, in which, though slightly hurt, they managed to beat off their assailants, and then, hastily cutting

their boat adrift, swung out on the stream. The marauding band little dreamed that they were attacking the man who in after years was to give their race its freedom; and though the future was equally hidden from Abraham, it is hard to estimate the vistas of hope and ambition that this long journey opened to him. It was his first look into the wide, wide world.

(To be continued.)

THE FAMILY FAILING.

BY JENNY CHANDLER JONES.

"Tom, won't you please stop at the bakery on your way home and get two dozen rolls? Mandy says the bread will not be ready to bake in time for supper, and they won't send anything from the bakery ordered after one o'clock on Saturday. Now, please, don't forget."

"All right, mother," and Tom rushed out to catch the car for the base-ball game.

"He'll forget it before he is out of sight," said Susie to herself as she drove off. "I'll bring them myself, if I have room in the run-about."

Mrs. Knox went back to her sewing. It was Saturday afternoon, and there were always finishing touches to put to the week's work. The Knox family was a large one,—there were ten children, ranging in age from seven to twenty-six,—and even with Mandy the cook, two servants, and a seamstress, the mother of the household was a busy woman.

In a few minutes Mrs. Knox put down her work, saying, "I am afraid Tom will forget those rolls; perhaps I had better send Winnie and Blair after some, to make sure."

Winnie and Blair were delighted at the prospect of a trip to town all alone,—and were gone but a few minutes when their Aunt Harriet Brown and her two children arrived and announced that they had come to stay until Monday. "I should have ordered more rolls,"

thought Mrs. Knox; "two dozen will not be enough with company. I'll call up Mr. Knox and tell him to bring a dozen home with him."

The Knoxes had a family failing—Joe called it "appointing deputies." For instance, there was the back hall door. Mrs. Knox had a haunting fear that her house would be entered and robbed through that door; it opened on the back stairway, and a tramp could easily slip in and ransack the place. About six in the afternoon the locking began. "Nell," said Mrs. Knox, "lock the back hall door, please." Nell, busy, sent Frank; Frank sent Lucy; and Lucy sent Blair. No one was ever sure that that door was locked.

"Nell," said Mrs. Knox, as supper was announced, "did you lock the back hall door?"

"I told Frank to lock it."

"But Lucy was down there, so I asked her to attend to it," said Frank.

"Winnie, run and see if that door is locked," said Mrs. Knox, and Winnie started out.

"Oh, is that you, Joe?—please see if the back door down there is locked," called Winnie.

"Here, you, Blair!" called Joe, "run try the back hall door, please."

Every hour or so from then on until bedtime they went through that same routine, for Mrs. Knox was never satisfied that the door was locked, and a procession of deputies continued to lock it and another to inspect it every even-

ing. Mrs. Knox, kimona-clad and candle in hand, usually brought up the rear of the procession herself some time between ten o'clock and midnight.

The family failing led to amusing and often troublesome complications. Once Mrs. Knox



"MRS. KNOX LEAVING THE REAR OF THE PROCESSION."

told Mary to order the grocer to send up a roast of beef, a dozen ears of corn, and a peck of green peas. Mary was reading, so she appointed a deputy. By the time the order had been called about the house, from Mary down to Tom, it had gone through several changes. What the grocer sent up was a can of corned beef and a package of green tea.

Another time, Susie wished some friends in-

ited for the evening, and, as she was busy, she asked one of the girls to telephone for her. When the guests arrived they laughed at the urgent invitation they had received — six different members of the Knox family had called them up and given them the invitation. I have known the girls to dress to go driving and wait half an hour for the carriage before they discovered that it had never been ordered.

But the climax was reached the Saturday afternoon that began my story.

By the time Susie had driven around to the florist's and the dressmaker's and collected her plants and bundles the runabout was full, and she was glad to see Mary, who was just out from the *matinée*. Perhaps Mary would get the rolls.

"No; I have on my silk dress, and I'm not going to carry a great hunky bundle of bread," and she hurried off with her companions.

Susie drove slowly. "Mandy is so tired, and mother will be put out about the rolls. I'll just have to crowd them in somewhere," and she bought two dozen.

At the corner Mary saw Sam. Sam could get those rolls.

"No; I have to go out to the factory, and I'll be late to supper, anyway," and he was off on his wheel. She let two cars pass while she made up her mind; then she walked resolutely over to the bakery and bought two dozen rolls.

Sam saw Frank at the factory. "Frank," said he, "Mary was in a worry, just now, about some rolls that mother wants for supper; Mary was too dressed up to carry them. I'm going back to the store and I'll be late to supper. Can you get them?"

"Father told me to come by the office and help him carry home some books. Why did n't they send Blair, or some of the children? It's somebody else's time to be grocery boy," grumbled Frank as he mounted his wheel.

Sam passed the bakery on his way to the store, so he went in and bought three dozen rolls. "Better late than never," said he.

Frank found that his father had left the office earlier than usual, and sent the books out by the porter. In none too good humor, he entered the shop and bought three dozen rolls and a box of candy and boarded a home-bound car.

Winnie and Blair in their self-importance forgot how many rolls they were to buy.

"She said half a dollar's worth," said Winnie.

"No, she did n't; she told us how many dozen," said Blair.

"I don't think she did; anyway, I remember counting up that it would take all the money.



"FRANK BOUGHT THREE DOZEN ROLLS AND A BOX OF CANDY"

Half a dollar's worth, please," she said to the girl at the counter; "and put them in two bags."

About six o'clock the rolls began to arrive. Susie came first.

"Why, I've sent Winnie and Blair after them," said her mother; "I thought you would have so much to carry. Run, call up your father, and tell him not to bring the dozen I asked him for when Harriet came." But she was too late; Mr. Knox was at the gate just as Susie reached the telephone.

"Here are the rolls; I got a dozen and a

half. Why, Harriet, how do you do? I am so glad you could come."

Winnie and Blair came next — they had quarreled all the way home. "Mother, did n't you say to get half a dollar's worth of rolls?" said Winnie.

"Half a dollar's worth? Four dozen? no indeed! I told you children distinctly two dozen rolls. Seven and a half dozen rolls — they'll be stale before we can use them!"

Nell and Lucy raced up the walk. "Mother, we saw Joe up on Church Street, and he told us to get these rolls and bring them home; he said he was going driving."

Mrs. Knox gasped. Mr. Knox laughed. Two dozen more rolls made nine and a half dozen altogether in the house.

"Here are those rolls, Susie," called Mary, trailing her silk skirts across the lawn. "I looked frumpy, and I know I felt frumpy. But here they are."

"You said you would n't get them, Mary, so I bought some myself. We have eleven dozen and a half with yours. Mama sent Winnie and Blair after some, too. And here comes Frank — he has rolls, too! Three dozen! Of all things!"

"Sam told me to get them. What's the matter? Don't you want them?"

"That makes fourteen dozen and a half! We've all been 'appointing deputies,' as usual."

"Mary, here's the bread; take it while I put away my wheel," called Sam.

"Oh, Sam, Sam, did you get rolls, too? Frank's bought them, Mary's bought them, Susie's bought them — yours makes seventeen dozen and a half; and — oh, look, — here comes Tom, and I do believe for once in his life he has n't forgotten!"

"Here are your rolls. I was nearly home when I remembered, and had to go back. You said three dozen, did n't you? What's the matter?" But they only laughed the harder. Mr. Knox held up Sam's rolls; Mary held up Frank's. "We have twenty dozen and a half for supper to-night," Frank managed to say.

Tom whistled. "Where did you get so many? Oh, I see; some more 'deputies' — and that reminds me that I did ask Joe to get the rolls, but he said he was going driving. Whom did

he send after them? I think each one should be made to eat what he or she bought!" Tom rolled over in the grass and laughed at the prospect.

"What's the joke? Here are the rolls. I did n't go driving. What's the matter?"

"I have three dozen. Twenty-three dozen and a half! Deputies, what are we coming to?" Joe sat on the step and pounded his knees. "Might have known we'd have no bread at all, or too much. I was afraid Lucy

did n't have enough money. Twenty-three dozen and a half! I don't believe I could eat a roll to save my life!"

"Nor I," said Susie.

"Nor I," said Frank.

"What can we do with them?" said Mary.

Mr. Knox stopped laughing. "This deputy habit will have to be stopped; it has been carried far enough. It's all very funny about the rolls, but it is getting to be a nuisance in too many ways. There's that back hall door—this business of making it the topic of conversation from six to eleven must cease. Joe, I appoint you to see to the locking of that door, and if it is found unlocked you are responsible. You may keep the key, if you wish. You are the door-keeper; I am going to depend on you for that.

Everybody was laughing too hard to tell. Finally, Mary pointed to the four bags of rolls that lay on the porch table. Joe understood.

"How many?" said he.

"Twenty dozen and a half; thirteen dozen out here, seven and a half in the house."

And, now, mother, let Mandy take all the rolls you don't need; I noticed as I drove by that there's to be a supper or a party at one of the negro churches, and she ought to make a good sum on such a quantity of sandwiches as all these rolls will supply."



"MR. KNOX HELD UP SAM'S ROLL."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR IN THE OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE



BY J. L. HARBOUR.

AN alert boy of twelve or thirteen years, visiting Boston for the first time, was asked what historical building he would like to visit first, and he replied very promptly:

"The Old South Meeting-house. I like to see places in which there has been something doing in the past. They did things in the Old South Meeting-house, both before and during the Revolution, did n't they?"

Indeed they did! No building in America has been the scene of more thrilling events than has this ancient house of worship.

Had this boy, who was eager to see the Old South Meeting-house because of all that it stands for, been in Boston on the 29th day of last April, he might have gone into the time-honored old building in company with hundreds of other boys, and a great many girls, who came from all parts of the city to be present at the "Children's Hour" in the "Old South." This is a semi-yearly event in Boston. It is a part of what is called the "Old South Work"; which is a good work, having for its chief purpose the bringing of the young people of Boston and America into an intimate knowledge of early American history. ✓

On this 29th day of April the Old South Meeting-house was packed with boys and girls

from the public schools, to hear about William Blackstone, the first settler in the city of Boston. A large orchestra of boys and girls from one of the public schools played patriotic airs, and I remember that at one "Children's Hour" in the Old South two hundred school-girls sang the ode which was composed and sung when President George Washington visited Boston in 1789. You see that they still "do things" of a patriotic nature in this old meeting-house—hallowed, as it is, by memories of Washington and Adams and Otis and Hancock and all the good men and true who helped to give our country its most valued possession—independence.

✓ The ground on which the Old South stands was the dwelling-place of Governor Winthrop. Benjamin Franklin was baptized in this meeting-house. The voices of Adams and Hancock and Warren and Washington have been heard within its walls. You will see, back of the pulpit platform and below the quaint old sounding-board, the very window through which General Joseph Warren came to deliver his famous oration on the anniversary of the Boston Massacre because the crowd in and around the church was so great he could not enter by the door.

In this church were held some of the great meetings leading up to the famous Boston



THE OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE

"Tea-party." Indeed, it was from this "Sanctuary of Freedom," as it has been called, that the band of men disguised as Indians started for the wharf to board the ships and throw overboard the taxed tea that had created

nial year of 1876 it was proposed to sell the Old South simply for the value of its bricks and timbers, and tear it down, that a modern business block might be built on its site. Indeed, it was sold — "knocked down" at auction to a



INTERIOR OF THE OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE.

such a turmoil in Boston. If you should follow the exact route taken by that band of "Mohawks" on that eventful December day in the year 1773, you would finally reach a modern building on the site of Griffin's wharf, at which lay moored on December 16, 1773, the three British ships with cargoes of tea. This house bears a tablet commemorating the famous "Boston Tea-Party," which threw the cargoes into the sea.

Did you ever hear the story of how the Old South was "saved"? Reverence for historic landmarks did not run so high thirty or forty years ago as it does to-day, and in our centen-

bidder for the meager sum of thirteen hundred and fifteen dollars!

Suddenly a wave of patriotic feeling swept over the city of Boston. The papers and some of the people began to protest against the tearing down of the old "Sanctuary of Freedom," and a movement was set on foot to raise funds to buy the church from its purchaser, and to buy also the ground on which it stood. This good plan might never have succeeded had it not been for one noble and loyal woman in Boston, Mrs. Mary Hemenway, of hallowed memory. When the difficulty of securing funds for the purchase of the old meeting-house be-

came known to her, she came forward with a gift of one hundred thousand dollars, and thus the old meeting-house was saved — to stand as an object-lesson to the children of future generations.

Having given such a large sum to help save the Old South Meeting-house, Mrs. Hemenway felt that it should be something more than a mere silent monument. She determined that it should be a real, living force in our country, and particularly to the children of Boston. She determined that it should renew and increase its fame as a temple of freedom, and that its sacred walls should again echo and reëcho to the sound of patriotic utterances, and that some of these utterances should come from the lips of the boys and girls of Boston; and thus the Old South Lecture Course and the Old South Prizes were established. Each year a prize of forty dollars and another of twenty-five dollars are given to the graduates of the Boston high schools who write the best essays on historic or patriotic topics. The committee having this work in charge announce the subjects in June, just before the schools close, and the competitors must submit their essays the following January. Then on Washington's Birthday there is a patriotic gathering of the school-children of Boston in the old meeting-house, and the names of the prize-winners are announced.

The young graduates who win these prizes must do excellent work, for the standard set by the judges is very high. The two hundred and more young people who have competed for these prizes have formed themselves into an

organization called the "Old South Historical Society." They hold monthly meetings, at which historical papers are read; and if you think that these meetings are in the least "dry," you are greatly mistaken. Its members go on "historical pilgrimages" to places like Plymouth and Andover and King Philip's Country. These pilgrimages are delightful excursions, lasting all day, and they occur in June after the schools have closed. The Society helps to make the "Children's Hour" in the old meeting-house a great success. If you should happen to speak of the Old South Church before a member of this society, he or she would probably say very courteously:

"I beg your pardon; but it is the Old South Meeting-house, and not Church."

In the old days the churches were always called "meeting-houses." It seems inappropriate to give the Old South any other name.

No one can estimate the power for good that has gone forth from this old meeting-house. No one can estimate the full extent of its influence for good upon the boys and girls of to-day.

Every summer a course of free lectures for the young folk of Boston is given from a fund left by Mrs. Hemenway. The old church is crowded at every one of these lectures, and the few grown-ups who are privileged to slip in go away grateful for the fact that there are so many boys and girls of to-day who are interested in their country's history, and are glad to hear about the men and women of other years who helped to create the great American republic.



A ROOMMATE REFORM MOVEMENT.

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

HEADS ducked, navy blue bodies forward bent, two catapultic young persons came speeding down two corridors that met at right angles. A bump, a gasp, and "Dee!" ejaculated one; "Dum!" breathed the other. Two faces were blank with dismay. They had both raced for their lives to be first at Miss Prynne's office hour, and neither had wished to be seen by the other. It was absolutely imperative that Dee should gain Miss Prynne's ear first; it was equally necessary that Dum should. Little matters like right of precedence to those arriving simultaneously are somewhat difficult of adjustment when roommates have not spoken for two whole days. They stared at each other: if Miss Prynne opened the door upon both, she would naturally think that they, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, bosom-friends and inseparable, had come together on some matter of common concern, whereas they had, they must—and Miss Prynne did even so. Just at the stroke of the eleven o'clock gong, back flew the door, and there stood Miss Prynne, the prompt, the imperturbable, and before they knew it, she had flipped over the pasteboard sign so that "Engaged" stood out bold against all intruders, had shut the door, and faced about entirely at their service.

"Well, Rosalie and Laura, what can I do for you this morning?"

Girls said of Miss Prynne that she always made you feel five years younger than you really were; this was due, some of the keener ones asserted, to the fact that however gravely courteous she might be, there was always a twinkle in the back of her eyes as she looked you through and through.

Dum and Dee were both fifteen, but they felt ten as they sat there under Miss Prynne's frank gaze, facing each other, but with eyes averted, cheeks flushed. Miss Prynne slipped into a chair between them, glancing from one to the other. Both wore "Peter Thompson" sailor suits, both had their hair tucked up at the nape

of the neck, whence flared an immense horizontal bow. Dee was dark and slim and pretty; Dum was blond and squat and plain, with eyes blue and clear as May skies. Miss Prynne looked from one face to the other with a little



AT MISS PRYNNE'S DOOR

smile, both were so dead in earnest. Then the smile passed, for she saw that something was really wrong, and moreover the two faces turned to her were very sweet, and Dum and Dee were very dear to her heart.

"Well, what is it, girls? Permission to go to town, to the theatre, or the symphony, or the dentist, or the doctor? Or are your parents about to visit you, or what is it?" Her cheeriness was awful to see and hear.

"O, Miss Prynne," said Dum desperately, "may n't we—may n't I—see you alone?" That change to the singular pronoun was a shock to both girls.

"Why, no, I think not," answered Miss Prynne. "Time is a little pressing; can't you manage it together? Tweedledum and Tweedledee have n't any secrets, have they?" and she patted a hand of each, at which two very transparent young people looked sheepish enough.

No help for it now, so Dee blurted out. "It is n't dentists or parents, or anything; its Dum!"

"It's Dee!" flashed back Dum, then out it all tumbled. "Dee won't let me alone. She's always watching to see what I'm doing or not doing, and trying to make me do it over again her way. She won't let me lose things—my own things even! She says I'm the noisiest girl in school. She won't let me whistle, or talk slang, she objects to my saying so much as 'jimony!' She says I go thumping up and down stairs as if I were a cow. She says I bring so many girls to the room that she can't study, and that it would be better if I'd study a little more myself—it would be better if she'd study a little less, I think. And, Miss Prynne, she actually wants me to keep my shoes in straight rows on the closet floor like soldiers, and when I get mad and kick all the shoes around, hers and mine, she does n't say anything, but just plumps down on the floor and fixes them all straight again so—so—*patiently!* I just can't stand it!"

"I only want her to be ladylike," expostulated Dee.

"I don't want her to want me to be anything—I want her to let me alone!" There was the suspicion of a break in Dum's voice.

Dee now took up her defence. "Dum is after me all the time because, she says, I'm prim and fussy and finicky. I don't see why she should try to make me talk slang if I don't want to. I don't think it's nice to talk slang. And she borrows my things and loses them on purpose, she truly does—that's what I can't stand!—just to discipline me! And last Friday night I was reading the Faerie Queene instead of going to Marion's fudge party, and when I put down the book just a minute, Dum hid it!"

"Studying on Friday night, Miss Prynne!" cried Dum.

"It wasn't studying, it was just reading," responded Dee.

"The Faerie Queene is lessons," Dum retorted triumphantly, then added in an aggrieved tone, "I just want her to be jolly like the rest of us."

"I don't want to be jolly," wailed Dee, "and anyway I don't want to be reformed by Dum!"

"Is this all?" inquired Miss Prynne, in a tone that implied that she considered it enough. They were somehow a little frightened. Yes, it was all.

"Then," went on Miss Prynne briskly, "I understand that you have both come to me because you each want another roommate?"

Dum gasped, swallowed hard, looked at Dee's face, saw only haughtiness, and stiffened from head to toe. "Yes!" she said.

"And you, Rosalie?" Miss Prynne turned to Dee, whose dark skin had grown pale. At Dum's "yes" Dee had had hard work to keep the quiver from her lips. Her temper was never so strong as Dum's. Now her eyes spoke volumes of reproach at Dum, but her voice was firm as she answered Miss Prynne, "Yes."

Both girls had forgotten that another roommate was exactly the business on which each had been bent when they had collided at the door.

Miss Prynne was searching through certain papers in a little ticketed drawer containing the room registry of the half-dozen homelike cottages that composed Merton School.

"Here in Prayle," she meditated as if to herself, "Katharine Boyle has gone home sick, not expected to return. I can therefore put you in with Lucy Hartley, Rosalie."

"Lucy Hartley!" breathed Dee, with wide eyes of dismay.

"Lucy is ladylike," said Miss Prynne; "and in Cartwright," she continued, "is another vacancy. No roommate has ever turned up for Denise Slocum. You Laura—"

"Denny!" gasped Dum.

"Denise is jolly," said Miss Prynne, "and so the matter is settled. I'll have Benjamin bring your trunks and packing boxes to your rooms in Carew at once. You can pack this afternoon,

and move to-night after dinner. I prefer, however, that you put out your 'Engaged' sign and say nothing to the other girls at present."

"O no, indeed!" cried both together. Did they want the other girls around asking questions, and prying into their affairs, theirs, Dum's and Dee's?

It was a forlorn packing—their cheery room, their dear old Carew! Their wrath had unaccountably oozed from them. Just one thought kept each girl grimly to her task. "Dee wants to," whispered Dum, and renewed anger sent red spots to her cheeks. "Dum wants to," thought Dee, and set her teeth. Once they caught themselves watching each other in the mirror; they felt guilty and ashamed as they went on with the business in hand, for each had seen the other's eyes brimming with tears.

The afternoon went on somehow. All trace of homeyness had been torn from wall and bureau and couch. Just a few times they had to speak. Dum had been searching frantically until Dee could stand it no longer, and spoke gently and without shade of reproof. "Your opera glasses are down in the corner of the closet behind my arctics." Another time it was, "Dum, don't forget your alarm clock, it's in the scrap basket. I guess it fell." Once Dee felt a pile of garments wrested violently from her arms.

"Folding skirts is one thing I can do," raged Dum, "even if I am a 'cow,' and even if my 'butter-fingers are all thumbs.'"

At last they both came to a dead stop, then did nothing most energetically for ten minutes, and finally faced each other, for there in the middle of the room, unclaimed, unticketed, stood the morris-chair, and in the dusty, dismantled book-case in crimson glory flamed a set of Stevenson. The chair and the Stevenson they owned in common.

"Dee, you must take the chair," exclaimed Dum at last. "Your backaches, you know. You must n't have a backache. You must take it." Now luxurious Dum loved that chair, and had not always remembered Dee's back.

"Then, Dum, will you take the Stevenson?" Dee's lips were pale as she spoke for they were her very heart's treasure, those crimson books.

It was dinner-time after a while, and although

they had n't done it for two nights previous, that night they tied each other's bows, but in sad silence. They were beautiful bows, too, extending several inches beyond each ear. Also all the buttons of Dum's button-in-the-back muslingown were fastened in orderly succession that night.

Miss Prynne, they found, was dining in Carew that evening. As they all pressed into the dining-room, Miss Prynne felt a cold little hand on her bare wrist. "If Dum did n't want to so much," faltered Dee's voice in her ear. As the circle crowded about the fireplace after dinner Dum's arm slipped through Miss Prynne's. "It's only that Dee wants to," she whispered.

After prayers in Timothy chapel, Dum and Dee sought their bare room again. They wore long dark coats over their white dresses. They were all ready to start as soon as Benjamin should have come for their trunks. Dum sank down on her couch with her chin on her hand. Dee sat down on her couch across the room. The gas was low, they waited for Benjamin.

"Denny Slocum — jiminy!" Dum burst out.

"Lucy Hartley — of all girls!" groaned Dee.

Suddenly they were gazing at each other, all question, all longing.

"Dee, must we?"

"Why, Dum, don't you *want* to?"

"No! but don't you?"

"Oh, Dee, darling, I know I'm noisy and slangy and unladylike, and all that you said, maybe, but do you think you could love me just the same?"

"Oh, I've been horrid and priggish and superior, but can you truly love me still, just — as I am?"

"And I'll try to keep my shoes straight in the closet if — if — if you still care, Dee."

"Oh, don't, for goodness sake, Dum. I could n't bear to see them straight after all this. I'll never study Friday nights again, and —"

"Oh yes, you will, you must!"

"Anyway, we do still love each other, don't we? Was that what it was all about, really?"

Thus all seemed going well until a sudden recollection made them both start. Dee's hands grasped Dum's upper arms. Their eyes searched every secret out.

"But, Dum, what was it you went to see Miss Prynne about this morning?"

"Another roommate," confessed Dum. "Why did *you* go?"

"Another roommate,—but, Dum, truly, only because—because I thought you wanted one."

"And I thought you just could n't stand me another day, Dee."

The tramp of heavy heels, a vigorous thump

remove trunks, but not to remove the owners of the trunks against their will. He discreetly sought Miss Prynne. Post-haste on Benjamin's news came that lady herself. She had been just on the point of leaving Carew. She wore a long furry coat, against the dark collar of which her crown of red gold hair stood out in glory.

"What 's the matter, girls?" she asked.

"Lucy Hartley is colder than an icicle," Dee broke forth abruptly, "colder than an iceberg, colder than—" her mind reverting to a recent lecture with demonstrations, "colder than liquid air!"

"But ladylike," murmured Miss Prynne.

"So 's Dum!" and Dee clutched that young person as though Miss Prynne were about to rend them apart by force.

"Denny Slocum is the noisiest, slangiest, most unladylike—" this from Dum.

"But jolly," said Miss Prynne, in rebuke.

"Dee 's jolly enough for me," stoutly returned Dum, "and we 've stopped reforming each other, and we like each other just as we are, and, oh, Miss Prynne, must we, must we, have other roommates?"

Eyes and lips wide with alarm, they gazed at Miss Prynne, who, as they knew, rarely changed her mind.

"Well," hesitated Miss Prynne, "perhaps it can be arranged, seeing that," she paused, "seeing that I had n't mentioned the matter either to Lucy or Denise."

"Why not," Miss Prynne?" they asked, and then, even to such a deadly earnest pair as Dum and Dee, the twinkle in Miss Prynne's eye was sufficient explanation.



BENJAMIN, GLENN, AND DEE.

at their door, and Benjamin, bland and black, had come for their trunks.

"No!" Benjamin, best of men, was suddenly an enemy against whom both girls were united. But back of Benjamin, both girls knew, was the authority of Miss Prynne.

"Miss Prynne said—" persevered Benjamin.

A scurry, a scramble, and on each trunk sat a determined, fiery-faced young woman, clutching the sides of the trunk-top.

Benjamin was puzzled. He had orders to



THE "GREAT UPSIDE-DOWN ACT" OF THE "BOYS' SPECIAL VAUDEVILLE PERFORMANCE" IN THE BARN

A MISTAKE.

BY CLARA ANDREWS WILLIAMS.



SOME people passed in back ob me,
a talkin' ef yo' please;
I heerd one whisper to her friend, "Is
dat a hive fo' bees?"
I looked up from mah book right then
(it sut'nly struck me funny);
"Mah lan's!" I said, "I ain't no hive;
I 's jus' a li'l honey."



ANIMAL

CRACKERS.



BY HERBERT PAUS.

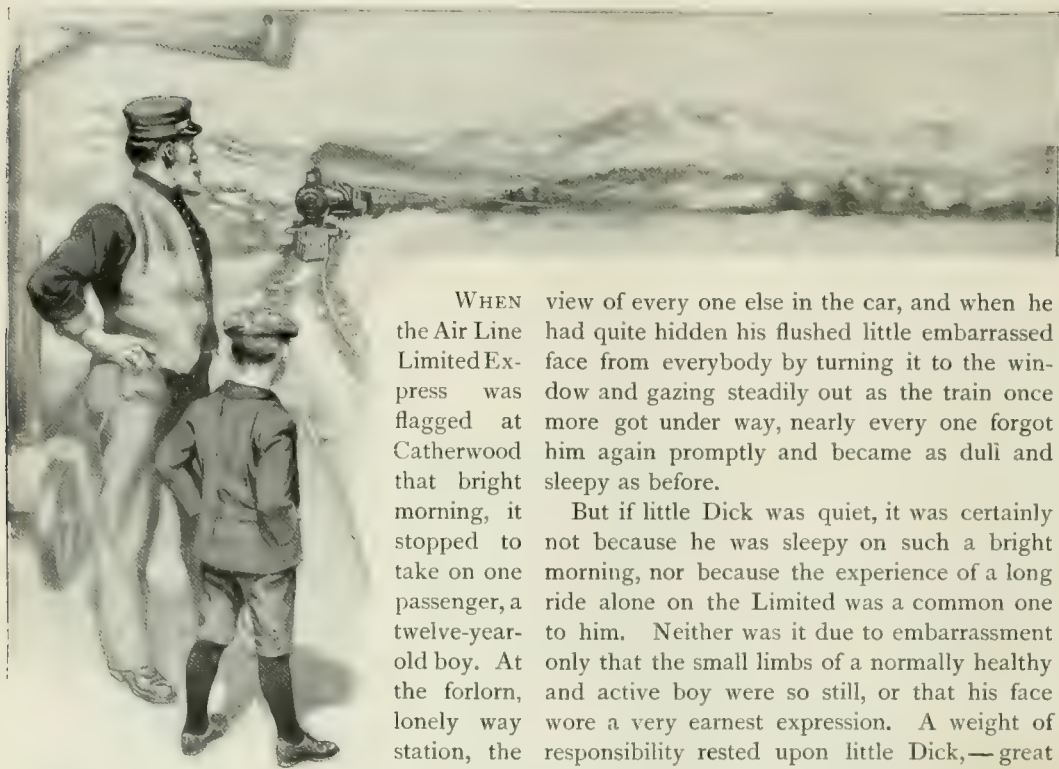
MARY had a little lamb, two zebras, and a boar;
Elephants and camels, too, and others by the score.
She ate the whole menagerie and asked the nurse for more.

(But not another one would nurse allow.)

Poor Mary's sleep was much disturbed by tiger, goat, and gnu;
Around her bed paraded that most aggravating zoo.
In horrid nightmare circles they all passed in review—
Mary is a vegetarian now!

HOW THE MONEY WENT TO DUDLEY.

BY HENRY GARDNER HUNTING.



made so tiny a figure beside the big station agent, as they stood on the platform together while the train drew up before them, that some of the passengers, who had looked out curiously at the unusual stop, were moved to amusement. Not that there was anything at all odd or queer about little Dick Fanning's small, sturdy figure but just because the passengers were on the lookout for something amusing to relieve the monotony of a long, tiresome ride, and because it did seem a little ridiculous that so fast and important a train as the Air Line Limited should be halted to accommodate such a small and diffident boy as the young passenger appeared to be. But when Dick was inside one of the big vestibuled coaches and had dropped into one of the deep-cushioned seats away back toward the rear, which nearly hid him from

WHEN the Air Line Limited Express was flagged at Catherwood that bright morning, it stopped to take on one passenger, a twelve-year-old boy. At the forlorn, lonely way station, the little fellow

view of every one else in the car, and when he had quite hidden his flushed little embarrassed face from everybody by turning it to the window and gazing steadily out as the train once more got under way, nearly every one forgot him again promptly and became as dull and sleepy as before.

But if little Dick was quiet, it was certainly not because he was sleepy on such a bright morning, nor because the experience of a long ride alone on the Limited was a common one to him. Neither was it due to embarrassment only that the small limbs of a normally healthy and active boy were so still, or that his face wore a very earnest expression. A weight of responsibility rested upon little Dick,—great responsibility, indeed,—and there were reasons enough for his quiet and serious air, which would have roused still further interest in him among his fellow-passengers had they known his secret. Indeed, the one thought which was chief in his busy brain, in those first few minutes after he entered the train, was the one which his father—back there at home in Catherwood—had so insistently urged him to keep uppermost.

"Don't talk, Dick," Mr. Fanning had said. "No matter what happens, don't talk." And Dick, who could still see just how white and full of pain his father's face had been, and who had understood just how important this errand of his for father was to be, had resolved that nothing should induce him to say a needless word until the necessity for silence was over.

For Dick's father, John Fanning, was lying

hurt and helpless back there at Catherwood, as the result of an accident in the mines the day before, and Dick had been sent — “as the only one father could trust” of all the people in the townful of rough miners — to carry something to Dudley, the little city across the mountains — something that had to be in Dudley that day to hold for father all the results of a year of feverish work and the investment of many, many dollars. And that something was a thick wallet which lay just over Dick’s swift-beating heart, and weighed there like a packet of lead, though it contained no metal of any kind, but only a bulky bunch of Uncle Sam’s yellow-backs and a white slip or two with signatures on face and back. To be quite plain about it, Dick carried in the little inner jacket pocket no less a sum than two thousand five hundred dollars, to be deposited by him in the bank at Dudley, to bind John Fanning’s option upon a mining property of value; and the chance injury received by Mr. Fanning himself, the lack of an older messenger, and the fact that the money had to be deposited on that day, had brought about the combination of circumstances that had made Dick’s service absolutely necessary.

“Of course, Dick,” Mr. Fanning had said, “it’s a big responsibility for a little fellow like you; but there’s really no reason why you should not be able to carry out this commission for father. At any rate, you are quite as safe, even a safer messenger than any other I could choose here; and all you need to do is just to give Mr. Chase the money and the letter when you reach the bank. Just keep still and don’t talk, that’s all. Don’t talk to anybody, and you’ll be safe.”

And so the boy was on his way, alone, with only the utter unlikelihood that any evil-disposed person could guess his mission as his best safeguard.

Dudley was only thirty miles distant from Catherwood by trail over the mountain pass, but a matter of more than two hours’ ride by train; for the railroad curved far to the south through the river-country in a long detour which the pass cut to a scant twelve between the hills. It was a wild country, this Western State, upon which Eastern tourists gazed from the coaches

of the through trains that crossed it, with curious interest but with little power of realizing, in the comfort of easy travel, how wild and lawless its people could be, for specimens of the rougher element in the local population were rarely seen on any but the local trains. Dick knew something of the rough men of the mines and ranches; Dick’s father knew more, but Mr. Fanning had no reason to fear for the safety of his boy on such a train as this he had chosen for Dick’s important trip, and any lack of faith in the great railroad’s ability to carry the little messenger and his big burden in safety would have seemed quite absurd. It is more than improbable that any one of all the ninety passengers on the Air Line Limited that day, or any one of the train crew, imagined that this run of the fast express would be or could be interrupted by any other than the usual stops, and it is certain that neither Dick nor his father entertained any such expectation. Dick himself, more boyishly elated than anxious as to the outcome of his errand, had no thought of possible mischance to this big, swift, smooth-running train. He sat by his window, forgetful, after the first embarrassing minute, of the people about him, his mind running ahead to Dudley and to the prospect of a prompt and successful carrying out of his commission there, while satisfaction and pride in this first important trust from his father filled his heart. The knowledge that he was helping his father in a time of need thrilled him with gladness, while assurances the doctor had given that his father’s injury was not a dangerous one allayed his anxiety.

He watched the beautiful country skimming by in the brilliant spring sunshine, like a wonderful panorama of delightful pictures. He saw the big hills ahead looming slowly bigger and bigger as the train sped toward them, until their gray-green slopes slowly lost their hazy indistinctness and became to him wonderful stretches of rock and wood and ledge of enchanting, unexplored interest.

And then, all at once, there was a sudden jerk and jar, a pitching forward against the seat in front, a dizzying sensation that everything was being swept forward by some great force that could not be resisted, a shrieking of brakes and a jolting, pounding bump, and he found

that he was picking himself up from the floor of the car, and that some of the others around him were doing the same, some crying out in fright, others leaping wildly into the aisle, all in a strange, crazy confusion. One woman screamed, another cried that there must have been a collision, and then one man's voice, calmer than the rest, called out something about emergency brakes.

Dick had heard of emergency brakes. He knew what the man meant. He was not very much frightened, but he was hugely excited and interested at once. One or two men were hastening out to the rear platform near which he sat, and he climbed out of his seat and followed them; and then, just as he reached the platform, one of the men started suddenly back from looking out ahead and uttered an exclamation which made the boy forget everything else.

"It 's a hold-up, by all that 's unlucky!" cried the man, and Dick saw his face turn as white as his father's had been the night before, when they had brought him home after the accident.

A dozen voices echoed the cry, and the excitement rose in the car. People did strange things. A man tore open his grip, pulled out a package of papers, and began stuffing them through the open bosom of his shirt. A woman threw her hand-bag out of the open window. A girl emptied her pocket-book on the car floor under the seat, and sent a half-dozen coins rolling down the aisle. Some of the women began to cry and plead, as if to bandits already in sight, though Dick had not yet seen any one who looked like a robber. Men talked excitedly, some with bravado, one or two with cool, common-sense advice to be quiet and wait. Then one man opened the top of the water-cooler in the corner and dropped a big pocket-book into it, replacing the cover carefully.

And then Dick saw a figure hastily mounting the forward platform of the car, and then another, and two men with black cloths over their faces, through which were cut holes for the eyes, entered the front car door and pointed big, ugly-looking revolvers at the frightened crowd generally, and called out stern orders of "Up hands!" and "Keep quiet!"

Dick could never tell afterward just what he had been thinking all this time. It was n't a long time, of course; perhaps only a few seconds elapsed between the sudden stop of the train and the entrance of the robbers. But he suddenly remembered, with a terror and a sinking of the heart such as he had never known before, the big wallet in his inner jacket pocket and all that money in it which belonged to father and which must be in the bank at Dudley that day. His first idea was of the certainty of its loss if it remained in his pocket till the robbers reached him; his second, that he must find for it a hiding-place, somewhere, quickly. Then came a remembrance of what his father had said, that no one would ever think a boy of twelve could be carrying such a sum of money, and that therein lay his safety; and, for a moment, he contemplated waiting and depending upon this chance to save him and his precious package. Then the terror grew so strong, and the fear of the ruffians, who had commenced to plunder the passengers in the forward seats, took such hold upon him, that he dared not move and could scarcely think for a time.

He watched the movements of the robbers with fascinated interest. One man stood by the door, covering the crowd with two pistols, while the other walked slowly down the aisle, calling upon each passenger to pour his or her valuables into his big hat, which he held out like a basket. Suddenly he stopped before one man with a sharp exclamation.

"Here!" he growled; "that ain't all you 's got. Shell out, there! No bloke o' your cut travels with only one tenner in his jeans," and, leaning over, he plunged his hand into one pocket after another of the passenger's coat, till he brought to light a leathern pocket-book and dropped it into the hat also, with a sneering laugh.

This incident robbed Dick of every vestige of hope left him. They might miss him — oh, yes, they might; but they probably would n't. His face would surely tell them his secret, if they even looked at him. It was useless to think of dissembling before such men.

An impulse to run suddenly seized him uncontrollably. Where or how or to whom he

should fly he had no idea; but to get away — to escape from the train; and rush up the mountain side, anywhere out of sight and hearing — was the overwhelming resolve that possessed him, and with no clear purpose other than this he acted on the instant.

train, instinctively choosing the side opposite that from which the robbers had climbed up, and, leaping to the ground, started on a wild run up the rough slope of the mountain.

A shot rang out, and then another, behind him, and, maddened with fear, the little fellow ran like a

frightened rabbit. He could think only that the robbers were firing after him, and he expected instant pursuit, his excited mind now incapable of calculating that, even if he were seen, the robbers would hardly think it worth their while to follow or shoot him.

Running, jumping, falling, up and away again, tearing his hands on the sharp gravel and rubbing a great hole through the knee of his trousers and through the stocking as well, but running on and on and on without a stop, he gained rod after rod, and left the standing train far below and behind. More shots and shouts came up to him, but they were not so distinct. Still he ran and leaped, panting and straining in wild terror. He reached a clump of bushes and dodged behind them, and then sped on up the steep



The man in the aisle was busy with a woman's satchel. The other fellow was ordering some one to shut the open window out of which the woman had thrown her bag. It looked like an opportunity, and Dick seized it. He quickly and quietly slid down to the rear steps of the

hill, keeping them between him and the people below. Once he looked back and saw the passengers flocking out of the train, to stand in a crowd on the opposite hillside, for some unexplained reason; but he dared not wait to see, but struggled away until he reached the line of

woods far up the incline, and there sank down utterly exhausted in the shielding undergrowth.

It was just at that moment that he heard a roaring explosion below, which echoed and echoed again and again among the hills, and knew it could only mean the blowing up of the express-car or its safe, to lay its valuable contents open to the robbers' hands. He shivered with horror and sprang again to his feet, and, though his lungs ached and his knees trembled under him, he ran on.

It was not until Dick had put more than a mile between himself and the train that he dared to pause to breathe and think; but the time came when utter exhaustion compelled him to stop and cast himself full length in the gravel to get his breath; and when the breath came easier, after a long, painful interval of panting, the thoughts came too. That he dared not go back to the train was certain. The robbers might stay a long time, and then, even if they had already left, the train would be stalled perhaps for hours by the wreck of the express-car. It might even be that the train had been stopped by a torn-up rail, and in that case it might be night before aid could reach them. The money in his pocket—the money he had saved, as he now realized with wild exultation—must be deposited in the Dudley bank before night, and so he must get to Dudley by some means if it were within the possible.

Dick knew about the pass and its short-cut through the hills. He knew that from Harley,



'A BIG MAN LIFTED HIM UP WHERE ALL COULD SEE HIM.'

the last village passed by the train before the hold-up, Dudley was said to be twelve miles. The train must have run six miles at least from Harley, so that the remaining distance must be some five or six miles more. His heart suddenly filled with hope. He could help father yet, and—and, yes, he could carry the news and stir the country to aid the beleaguered train and to pursue the bandits. There was a chance—a chance. He could not miss the way, for the trail was clear, though rough, and there was no mistaking the pass. He would try.

To traverse six miles over rough country at speed is not a light task for a boy of twelve, even if that boy starts fresh; but when the distance is undertaken by a pair of small legs already weary with a very long run, and very much bruised and cut and scratched as well, the task is heavy indeed. Six miles over rocks and logs, through briers and bushes, up long, steep slopes, through the gullies, on the roughest of rough trails—such was Dick's journey. Running when strength would permit, walking when his breath was spent, he fought desperately to make time. More than once utter weariness seemed about to conquer him, failing hope of accomplishing his errand in time discouraged him; but at such times always the thought of father lying helpless back there at Catherwood and depending on his small boy to save the day, of the endangered passengers, of the robbers and their booty, spurred him on. It seemed to Dick that he had never before known what weariness could be, that he had never known pain till now, as he dragged his poor, lame little feet along, while every bend of his bruised little knees was torture, and his cut and bleeding hands burned and stung and ached. But he held to his determination to the end, though every quarter-hour of that wild journey seemed like hours to him.

That Dick did it—that he covered those six miles from the scene of the hold-up to Dudley in just a little less than two hours—was a thing of which Dick would have had a right to be a little proud afterward as a feat by itself. But when he reached the town at last, and the bank, and told his story to Mr. Chase, the amazement of that gentleman, and of everybody else immediately after the news became known, made him forget all about himself for the time.

To say that excitement reigned and that a commotion which astonished Dick followed, is to put it mildly; but the results of that excitement and commotion are the important part of this story. Fortunately for every one concerned, Sheriff Ballard, who lived at Dudley, was at

home that day; and, being a man of courage and of the sort of discretion which recognizes promptness as a most effective aid of valor, he wasted no time in idleness. He set the telegraph and telephone wires to near-by towns buzzing with messages which startled men to arms in a dozen different places. He called out men he knew, and guns and horses; and, using his perfect knowledge of the country, he started parties off at breakneck speed to cover passes and fords and roads and trails by which the robbers might hope to make escape from the scene of their crime, while he himself, at the head of an eager band of volunteers, rode back through the pass over which Dick had come. And before darkness fell over the little valley that night, three of the bandits who had been concerned in the robbery were in the hands of the officers. Another was caught next day at Shelby, across the mountain; and then "Black Jimmy" Boyle himself, a noted criminal, leader and last man-at-large of the gang, was found and compelled to surrender with his stolen gains, during the same day, in the woods far down the river toward the city he had tried to reach.

And Dick—well, Dick's fame was great. It was so great, indeed, that Dick himself was a good deal confused and embarrassed by what people did and said, and most of all when the passengers of the train were brought safely in and everybody gathered near the bank and listened while Mr. Chase told the story and called Dick a hero and said other very complimentary things. And then everybody cheered "for little Dick" when a big man lifted him up where all could see him; at which Dick modestly blushed and wondered greatly.

But best of all was the telegram which came from his father that evening, in reply to a telegram from Mr. Chase which had told him the main facts of the story. It was a very short telegram, but it meant so much to Dick that he kept thinking about it after he was snugly tucked into bed at Mr. Chase's home.

"Dick," it said, "father is proud of his boy."

MILITARY TRAINING IN OUR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

BY CAPT. CHARLES T. BOYD, U.S.A.

It seems to be the opinion of some of our good citizens that the average American young man has, without either training or education, all the qualifications necessary to enable him at any time to render efficient service in the defense of his country. Fortunately, however, this opinion has not always been shared by those who have had most to do with providing for the welfare of the nation. It is noticeable that *after* every war the minds of our public men become impressed with the need of military training. But, even in times of peace, that training is of great value to the young men of the country themselves,

It was not, however, until within the last two years that rules for this instruction were definitely fixed. All institutions to which army officers are detailed as instructors have now the same military course; and exactly the same amount and kind of work is required of all colleges of the same class, the class being determined by the War Department.

Under the law the department is permitted to station at the different colleges and universities throughout the country as many as a hundred army officers of the active list and an unlimited number of officers of the retired list.



THE ADVANCE GUARD "DRIVING IN" AN OUTPOST. KENTUCKY STATE COLLEGE.

though they may never be called upon to go to war or engage in active service.

In no way, perhaps, have our law-makers been more wise than in authorizing military instruction in our colleges and universities, thus providing for the physical and mental discipline and training of our young men under professional soldiers. This was begun, indeed, as far back as the sixties, and from that time on has patient and unremitting work of this nature been done, and with more or less success.

In this way the War Department controls the instruction to be given; for, of course, these officers look to the department for their final orders, and not to the college authorities.

Among old service men there is a saying that one can always tell an old soldier by the set of his shoulders; and, in truth, this should be one of the marks of all men and boys who have had military training.

The students do not realize the object of much of the drilling required of them; but in



MILITARY TRAINING IN OUR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

years to come they will do so, and will be grateful to those who prescribed it for them.

The tendency among students is to stoop, and it is not surprising that ill-health should

quent fearlessness. His shoulders are required to be even and flat and upright, ready to bear responsibilities with resolute will. He is required to carry his chest well up, giving his



REGIMENT IN LINE OF PLATOON, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

follow such a habit. In the military training the young man is required to make an effort to stand erect. He is expected to carry his head set squarely on his shoulders, that his outlook on life may be one of directness and conse-

quences space in which to live a healthy life and fill themselves with pure air. Finally the student is required to walk with his legs alone, using neither his shoulders, his arms, nor his hands to aid his movements in walking.



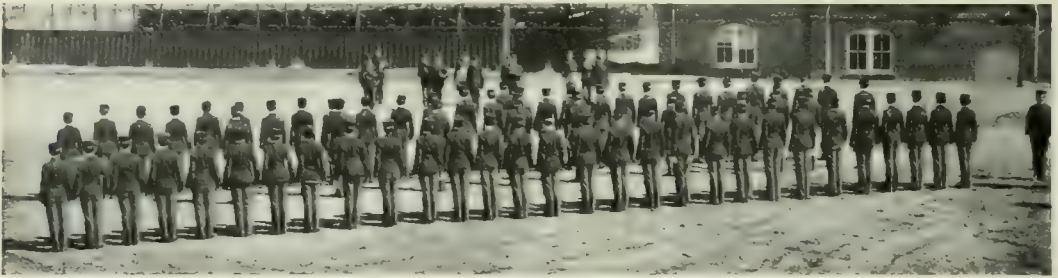
CAVALRY DRILL, PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY COLLEGE



RIDING "COSSACK FASHION" PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY COLLEGE.

Now, to acquire an erect carriage is no easy matter, unless one has been instructed in it from boyhood days; but if being upright in one thing helps a person in being upright in another, should not the being upright in carriage help a

he does not sufficiently exercise his body. He gives himself little or no time in which to get out of the rut of his especial calling. His mind frequently becomes narrow, and his body often times becomes diseased. He should, every day,



A "TRACING" EXERCISE TO FLATTEN OUT THE SHOULDERS NEVADA STATE UNIVERSITY

person in being upright in character? And is the result not worth the effort? In any case, erectness of carriage is one of the results of the military training in the colleges of our country.

The trouble with the average American who earns his bread by the sweat of his *brain* is that

when his work ceases, give his attention to some form of bodily exercise, entering into it heartily and continuing it steadily. He will then enjoy his food and rest, and will be able to begin another day's work with his mind clear and his body alert. For those who engage in college



BAYONET EXERCISE—"HEAD PARRY." NEVADA STATE UNIVERSITY.



VOLLEY FIRING

Anything that will tend to remedy these characteristics without lessening a proper independence and individuality is a wholesome and useful influence.

The essential of all things military is prompt and unquestioning obedience, and when this obedience is required of students it cannot fail to inspire in them a certain degree of respect for authority and regard for discipline: results beneficial both to the individual and to the

spheres exercise command. This responsibility is placed upon the shoulders of the most studious, exemplary, and soldier-like of the students, and these early learn how to handle, lead, restrain, and discipline their fellows, a knowledge which in after life will stand them in good stead.

All this excellent training the government through its officers bestows as a free gift upon the young men who receive it; but, important as this is, it is all incidental to the real military instruction imparted to the students.

From these students will come the officers of the volunteer forces, — forces always in evidence and always depended on when war is afoot, — so the instruction must not have to do only with the improvement of the individual in his character and habits, but must regard also and especially those subjects the study of which will make the student not only a better citizen, but a better



CAPTAIN SMOKE AND HIS OFFICERS. YALE UNIVERSITY.

state. Such results are, in part, the object of the military training.

Where obedience is so carefully taught there must of necessity be many who in their different

organizer, a better leader, and, in a just cause, a better fighter. Exactly similar instruction in these matters is imparted in the colleges of Maine and of California, of Alabama and of Montana,

of Texas and of Indiana, of Massachusetts and of Arkansas, of New York and of Nevada.

The young student enters the college or university with little or no knowledge of the duties of the soldier. With four or five others he is at once assigned to a squad, and his instruction, under one of the older students, begins, and is for an hour each school-day diligently carried forward. When the new student has learned how to hold himself, how to move, and how to handle his rifle, he is transferred to a larger

body of students, and his preliminary instruction is completed by a trained sergeant of the student battalion. Just as soon as he has learned the use of his rifle he goes on the target-range, and there begins his training with the service weapon. Soon he is transferred to the ranks of the company, and there finishes his first period of training.

During the first year, if the student is well taught, he will learn all that the private has to

know about company drill and guard duty, and about as much of these subjects as a private in the army usually learns in his first year of service.



COMPANY 101, BATTALION OF COLLEGE TRAINING, COLLEGE

In the second year this student is called upon to teach newer students, and so it is required of him that he thoroughly learn and clearly understand all that may be necessary for a drill corporal to know. While teaching he is learning, and by the end of this year he should have made such progress that he is now ready to enter upon the duties of a sergeant.

So, at the beginning of the third year, we find a young man "well set up," well instructed,



STUDENTS UNDER MILITARY TRAINING AT KINGS COLLEGE, NEW YORK.



ARTILLERY PRACTICE. CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

easy in giving commands, and with a pretty fair idea of how to make his fellows obey him. And now he becomes useful to the battalion, and with very little trouble whips the new men in; he scolds them, he leads them, he pushes

fantry company, in some of the drill of an artillery company, and, as a rule, in signal drill. He has *practically* learned all kinds of guard duty, reconnoitering, patrolling, outpost work, marching, and encamping. And if he has been



ARTILLERY DRILL. VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

them, but he lands them in their companies quite ready to receive their additional training. This sergeant by the end of this year knows his duties thoroughly, and he would be found capable of holding any non-commissioned position in a regiment of the national forces; for he has been trained in all the various drills of an in-

diligent in his exercise at the targets he should by this time be a fair marksman, or, in any case, know how by practice to become one.

The student now arrives at the beginning of his senior year, and if he has distanced his classmates in the study and practice of military subjects, he is appointed an officer in the stu-



ARTILLERY DRILL. IOWA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.



FORT BELVOIR, SOUTHWESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY.

dent cadet corps, and in this position receives his final training.

Having as a foundation his three years' instruction in the ranks, he now takes full charge of his company, and in every particular commands it as he would do were he serving with

associate himself with the National Guard and enjoy larger opportunities.

The student is, however, not only trained in the practical work of the soldier, but during those days when the weather does not permit of outdoor instruction he is learning his drill



COMPANIES OF THE TEXAS AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE.

the colors. Responsibility is laid upon him, and he must bear it. To him will be the credit if his company excels; to him will be the blame if his company falls below the standard.

With this year his practical training ceases, unless he should, upon graduating, choose to

and guard manuals in the class-room, and is fixing his lessons in his mind by means of daily recitations. Here he is taught those articles of war which bear on the enlistment, the clothing, the feeding, and the discharging of the private soldier. He learns how best to select camps,



COLUMN OF COMPANIES, TEXAS AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE.



CADETS OF THE MICHIGAN MILITARY ACADEMY. ORCHARD LAKE.

how to care for his men in camps, and how to prevent sickness. In connection with target practice he studies the firing regulations, and, near the end of his course, learns, from his field engineering and the art of war, how to meet and overcome obstacles in the field, how to create these obstacles so as to hinder the enemy's advance, how to select the best positions for defense, and when to await and when to offer battle.

When, therefore, the student leaves the college he is ready to give to his country intelligent service either in the ranks or as an officer of the volunteer forces. And this knowledge and training, practical and theoretical, has been obtained without loss of time to the young man, and without subjecting him to any kind of service in the army.

In some of the States the officers of the cadet battalions are commissioned by the governor, and are subject to service at his call. By such means the commissions become more highly prized, and more faithful and excellent work is done in the effort to obtain them.

Near the close of each school year the War Department sends one of its inspectors to examine into the work done in each college, academy, or university where an officer is stationed, and in this way insures the faithful carrying out of the orders of the department.

An appointment as second lieutenant in the army is held out to an honor graduate of each of the six institutions "whose students exhibit the greatest interest, application, and proficiency in military training and knowledge." And, in addition, quite a number of young men who have distinguished themselves in the military schools of the country are tendered commissions as lieutenants in the Philippine Constabulary. So, should a student have an inclination toward the military profession, these are the prizes in store for him.

The work above described is progressing in the colleges and universities in all of our different States, and the young men are learning their parts for the defense of the country and for the support of its government. Now if this instruction is valuable in the colleges, why should it



THE ENCAMPMENT. KENTUCKY STATE COLLEGE.

not be equally so in the high schools? Is not the high school a fit place to begin such instruction? Would it not be of inestimable value for all of our boys to be familiar with the drill and discipline of the army?

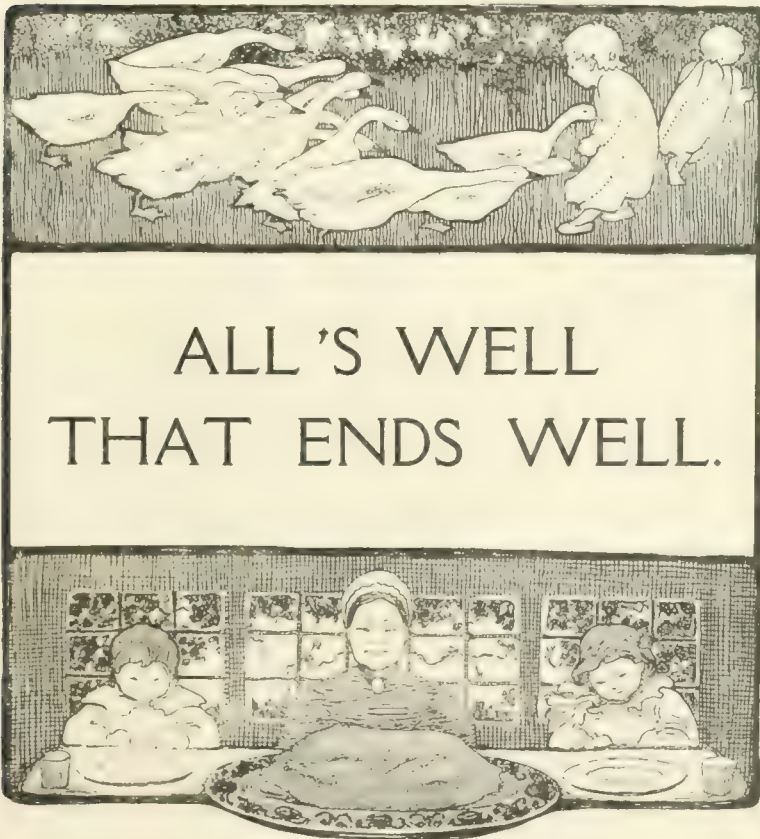
The plan here proposed could be easily carried out, for at each high school there could be stationed a non-commissioned officer whose excellence as a drill-master and instructor had been noted by his superior officers. Under such soldiers the boys would be taught much that is now learned in the colleges, and at the latter insti-

tutions more time could then be given to the final training of the students for immediate appointment as officers of the volunteers.

No expense is necessary other than the pay of the instructors and the cost of the ammunition expended.

All the instructors in each State could well be placed under the orders of the officer at the chief military college in the State, and this officer held responsible for the carrying out of the policy of the War Department as far as it applies to the instruction of the boys and young men.

AN ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

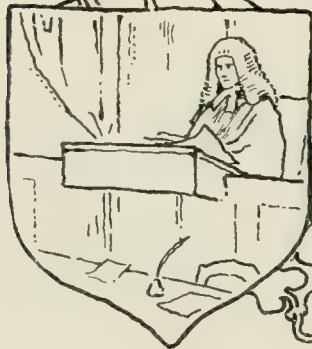
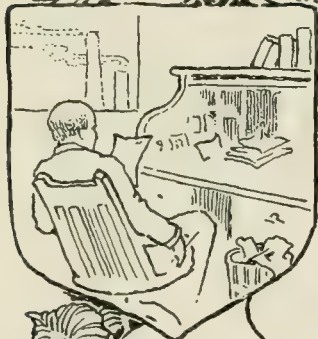


BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

Of all the chairs of church or state,—
Bench, woolsack, throne, or what you will,—
'T is written in the book of fate
The high-chair is the highest still.

Lolled in his office-chair, there sits
The master of a thousand mills:
Men toil or rest as he permits;
Men fail or prosper as he wills.

Perched on the polished bench, where strife
Cries to condemn or pleads to save,
Sits one, and blots the light from life,
Or nods another to the grave.



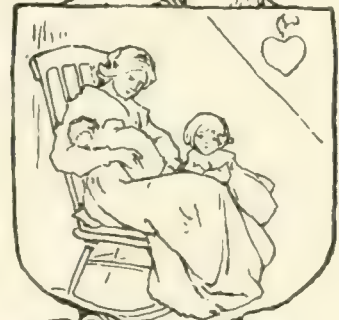
·INFANS · REX·

Throned in his place of power, behold
The monarch of a mighty land!
And destinies are lightly told,
Toyed in the hollow of his hand.

But over all and over each
Another reigns, who must be reckoned:
The eternal woman comes to teach
The first of men he is but second.

Yet hardly is her reign begun
Till she must learn as she has schooled:
For lo! there comes the helpless one
And rules the ruler of the ruled.

For chairs of church, or seats of state,—
Bench, woolsack, throne, or what you will,—
Are only relatively great:
The high-chair is the highest still!



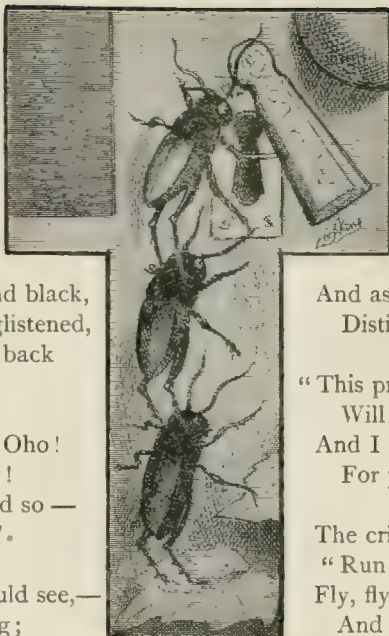
“LISTENERS
NEVER
HEAR

ANY GOOD
OF
THEMSELVES.”

THREE little crickets, sleek and black,
Whose eyes with mischief glistened,
Climbed up on one another's back
And at a keyhole listened.

The topmost one cried out, “Oho!
I hear two people speaking!
I can't quite see them yet, and so —
I'll just continue peeking.”

Soon Dot and grandma he could see,—
Tea-party they were playing;



And as he listened closely, he
Distinctly heard Dot saying:

“This pretty little table here
Will do to spread the treat on;
And I will get a cricket, dear,
For you to put your feet on.”

The cricket tumbled down with fright;
“Run for your life, my brothers!
Fly, fly!” He scudded out of sight:
And so did both the others.

Carolyn Wells.



AT THE TOAD-STOOL SCHOOL.

“Tardy again to-day?”

“No, please, sir — we started yesterday at seven, so it 's yesterday we 're tardy for.”

PINKEY PERKINS JUST A BOY.

How Pinkey Made The Best Of A Bad Bargain.

By

Capt. Harold Hammond.

each of her feet in succession, remarking in his superior way: "It's all in knowin' how. You can do anything with an animal if they know you, and know that you're boss."

Never before had Mrs. Perkins found Pinkey so willing to run errands for her; but be the distance long or short, Pinkey invariably insisted on going horseback. In fact, many times he could have gone and returned on foot while he was getting the horse out of the stable, but the possibility of saving time by walking never entered Pinkey's head.

It was two weeks after the purchase of the horse before Pinkey would allow even "Bunny" Morris to ride behind him, declaring that "Old Polly," as the mare had been named, had never been broken to carry double. As a matter of fact, she would carry double, quadruple, or sextuple, all depending on the demands made upon her ample back.

In the possession of Old Polly there was only one thing lacking to make Pinkey's happiness complete: he had no riding-bridle. He had no saddle, either, for that matter; but he could do without a saddle; in fact, he rather liked to ride bareback, for it seemed to be more of an accomplishment to "stick on," while riding at a "lope," without a saddle than with one. At least Pinkey coaxed himself into thinking so, for he could not hope to possess a saddle.

To add to the sting of his own realization that he was not up to the standard in the matter of equipment, he resented very much the name of "Blinders," by which he was frequently hailed on account of the bridle's clumsy, flapping blinds, as he appeared on Old Polly, bound



"PINKEY" PERKINS was just barely on speaking terms with the other boys of his age in school, and that was all. He strutted about with his head in the air, like one who had come into a big unexpected fortune. The cause of all this self-satisfaction on Pinkey's part was the fact that his father had recently purchased a family horse, and Pinkey's pride in this new equine possession, and his visions of the good time ahead, made him feel this superiority over his fellow-pupils.

For a short period he was acutely selfish in regard to the horse, and would not even allow his envious companions to approach her.

"Don't come too near, whatever you do," he would caution any who stopped to see the wonderful animal; "she won't allow anybody to touch her but me."

Then he would enter her stall and pick up

on some errand, or for a ride with some of his fellow-equestrians.

One Saturday morning when Pinkey and Bunny were rummaging through the old unused workshop at Pinkey's home, looking for suitable material with which to make kite-frames, they ran across, in a dark corner, under a lot of old boards, several old iron wheels and castings of different kinds, the remains of an unsuccessful patent long since abandoned. These castings

not got enough string to fly kites, anyhow," argued Pinkey. "Now I'll tell you what we'll do. You carry those biggest wheels and those other big pieces over to the door while I go and get the wheelbarrow, and we'll take them down-town and sell them for old iron. First, I'll get a riding-bridle; and then, with what's left, we'll get a lot of kite-string, and I'll give you half. You ride a lot with me, and you ought to be willing to help me get a bridle."



"PINKEY'S PART WAS LARGELY MANAGEMENT."

had been lying in a disordered pile in that self-same corner ever since Pinkey could remember, and were now covered with rust and dust, the accumulation of years of neglect.

Suddenly an idea occurred to Pinkey, and, as was his custom, he could do nothing else nor think of anything else until he had its execution under way. That old iron was doing no good to any one where it was, and he might as well put it to some good use.

"Bunny, let's not make kites this morning; I know something better; and besides, we have

Bunny was ever ready to assist Pinkey in his schemes, and it generally turned out that where labor and management were combined, Pinkey's part was largely management.

After loading the wheelbarrow with all that they could comfortably wheel, they started for the nearest hardware-store, where also could be purchased all kinds of farm implements, buggies, and harness.

When they were near the store, Pinkey ran ahead and told Mr. Evans, one of the partners in the firm, that the iron was on the way, and then he went back to the warehouse to wait for Bunny.

By and by Bunny appeared, coming around the corner of the big house, pushing the heavy wheelbarrow in front of him,

and panting and perspiring. As he puffed his way slowly up to the side door, he was evidently pretty well tired out; and as he dropped the handles it seemed to him that his arms would drop off too.

"Gee, Pinkey! That stuff's heavy," said he, throwing himself down on the edge of the wheelbarrow and mopping his brow; "seems as if there ought to be enough there to get a whole set o' harness."

"The heavier it is, the more we'll get for it," encouraged Pinkey; as he went into the

store to get some one to come out and weigh the iron.

He found Mr. Evans unengaged, and he consented to compute without delay the value of Pinkey's iron. It proved to be far beneath the estimate put on it by either of the boys, especially Bunny.

"Can I get a riding-bridle for it, Mr. Evans?" asked Pinkey, rather dubiously, but very politely, hoping the latter factor might assist him in making a good bargain.

"Well, hardly," replied Mr. Evans.

He figured for a few moments with the stump of a lead-pencil on the back of a letter, and then informed Pinkey that the value of the load of iron was just a little short of enough to pay for the bridle and one ball of twine; but as the difference was very slight, he would allow them both articles if they would take all the wheels they had brought and put them on the old-iron pile in the corner of the warehouse, except a pair of very good pulley wheels, which he took inside the store. This proposition they were forced to accept in order that they might have the one ball of twine.

Pinkey generously decreed that since he was to own the bridle, and Bunny had wheeled all the iron to the store, he would give the whole ball of kite-string to Bunny, and that he himself would later bring down enough iron to get another ball.

Proudly they bore their trophies homeward, alternately wheeling each other in the wheelbarrow and occasionally running off the walk into the ditches just for fun.

They hid the bridle and twine in the barn until after dinner, when they were going to christen the new bridle. Bunny willingly accepted an invitation from Mrs. Perkins to stay to dinner, since he did not wish that Pinkey by any accident should go riding without him.

After a hasty meal, during which many eloquent glances passed between the boys, Pinkey asked and obtained permission for himself and Bunny to "exercise the horse," an excuse for riding that Pinkey often advanced when other reasons were lacking.

That afternoon's ride was a joy such as Pinkey had not experienced since Old Polly had been a family possession. He and Bunny sought out

three other kindred spirits, two of whom, like themselves, were mounted on the same animal.

"I just got this new bridle this morning," he boasted, "and am trying it for the first time, to see how she 'll stand it."

It made no difference to Old Polly what kind of a bridle she had on—in fact, it made little if she had any bridle on or not; so the test to see how she would "stand it" proved perfectly satisfactory, which result seemed to gratify Pinkey greatly.

"Tell you what," he boasted to his companions, "I 'm glad I 've got her broke at last so I can let her see what 's goin' on around her. You know how skittish she was when we first got her. It was n't her fault, though. She was all right, only she had n't been treated right. You see, the people we got her from did n't know anything about horses."

Pinkey's auditors all agreed that as a horseman he was without a peer among them.

On Monday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Perkins went for a drive, and on their return, while Mr. Perkins was unharnessing the horse, he caught sight of the end of a new strap protruding from under the oat-bin. With natural curiosity, he drew it from its hiding-place and found it to be the rein of Pinkey's new bridle, which, until a good opportunity occurred to make its existence known, had been carefully stowed there to avoid detection. Of course the existence of the bridle must become known sooner or later; but Pinkey saw no use in forcing the information on his father, and thought that if he could keep it out of sight until the newness had worn off, there would not be much chance of his losing it, for the merchant would not then be likely to take it back.

Mr. Perkins held the new bridle in his hands for a few minutes, puzzling himself as to its origin, and as to who the owner might be. On second thought, he decided that probably the quickest solution to the mystery lay in having a consultation with Pinkey. Pinkey was not at home when his parents returned, having stopped at Bunny's house on the way back from school.

When he returned, shortly before supper-time, he was whistling gaily as he shunned the front gate and vaulted the fence so as to alight as

near as possible to one of his mother's flowerbeds and yet leave it uninjured. He had enjoyed his visit to Bunny's, and if he had any troubles in his heart they were submerged far beneath the surface of content. As he approached the front porch, where sat his father intrenched behind a barrier of weekly papers, his whistling was brought to an abrupt conclusion and his heart suddenly sank within him. There, at his father's feet, was his new bridle!

There was no use to retreat. He might as well walk up and take his medicine like a man. As he reached the porch and stopped at the steps, he was prepared to be met with an inquiry regarding the bridle. But his father calmly continued the reading of his paper, and gave no sign that he was aware of Pinkey's presence. Pinkey knew better, however, and became more and more disturbed as he stood there, enduring the ominous silence, waiting for the newspaper to be lowered and for the interview to begin. He wished he might break the spell himself, but there was nothing for him to say until he heard what views his father had in the matter. Finally, when the strain was becoming unbearable, Mr. Perkins, without lowering the paper from its position, opened on the subject of the bridle.

"Pinkerton," said he, "where did this bridle come from?"

"I bought it Saturday at Evans and Snyder's."

"How much did you give for it?"

"Traded some old iron for it and a ball of kite-string."

"Where did you get the old iron?"

Oh, if that barrier would only come down! Pinkey could not bear thus to be catechized through a newspaper.

"I—I—found it in the workshop," stammered Pinkey, at last.

"Did you sell those old castings of mine?" The paper came down with a rattle, and as Pinkey surveyed his father's shoes he was aware of a penetrating gaze being directed at him over the rim of a pair of gold spectacles. Those wheels were all that Mr. Perkins had left of a cherished mechanical hobby of years gone by, and he considered it something of a sacrilege for them to meet such an inglorious fate.

"Yes, sir; part of 'em," faltered Pinkey, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other under the terrible strain.

It seemed to Pinkey a long time that he stood there before his father said: "You should know better than to take things away like that and sell them without my permission. I'll give you until to-morrow evening to put those castings back exactly where you got them. You take this bridle back, and tell Mr. Evans I say you don't need it."

"But, father—"

"Five o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Now, there's no use arguing the matter. Take this," pushing the bridle toward Pinkey with his foot, "and go attend to the horse before supper."

Pinkey picked up the bridle and walked slowly to the stable. He knew that his father meant what he said, and he might as well make the best of it.

After breakfast the next morning, Pinkey went to the wood-shed and got the wheelbarrow, placed the bridle therein, and started for the hardware-store. He went a long way round, to avoid a possible meeting with Bunny and being required to explain the cause of his errand. He hoped to make some arrangement by which he could get all his iron back without asking Bunny for the twine he had received as his share of the spoils.

It hurt Pinkey's vanity a great deal to return the bridle and ask to exchange it for the iron. He studiously refrained from mentioning the fact that he was acting under parental pressure, and merely said that he could "get along without it," and that he wished to do something else with the wheels.

Mr. Evans was fully aware of the underlying cause of Pinkey's desire to effect the exchange, and told Pinkey he might have all the castings except enough to pay for the kite-string, which Pinkey had informed him was no longer in his possession. Pinkey did not know what to do. He hated to go to Bunny and ask him outright for the string, yet he must have that iron back in the workshop by five o'clock.

"Well, Mr. Evans," said Pinkey, as a possible solution for his dilemma occurred to him, "if you'll call it square, I'll mow your yard for you next Saturday to pay for the string, and

you take the bridle back and let me have all the iron I brought"; and Mr. Evans, believing in the encouragement of fair dealing among boys, accepted Pinkey's proposition.

On the way home, Pinkey kept a close lookout on all avenues of approach for fear that

and made him promise not to tell any of the other boys, so they would be surprised when they found out about the bicycle. He told Bunny of the bargain he had made with the hardware merchant and said that Bunny might keep the ball of twine, and have many a "scorch" on the prospective bicycle if he

would help mow the yard the following Saturday, an offer which Bunny gladly accepted.

"Ridin' 's no fun any more, anyhow," said Pinkey, as he and Bunny were jointly pushing the lawn-mower in Mr. Evans's yard the next Saturday morning. "We 'll have a lot more fun with a bicycle than we ever did riding a horse. I thought at first there was nothing like it, but I don't think I 'll ride much from now on. Still, there is some good in ridin', anyway, because if I had n't had theridin'-bridle I might ha' never had a bicycle."

"We don't seem to have either one right now," replied Bunny, who always referred to Pinkey's possessions as though he were a part owner in them. "All



"THAT AFTERNOON'S RIDE WAS A BOY."

Bunny might see him and ask a lot of questions.

But after school he confided in Bunny to the extent of telling him that he had decided to save up his money and buy a bicycle, and had taken the bridle back and exchanged it for the iron;

I can see is that we 've got a ten-cent ball o' kite-string for about a dollar's worth o' work."

"Yes, but we 've got some prospects," said Pinkey in a conclusive tone; "and I tell you prospects, when you 've got a chance to carry them out,—prospects are worth a lot."

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN ON HALLOWE'EN.



THE MIDGET'S NERVE.

BY LESLIE W. QUIRK.

THE coach smoothed out the creases in the letter a little nervously, and looked up at the captain of the football team.

"You know, Boomly, how I feel about this," he said slowly.

Boomly straightened up his ponderous shoulders and eyed the coach keenly.

"Certainly, Parker; you've a right to feel that way, only —"

"Only what?" snapped the coach.

"Only we *must* play them. We can't ignore the challenge. Either we play them or we're afraid to play them—that's what the public will say."

"I know it," agreed Parker, disconsolately. He looked up at the pennant on the wall, and read the words: "Championship, 1904." "You're right, I suppose, Boomly; we are n't really champions unless we defeat them. But I have always objected to post-season games. The team has done its best work, and it's mighty apt to go stale, you know. Besides—" "Well?"

Parker turned and stared silently out of the window. Just above his eyes, his brow snarled into two little puckers.

"It's Allison at quarterback," he said presently. "He's lost his nerve. In that last game, when the signals crossed, and the center

snapped the ball to him, he stood there, frightened to death, and Ganley came through the line like a hurricane and took it out of his very hands. You can't do anything with a fellow who's lost his nerve. Now, 'Midget' Blake—"

Boomly shook his head savagely. "Worse than Allison!" he sneered. "The Midget never had any nerve to lose!"

Parker gulped once or twice, started to speak, hesitated, and finally brought his fist down on the polished table before him.

"Boomly," he said, "I'm going to be frank with you. You are n't giving the Midget a fair chance; you spoil his plays by your own refusal to work into them. He is pure grit whatever you may think. You don't believe it, I'm sure, because I've known you long enough to understand that your honesty has the upper hand of your prejudice. He is n't a brilliant player, and the grand stand will never go wild over him. But he plays the game for all it is worth! Give him a chance, and you'll see the fastest and most reliable little quarterback the old college ever turned out."

"Aw!" said Boomly, in disgust. "I tell you, Parker, that kid's a quitter."

Parker stood up, with his thin lips closed.

"Boomly," he said, "we'll play the post-season game for the championship of the West

on one condition—that Midget Blake is behind the center as quarterback."

The big fullback rose slowly. "All right," he said reluctantly, "we'll play it then." He went over to the door and opened it slightly. "But I tell you again," he declared, with his hand on the knob, "the Midget is a quitter!"

Somebody pushed the door gently inward, and Midget Blake, looking like a baby beside the brawny fullback, pushed his way into the

For a moment the big fullback captain hesitated, upon the point of apologizing. Then, without speaking, he walked rapidly out.

The next day the Midget went in at quarterback. Boomly gave over the entire running of the team to the boy, and helped him in every way possible. But the friction was there. Instead of suggesting changes for strengthening plays or formations, the fullback simply pointed out to the other members of the team the



"WHY GOT A CHANCE TO, I'LL—I'LL PLAY!"

room. His cheeks were red, and his breath was coming faster than usual.

"Ah! Boomly," he saluted gravely, and held out his hand to Parker, who had stepped forward quickly. "I came to tell you that my parents have asked me to drop my athletic work," his even voice went on; "but if there is to be a post-season game, as rumored, I am going to stay out with the squad. If I get a chance to play"—he stopped and looked squarely into Boomly's face—"if I get a chance to play, I'll—I'll play!"

Midget's faults. The boy bore it bravely, however, and though he flushed painfully at times, he never lost his temper.

Day by day the first and "scrub" elevens battled. In spite of the fears of the coach, the team seemed to be at its best. Each player recognized what was at stake. Bit by bit, unusual as it was at the fag-end of the season, the 'varsity eleven improved. When the squad trotted out on the field the day of the game, every man was confident of the result.

Promptly at three the game began. A silver

coin was snapped high in the air, and Boomly grinned contentedly when he won the toss.

"You kick off to us," he told the other captain in his drawling voice, as if he were ready to do nothing more important than eat his dinner instead of play a championship football game. Boomly always drawled his words and lumbered about awkwardly before the beginning of a big game.

The ball went straight into his arms on the kick-off, and he lowered his head and charged down the field like a mad bull, swerving from side to side, plunging past desperate tacklers. When they downed him at last, the ball was exactly in the middle of the field.

Almost before the last man was off the ground, the teams were in position. Boomly stood back of the little quarterback, fearing to detect some sign of nervousness in the voice that should call the signals. But it came with a sharp, clear distinctness that made the full-back grin with delight. The boy had not lost his nerve as yet, whatever might happen later.

The first play was a line rush, through left center. Boomly carried the ball for a short gain, but when he came out of the scrimmage his hand was bleeding.

"It 's nothing," he declared brusquely. "Line up!" But his gaze never left the face of the right guard on the other team.

It was the first down again on the second play. The third dragged, and there was no gain. Then the Midget's clear voice rattled off four numbers, and the backs prepared for an end run. It was timed to a second, and behind splendid interference the runner advanced the ball fifteen yards. But when Boomly arose from a clash with the end who should have stopped the play, he missed the Midget.

He was back where the play had started, lying very white and still. Boomly called for water, and dashed some in the boy's face.

"Want to quit?" he asked, with a little note of sneering triumph in his voice.

The Midget sat up with a jerk, and then sprang to his feet.

"Line up," he yelled shrilly, running up to ball. "Line up there, Bilkins, I say." Then he lowered his voice as Boomly asked him a question. "Yes, it was the right guard," he

said. "He is n't a brute at heart, but he simply goes crazy when the ball is in play. He doesn't know what he is doing at all."

The right guard was a foeman to fear. He seemed to lose all understanding when the ball was snapped, and his only aim was to reach it. He was a veritable maniac. Twice Boomly protested to the official, and twice the man claimed not to have seen any foul play.

At last the man began to get upon Boomly's nerves. Down in his heart he grew to fear him. The fellow ground the big fullback's hand in the soft dirt, and trampled over his legs. Boomly was sore and bruised, but he gritted his teeth and played like a demon.

The first half ended without a score, and the second seemed to be going the way of the first. The Midget was dirt-begrimed, with scratches and cuts on his face. Boomly was looking at him with a new light in his eyes. The little quarter caught his glance once, and understanding blushed like a girl. Even his voice quivered a little as he called the signal for the next play.

There were only five minutes to play when the chance came. The big right guard seemed to have the strength of a whole eleven, and was battering down formations that should have been invulnerable. Boomly was playing by sheer will power, sore and aching in every limb—and afraid! He confessed it to himself, sick at heart. Nor was he the only one. But the little quarterback—Midget Blake, "the quitter"—seemed absolutely fearless.

"But he doesn't get the brunt of the fellow's attacks," Boomly told himself. "If it came to a clash between them, the Midget would fail us. He 'd have to; and he 'd have a right to."

The play began as an end run, and terminated in a wildly scrambled fumble back of the line. The ball hit the ground on one of its pointed ends, and bounded high in the air and far to one side.

With a cry that was half rage, half despair, Boomly leaped after it. Close at his heels was the Midget. It was only a forlorn hope that the next bound would not carry the ball yards to one side.

But the bounding of a football is without rule or reason, and, to his joyful surprise, the pig-skin leaped gently into Boomly's very arms.

A quick glance showed him a deserted field ahead clear to the looming white goal-posts. Over to the left was a mass of struggling players, not yet aware of the fumble, or, at least, powerless to act quickly enough to interfere. And ahead was a deserted field—not deserted, for from the side, driving ahead like a great battering ram, came the other team's right guard.

Boomly's heart seemed to stop beating. Instinctively he tucked the ball under his left arm, and raised his right to protect himself. But he knew he could never pass that right guard; knew it as surely as if he had already been tackled and thrown!

"All right, Boomly," yelled a clear, unwavering voice in his ear; "all right; I'll take him. Go it! Go it! It's an easy touchdown!"

A little form sprang ahead of the big fullback,

All at once Boomly saw the boy gather himself and literally plunge through the air at the man ahead. His hands were by his sides, and he made no effort to hold off the tackler foully. But his little body hit the right guard squarely, like a cannon-ball out of the air, and the player rolled over and over.

Boomly ran on. His brain cleared suddenly, and the fear left his heart. A great desire took hold of him to go back and apologize to the Midget for even suggesting that he was lacking in courage; but in a moment he himself had planted the ball between the white goal-posts.

Having scored the touchdown, he left Blenden to kick goal, and ran back to where the little quarterback had fallen. The Midget was sitting up, grinning broadly at the cheering mob in the grand stand. When he saw Boomly, he



BOOMLY TUCKS THE BALL UNDER HIS LEFT ARM, AND THE OTHER TEAM'S RIGHT GUARD ROLLS OVER AND OVER.

and Boomly recognized the Midget. Somehow a great flood of confidence spread over him. He *could* make the touchdown if the Midget dared to stop that demon of a right guard!

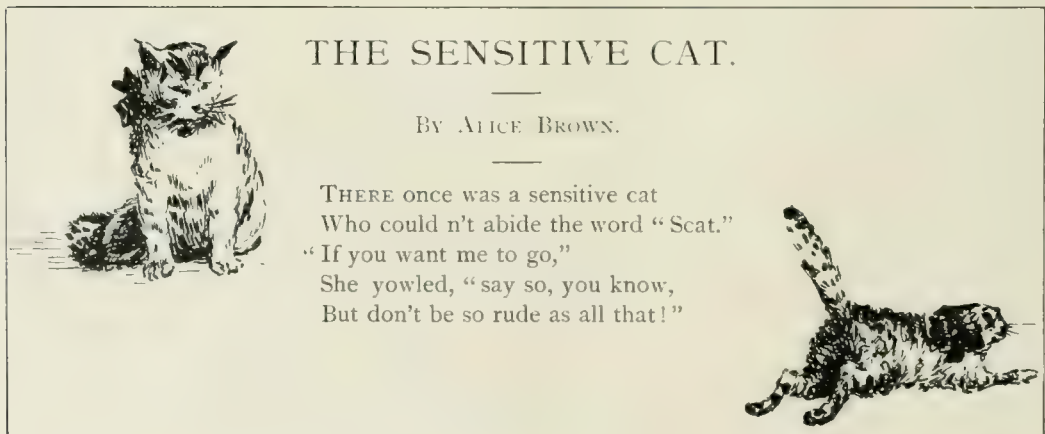
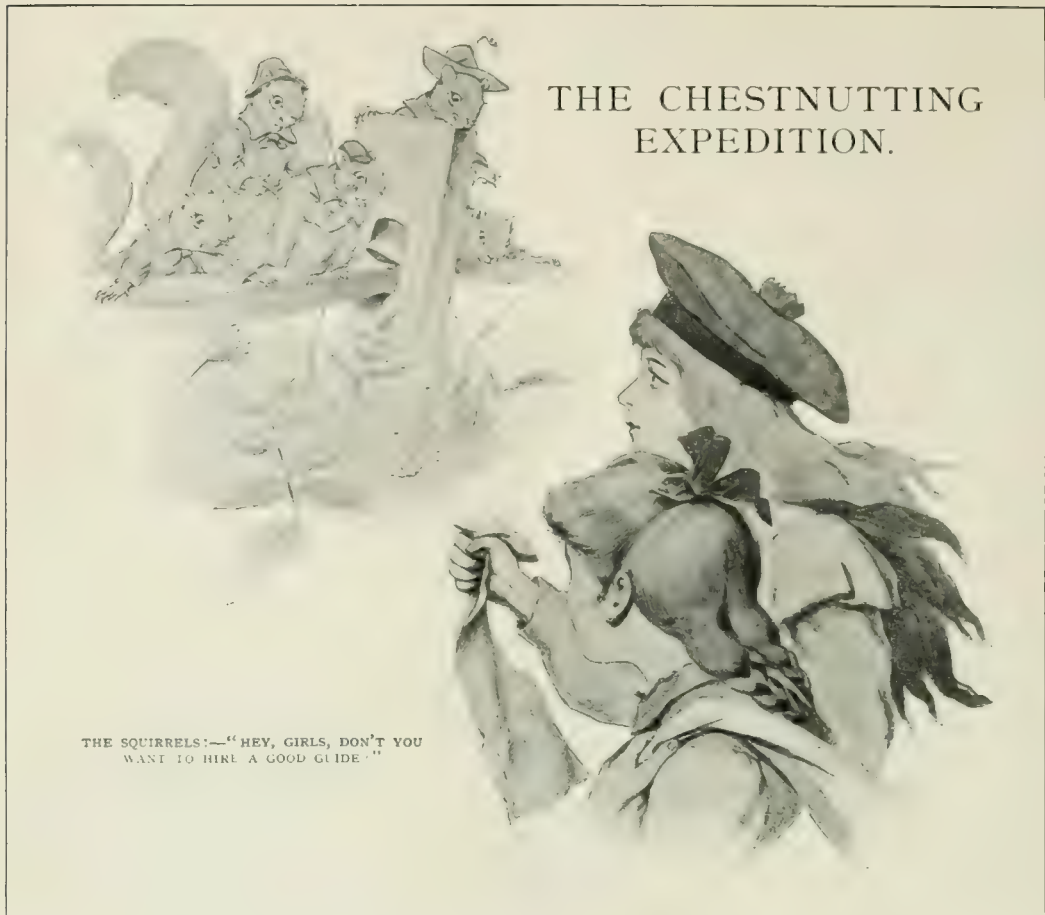
Close behind the little quarterback he ran, fearing lest at the last the boy should be afraid. But the Midget never faltered for a moment.

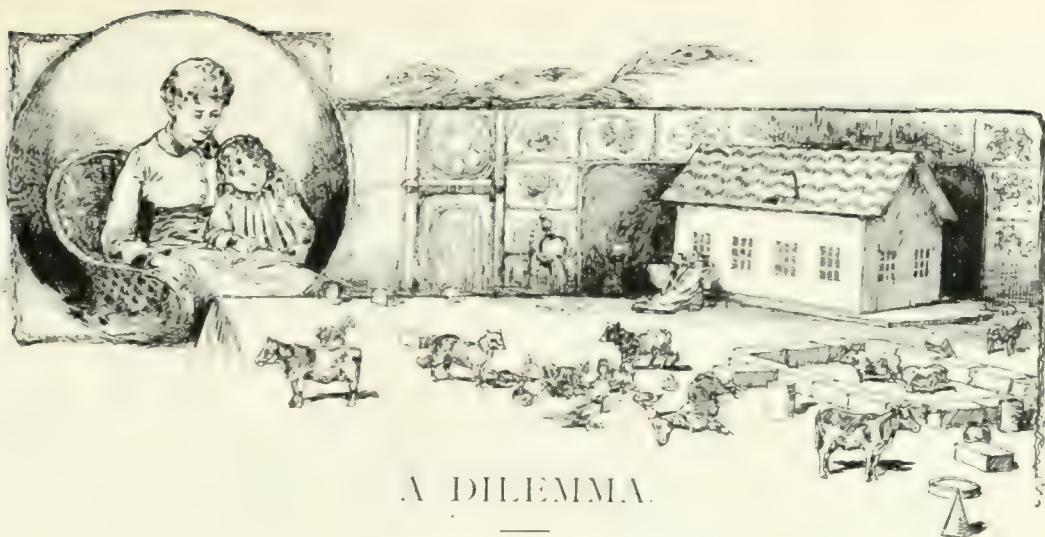
grasped his big hand, pulled himself up by it, and danced wildly around the big fullback.

"You did it, Boomly!" he yelled. "You did it! You won the game!"

Boomly held him off at arm's-length.

"Why, you little fool!" he said. "You little—you little *nervy* fool! You won it yourself!"





A DILEMMA.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

LITTLE man Noah lies all in the dark,
 For Nannie has left him alone in the ark;
 His cows are astray, his sheep are both lost,
 His elephant over the sofa has crossed;
 His chickens and birds in a frightened heap lie,
 With a couple of foxes staring close by;
 His horse has dropped down with two legs broken short,
 His pigs are all prisoned in Johnny's block fort,
 His camel lies helpless tripped up in the mat,
 The rocking-chair rocks on his one spotted cat;
 His wife in the coal-hod, his sons in a shoe,—
 Pray, what in the world can the poor Noah do?
 Do you hear me, my darling? Run quick as you can,
 And out of the ark let that poor little man!



A HARVEST-HOME RECREATION IN THE FLEET.



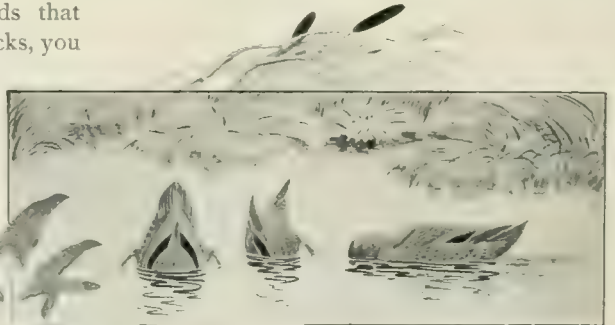
Ducks represented: duck, scaup, on rocks, pintail, in foreground, mallard.

Why should not the great nature-loving public find also interesting and instructive the lives and ways of the water-fowl? In time past these have been thought of largely as targets for the gun. Perhaps they will pardon me for laying bare their lives to scrutiny, as I protest to them, upon the first occasion of our future meeting, that I am trying to raise up friends for them—not foes. It will mark a new era in our civilization when the now persecuted wild-fowl can alight in the village pond and feed in peace, the object only of friendly admiration.—HERBERT K. JOB.

WILD DUCKS IN AUTUMN.

By the river, the lake, and the swamp, where the tall grasses and reeds are sighing in the wind, an interesting company of birds is gathering. Perhaps we have made the acquaintance of some of them in spring when they went north,—they are the wild ducks. Do not expect them to allow you so close a friendship as the robin and other birds that people do not often harm. For the ducks, you remember, are great game-birds, and so they have a dread of everything that looks at all like a shooter. So hide near the water and watch them from a distance. If we keep still and out of sight, they may come quite close. Most of the drakes are handsomely colored, while the ducks are generally grayish and look a good deal alike at a little distance. When you see one distinctly marked, black next to white, or any

very dark and light colors which meet without blending, you may be pretty sure it is a drake. Three of the kinds we see most often are shown in the heading—the scaup, the mallard, and the pintail. Others are the teal, which you may know at a glance, they are so small; the widgeon, wood-duck (shown on page 74), shoveler, black duck, baldpate, goldeneye, bufflehead, and the mergansers or fish-ducks.



MALLARD DUCKS FEEDING UNDER WATER AND DIVING.

If you succeed in getting acquainted with several of these you will do well. It needs patience and good eyes; and if you can add to these an opera-glass, you will be still better fitted for duck-hunting.

To stalk ducks near the shore in open water, approach them by short stages whenever all are under water at once. A duck will usually remain under water about half a minute; in the meantime you have covered a hundred

hundred feet from me, then turn and, coming back, repeat the performance. As they swooped down with set wings and making a loud, swishing noise, they were a fine sight, well worth an hour's waiting.

Although ducks are very wary and alert, they do not readily see danger when they are about to alight in the water. This appears to be a rather difficult act, for it seems to engage their entire attention.

The most common kinds of duck can rarely be seen closely. Even the black duck is not often to be studied, except at an aggravating distance, although he is found in every



FLAKE DUCKS AND YOUNG AS WE SAW THEM A FEW MONTHS AGO.

I am sure I would not exchange the quiet surprise and pleasure I feel as, on rounding some point or cove of the stream, two or more ducks spring suddenly out from some little cove or indentation in the shore, and with an alarum *Quack, quack*, launch into the air and quickly gain the free spaces above the tree-tops, for the satisfaction of the gunner who sees their dead bodies fall before his murderous fire. He has only a dead duck, while I have a live duck with whistling wings cleaving the air northward, where, in some lake or river of Maine or Canada, I may meet him again—JOHN BERROUCHES.

feet or more of ground, and concealed yourself as much as possible, allowing only an opening to watch from. Sometimes one finds a feeding-ground where he can hide and wait for the ducks to come. This is the best way to observe them at close range. I knew of a small pond, surrounded by willows and other bushes, where scaup-ducks came every day to feed. While waiting beside the pond I have seen a flock of ducks sail down over the water only a

marsh. It is a common saying that water leaves no trail. But where some black ducks had been pluming and sunning themselves I have read the story very plainly in the water, where numerous small downy feathers floated and clung to the grassy tussocks.

In a lagoon in Jackson Park, Chicago, where no shooting is allowed, the ducks are remarkably tame; though on Lake Michigan, a quarter of a mile away, they are hunted and



Male. FEMALE.
WOOD-DUCKS.

The wood-duck is the most domestic of all the tribe, and is very apt to nest in some most unexpected place, close to human habitations. I know of one nest in a knot-hole of a large maple only six feet from the ground, right on a well-traveled road near a house.—HERBERT K. JOB.

are wild. There are other places where ducks find safe retreats from shooters, and in these they soon become very tame.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

THE FLYING SPIDERS OF LATE AUTUMN.

DURING the hazy, dreamy days of late October and November many small spiders may be seen floating in the air with long silken threads. Professor J. H. Emerton, in his excellent popular book "The Common Spiders," tells of these spiders. He says:

They come to the tops of posts and fences, and, turning their spinnerets upward, allow threads to be drawn out by ascending currents of air, until sometimes the spiders are lifted off their feet and carried long distances. Though not so easily seen, the same performance is going on at the tops of grass and bushes, and at times the whole country is covered with threads of silk, and the threads in the air tangle together into flakes, which at length fall, sometimes from great heights. This appearance is called in England "gossamer," and in Germany the "flying summer" and the "old woman's summer." Why the spiders spin the thread, and what use it is to them to be blown about, are unknown. At the time of the autumn flights great numbers of these spiders may be seen on fences and doorsteps in city streets wherever there is a neighboring park or grass-plot, and the spiders probably live the rest of the year among this grass near the ground.

In the lower left-hand corner of the illustration at the bottom of this column is shown one of these spiders trying to "fly." It holds itself up on the tips of its legs, so that the breeze can have best effect upon the body as well as on the floating streamer-like webs—shown in the rest of the illustration.

Thus these spiders are not really flying, but are sustained in the air by the extending threads. In Australia there is another kind of "flying" spider, whose "flying" is about the same as that of our flying-squirrel;

that is to say, it is sustained in the air by thin, wing-like extensions of its body.

Professor Wm. Beutenmuller thus describes this spider:



GREAT NUMBERS OF THESE "FLYING" OR "BLOWN-ABOUT" SPIDERS MAY BE SEEN IN LATE AUTUMN.

This species possesses para-lute organs having a similar use to the pectoral fins of a flying fish. Either side of the abdominal region is provided with a flap,



THE "FLYING" OF THIS AUSTRALIAN SQUIRREL IS ABOUT THE SAME AS THAT OF OUR FLYING SQUIRREL.

and when the spider launches itself into the air, these flaps are spread out, presumably increasing the length of the leap and diminishing the shock when the ground is once more reached.

THE AMERICAN BADGER AND HIS WAYS.

DURING the daytime the badger sleeps deep in his burrow, far out on our western plains and prairies, and at twilight he starts forth on a night's foraging. He is a dreaded enemy of the prairie-dog and the ground-squirrel; and when he begins to excavate for one, nothing but solid rock or death can stop him. With the long, blunt claws of his fore feet he loosens up the dirt. Dig!

dig! dig! he works as though his life depended on it, now scratching out the sides of the hole, then turning on his back to work overhead. At first he throws the dirt out between his hind legs, but soon he is too far down for that, so he banks it up back of him, then turns about, and using his chest and forward parts as a pusher, shoves it out before him. He works with such rapidity that it would be somewhat difficult for a man to overtake him with a spade.

Undaunted by his failure to find a supper in the first hole, he digs into others; and the unfortunate squirrel or prairie-dog might as well surrender, for Mr. Badger will not cease his work until he has examined every branching tunnel.

On rare occasions a badger may be surprised during the day; but he is never far from a hole in which to take refuge, or he attempts to escape detection by squatting flat upon the ground. So closely does he resemble a hummock or stone, that his ruse is usually successful; but when convinced that he has been discovered, he plunges into the hole. He seems to think that his protection now lies in keeping you from entering the burrow, so he hurries to the bottom and pushes dirt

before him to bank up the mouth of the burrow.

J. ALDEN LORING.

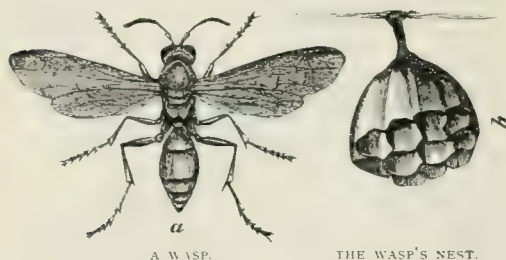


THE AMERICAN BADGER.

Photograph lent by the New York Zoological Society.

WASP-NEST HUNTING IN NOVEMBER.

AUTUMN is the best time for almost any nest-hunting. Then birds' nests may be col-



A WASP.

THE WASP'S NEST.

lected without injury to the birds. Nests are more easily found when the leaves have fallen.

Late autumn is about the only time when wasps' nests may be collected with safety to ourselves; because but few of the wasps are then living, and those few are inactive from the cold.

Some boys recently told me that they had been wasp-nest hunting earlier in the year. But they went well protected with



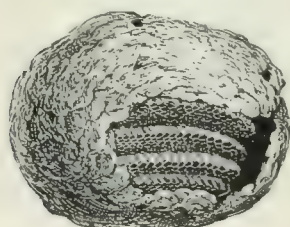
SOLITARY WASP AND ITS NEST.



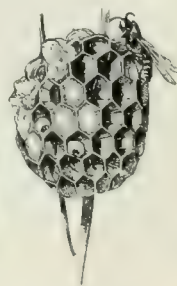
THIMBLE-SHAPED CELL BY WASP AGENIA.

a, cell constructed by the wasp; *b*, female wasp. The vertical line shows natural size. The females build curious mud-cells under logs or under the bark of trees, provisioning them with spiders.

mosquito-netting over their heads and tucked firmly under collars of well-buttoned coats. Then they drew a stocking over each hand well up on

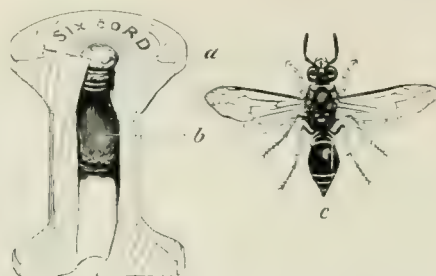


NEST OF PAPER WASP.



NEST OF SOCIAL WASP.

the arm and put on mittens. With such protection there is not much danger. The principal



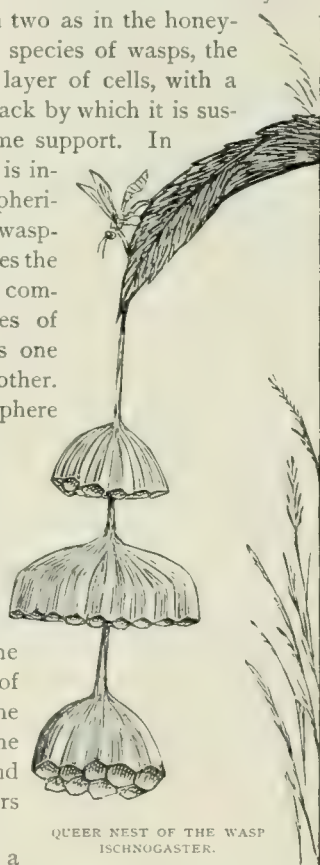
NEST IN A SPOOL BUILT BY THE POTTER WASP.

a, mass of tempered clay used by the wasp to close the nest in a wooden spool; *b*, one cell of the nest; *c*, the wasp.

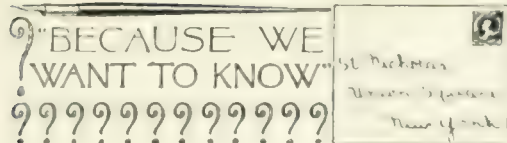
part of a wasp's nest is the comb—something like that made by the honey-bees, but differing in that it is made of wasp-paper instead of wax. The comb also consists of one layer of cells, rather than two as in the honey-comb. In some species of wasps, the comb is of one layer of cells, with a "stem" at the back by which it is suspended from some support. In others the comb is inclosed with a spherical envelop of wasp-paper. Sometimes the nests are very complicated—a series of the single combs one above the other. The enveloping sphere or paper consists of several layers, as in the large nests of the hornets.

Wasps' nests are in all sorts of situations — some on the branches of large trees, some on shrubs, some under boards and stones, and others in the ground.

Herewith is a rough sketch of a queer nest of the wasp *Ischnogaster mellyi*, found in Asia and Java.



QUEER NEST OF THE WASP ISCHNOGASTER.



LET 'S HAVE FAIR PLAY"

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS: Every one of you may write to the editor of "Nature and Science." Many accept the invitation every month. But the trouble is that many of you will not allow me to write to you. Do you ask, "Why?" I don't know just why; I know only the facts in the case. Some of your letters give no address, and some actually omit the writer's name. Stop for a moment and think of that!

Even if name, post-office, and State are given, letters frequently come back to me because the name of the street and the house-number have been omitted. If you desire an answer by mail, inclose stamped and self-addressed envelop, so that the editor may write to you and not have his letters returned.

Now one more request. Please let me see the specimens you send—as you see them. It is n't quite "fair play" for you to see the whole of the interesting specimen and let me see only the small and broken pieces. You inclose breakable specimens in the envelop with your letter or in a fragile box. Pack firmly in a tin or a thin wooden box, and in soft paper or cotton.

Please put your full address on the package as well as in your letter.

EDITOR OF "NATURE AND SCIENCE."

"HOW OLD DO CATS LIVE TO BE?"

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should much like to know how old cats generally live to be, for I have a pretty Maltese one about four or five years old.

Your devoted reader,

MARY M. READ (age 12).

Cats should commonly live, under ordinary care, from ten to twelve years. It is not at all uncommon, however, for cats to live to fifteen, eighteen, and, sometimes twenty-two, years, and I have known of one that lived to be twenty-four.

I heard of a case in Europe where the cat lived to be over forty, and I wrote to the person who claimed to have owned it, but never had any reply, so made up my mind that the report was false. It will be perfectly safe for you to say that they commonly live from ten to eighteen

years. I had a report this morning of one that was fifteen years of age. C. H. JONES,
Editor "The Cat Journal."

If any reader has a pet of great age, please give the particulars. Many inquiries are received showing deep interest in the length of life of pets.

A PLANT WITH VOLCANIC ACTION.

CAYUGA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I found this cup-shaped plant under some leaves in the woods. I was wondering



"DINKY" - A TWENTY-THREE YEAR OLD CAT

Owned by Mrs. Mabel Tier Bickel, Bristol, N. H. Illustration lent by "The Cat Journal."

what to do when I thought of sending it to you and finding out about it. In the first place, I would like to know what it is. What makes its inside so red and its outside white? When you look at it with a magnifying-glass it looks like coral. Why is that? At times it looks as if smoke was rising out of it.

Yours sincerely,

LLEWELLYN DAVIS.

This beautiful red cup is a fungus-plant, one of that large family to which mushrooms, toadstools, etc., belong. It is called the scarlet-

cup of the spring woods, or *Sarcoscypha* (also *Peziza*) *coccinea*, named from its color. The

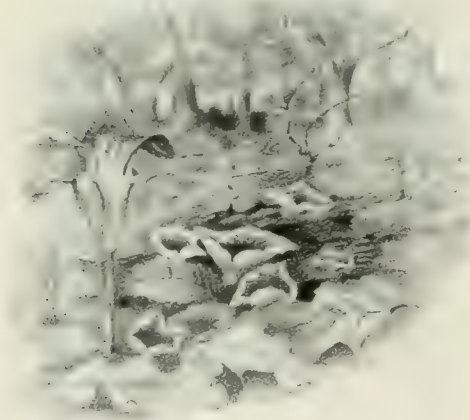


"THEY THROW THESE SPORES . . . IT LOOKS LIKE SMOKE FROM A SMALL VOLCANO."

fungi, like flowers, are of all colors, but having no green leaf, cannot manufacture their food, so we find them attached to anything from which they can get that nourishment — old decayed logs, sticks, or leaf-mold. If your microscope

were stronger you would see that what looks like coral is in reality rows of little sacs covering the inside of the cup; and, opening one of the little sacs, you will find tiny dust-like particles or spores with which the fungi are provided in place of seeds. Now this kind of fungi throws its spores, when ripe, into the air with such force and profusion that they look like smoke from a small volcano. Perhaps your foot has touched a twig, which jostles it, and up they go, making you think for a moment that something is afire.

There is a sister to this fungus, having the same red cups, only smaller, and raised on quite



THE FUNGI GROWING AMONG THE DEAD LEAVES.

(A Jack-in-the-pulpit — at the left — likes also damp, rich ground.)

long stems having long hairs around their edge—the *Sarcoscypha floccosa*.

SUGGESTION FOR CARING FOR A COLD AND HUNGRY BUTTERFLY.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a very interesting little story to tell you. One cold day in late autumn I saw a large brown butterfly clinging to a withered blossom of a wild-carrot plant. It was nearly dead from the cold. I brought it home and put it on the curtain of a sunny window. I then got some sugar and water and put the butterfly on one edge of the dish. It immediately began to eat the syrup, and when it had had enough it flew up on the curtain. Every morning since then I have given it sugar and water, and it is as lively as ever.

Yours truly,
KENNETH ROCKWELL (age 12).



THE BUTTERFLY "ON THE CURTAIN OF THE SUNNY WINDOW."

HYDRA.

EAST GRINSTEAD, SUSSEX, ENG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boarder at a school here, and as we do rather a lot of natural history, I thought I would write and tell you of some hydras we found. We went to a pond and took pots and nets for some animals for our aquarium. Then one of the girls said she thought she had found a hydra. We all took it and looked at it, and our teacher said that it was one. We were very pleased, and examined one under the microscope afterward. It was just like a miniature sea-anemone.

Your interested reader,
ATHENE SEYLER (age 12).

Indeed, you may well be pleased to become acquainted with hydra, it is such an interesting little animal. It is a simple creature with no eyes or ears, no legs, no hands, no heart, no lungs, and yet it gets on very well in life. Imagine a tiny, long sac of living tissue, with a row of hollow, writhing arms about the mouth, the bottom of the bag adhering to a stone or sprig of water-plant, and you can realize something of the structure of this animal. Though small, it is a very terrible creature to some of the still smaller forms that live in the pond with it. For its arms are studded with little lasso-cells that can throw out a tiny sharp-

pointed tube, which penetrates the skin of any animal, and through this the cell injects a poison. This tube, which lies coiled within the cell until needed, is ejected as a glove-finger is when you turn it inside out and then blow into the wrist end of the glove. When some little swimming creature in its course carelessly strikes against one of these arms, hundreds of these lassoes are discharged into it. The animal, paralyzed by the poison, is then carried by the arms to the mouth, placed between their bases, and swallowed whole.

I hope that other readers of ST. NICHOLAS will be as fortunate as you and also find hydra. I usually take a quart fruit-jar when I go to hunt them, and collect in it some water-lily pads, or some of the plants that grow entirely under water in a quiet pond, or some dead leaves that are lying at the bottom. Do not

fill the jar more than half full of these things, but fill it full of water. Take it home and let it stand quietly for a few hours. Then look for hydra on the sides of the jar, on the plants, or hanging from the surface of the water. When you

do find one it may be transferred with a medicine-dropper to a tum-



LAZOO CELL SHOOTING
MANIPULATING
LAZOO COILED UP
WITHIN



LAZOO CELL WHEN
BLASTING OPEN
LAZOO EXTENDED

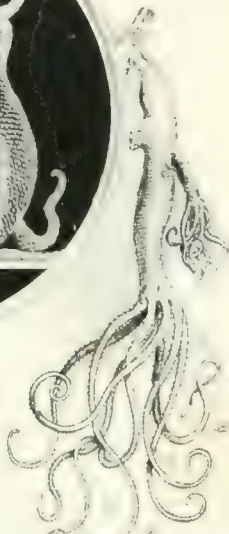


FABULOUS HYDRA

bler of water in which is a bit of some water-plant. (See illustration.) You are less likely to lose sight of it here than in a large jar. You can pick up with the medicine-dropper, too, little animals from the big jar and put them into the tumbler to feed hydra.

I wonder if your hydra had any branching hydras growing on it. A little projection grows out on one side of the large hydra's body. This soon forms a mouth at its outer end and a row of arms or tentacles about it. Then it begins to feed for itself. Sometimes a number of these young bud out of the old hydra, so that the colony looks like a single animal with many ravenous mouths. But finally each young hydra drops off and starts life for itself quite independently. In Greek mythology there is the fanciful story of a fabulous hydra, a many-headed dragon. It was said to have killed the brave warriors who went to battle with it, but the terrible monster was finally conquered by Hercules.

ELLER R. DOWNING.



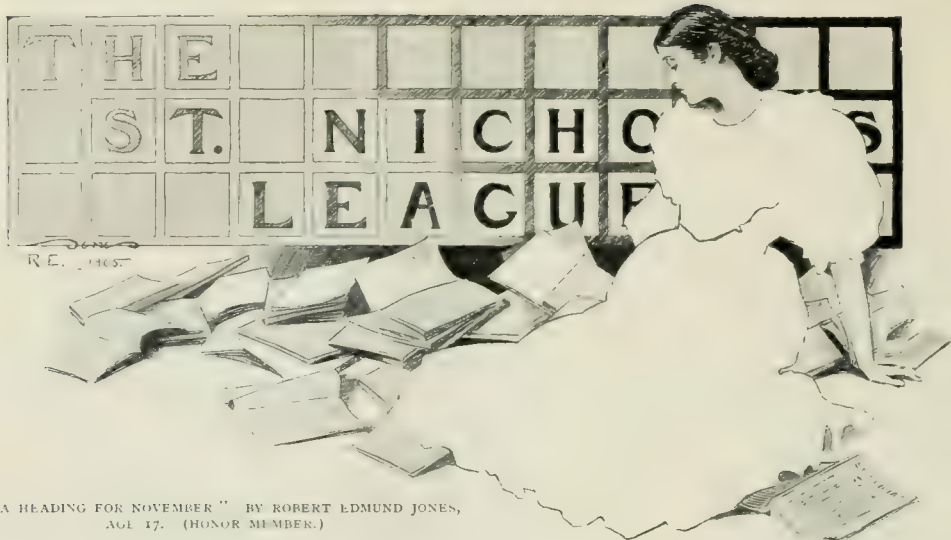
LIVING HYDRA

INTENDING TO THROW OFF YOUNG
HYDRA BUDS



GLASS JAR IN
WHICH THE HYDRA IS
BRED. THE GLASS JAR IS
FILLED WITH WATER, AND
A LITTLE BIT OF A WATER-
LILY LEAF IS PLACED IN
IT.

GLASS JAR IN
WHICH THE HYDRA IS
BRED. THE GLASS JAR IS
FILLED WITH WATER, AND
A LITTLE BIT OF A WATER-
LILY LEAF IS PLACED IN
IT.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER" BY ROBERT EDMUND JONES,
AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

A LITTLE thought, a little care,
A special effort here and there,
And work is done and guerdon won.

Now that we are back to serious work we may offer a hint to League members, new and old, in the matter of League progress. The rules on the last League page cover actual requirements, while special instruction in literary composition or in drawing is not within the scope of the department. We may point the path of improvement, however, in a general way. The League is a school of comparative study, and the surest advance-

ment is made in comparing one's own efforts with the work of others—learning by thoughtful study of the successful contributions the faults of our own and the reason of another's success. League members who have graduated into the professional fields have been almost unanimous in declaring that their greatest progress has been made in studying and comparing the published contributions.

Look at a picture, or read a story or a poem, first without any special thought as to how it was done. Then, if you are impressed, examine more carefully to see why. It may be because of its motive or central idea. It may be because of human interest, or appeal to the heart. It may be the clever manner of the tell-

ing. If the three are combined, the appeal will be very strong. When you have solved the reason why a story, poem, or picture pleases you, you have learned a great deal, and you have made progress.



"CAMP LIFE" BY MARJORIE E. PARKS, AGE 14 (GOLD BADGE)

By glancing at the Roll of Honor it will be seen that "A Rescue" was a popular title for prose. Scores of the contributions were worthy of a place in print, if only we had been able to find room. Those selected for use and prizes were in many respects no better than some that had to be put aside with very deep regret. The favored ones were chosen, first, for the unusual or striking character of the incident related; second, for the simple directness of the telling; third, for the adaptability of the story to St. Nicholas readers.

The last consideration is by no means least in importance, as there are thousands of League readers besides those who take an active part in the competitions, and it is proper for us who create the department to make it suitable to those who read for pleasure as well as for those who come for instruction. Indeed, every successful magazine contributor must learn to write or draw with fitness for the various publications, and our young writers and artists cannot get a better start in the right direction than by beginning, now, carefully to adapt their offerings to the readers of the St. Nicholas League.

One of the purposes of the League is the protection of wild animals, and prizes are offered each month for photographs of wild birds, and of our four-footed friends in their native homes. Until this month no photographs of buffaloes have been received. Now, suddenly, we have five, and all good ones. It is true that the buffalo no longer roams over the wild Western prairies, but inhabits the wide Yellowstone and other ranges that have afforded him a home and official protection; yet these so exactly fall in with the League idea of the preservation of our animals—allowing them freedom while we make them indeed our friends—that three of these buffalo pictures have been selected for the prizes. They are very interesting, in that they show not only some fine specimens of the great American bison, but also the suitable "natural homes" provided for this remnant of what was once a great and splendid race.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COM-
PETITION No. 71.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Isabella McPherson Holt** (age 12), 1031 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill., and **Elizabeth Toof** (age 14), 509 N. 7th St., Quincy, Ill.

Britton Goff (age 13), Elk
horn, Wis.; **Elizabeth C. Beale** (age 10), Barnstable,
Mass., and **Jeannette Munro** (age 11), W. and F. Mass.

Prose. Gold badges, **Frederica H. Gilbert** (age 13), 51 Harvard Ave., Brookline, Mass., and **Alice G. Peirce** (age 13), 54 Mountain Ave., Montclair, N. J.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth Pilsbury** (age 10), Oak Lane, Philadelphia, Pa., **Kenneth Payne** (age 14), 307 Harkness Ave., Cleveland, O., and **Helen E. Brown** (age 9), Sidney, O.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Seth Harrison Gurnee** (age 16), 416 Tompkins Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Ruth Parshall Brown** (age 13), 899 E. Broad St., Columbus, O.

Silver badges, **Margaret Peckham** (age 16), 15 Cleveland St., Orange, N. J.; **Lucia Ellen Halstead** (age 13), Hotel Zeiger, El Paso, Tex., and **Elliott M. Kahn** (age 10), Hotel Belmont, 700 St. and Broadway, N. Y.

Photography. Gold badges, **Marjorie E. Parks** (age 14), 19 Blagden St., Boston, Mass., and **H. Houston Woodward** (age 9), Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badges, Marion L. Bradley (age 13), West-
ville, New Haven, Conn., and George B. Watts (age
15), Franklin Falls, N. H.

Wild-Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, Dorothy B. Bullard (age 13), 2429 N. Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. Second prize, Mary Hale Cunningham (age 17), 2550 Broadway, San Francisco, Cal. Third prize, **Eveline P. Weeks** (age 14), 46 E. 57th St., New York City.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Helen F. Searight** (age 14), 27 East 45th St., New York City, and **Erna Bertha Mixson** (age 14), 190 Wentworth St., Charleston, S. C.

Silver badges, **Andrée Mante** (age 13), Château Val-mante, Au Cabot, Marseille, France, and **Harold L. Ruggles** (age 9), Plainfield, N. H.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, Harriet Bingaman (age 15), 704 Chestnut Ave., Altoona, Pa., and Gladys Cherryman (age 14), 188 Scribner St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Silver badges, **Tanetta E. Vanderpoel**, 3245 Rhodes Ave., Chicago, Ill., and **Katharine Williams McCollin**, c/o 111, Box 122, Overlook, Pa.

^a Values of χ_{11} and χ_{12} are calculated from $\chi_{11} = \chi_{12} = \chi_{11} + \chi_{12}$ and $\chi_{12} = \chi_{11} - \chi_{12}$.

A RESCUE.

BY FREDERICK A. H. GIBBERT (A. J. 13).

$$\{ (t, \tau) \in \mathbb{R}^2 : t \geq 0, \tau \geq 0 \}$$

"Oh, mama," I cried, as we stood on board the steamer watching a distant speck, "land is in sight! It's Luzon. I am so glad we are going inland, for I really want to see how the natives live!"

When we reached the island we took a carriage at once and started on our long drive inland. We had to take a carriage because there is only one railway in the Philippines, which is on Luzon, but it runs from Manila to Dugapan, and that was not the way we were going. We started about eight o'clock in the morning and reached our destination about seven in the evening. We were very tired after our long drive; but when I had eaten my dinner I went out to look around the large sugar plantation on which we were staying. The tall sugar-cane was up to my shoulders, and it rustled in the evening breeze.

Now, in the Philippine Islands the locusts are a great



"CAMP LIFE." BY MARION L. BRADLEY, AGE 13 (SILVER BADGE.)

pest, and on the following morning we had an exciting experience. I was lying in bed, looking around my room, when I heard one of the Filipino boys go shouting by my window. I looked out, and far off in the sky I saw a black cloud coming slowly toward us. In a minute many Filipinos came running from all directions with tin pans and red flags; and such a noise you never heard!

Soon the cloud passed away and the noise ceased; but if the natives had not succeeded in making the cloud go away, the whole sugar crop would have been destroyed, for the cloud was a swarm of locusts.

I went to many other countries, but I think I enjoyed my visit to the Philippines about the best.

THE PILGRIM BABIES' THANKS- GIVING.

BY ISABELLA MCPHERSON HOLT (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

QUIETLY watching the clouds go by,—
Poor little trembling, sleepy things!—
Watching the waves and the cheerless sky;
Watching the gulls on their wheeling wings.

Hearing the prayers of the thankful band,
Naught understanding, and caring less,
Would *they* not have welcomed a brighter land?
Sacrificed freedom for happiness?

Did *they* feel the glow of the Pilgrim cause,
Tiny, shy babies, with blinking eyes?
Did *they* hate the land where the cruel laws
Freedom denied, in religious guise?

Honor the Pilgrims with joyful pride
Every true heart who our country loves;
But once in the year, at Thanksgiving-tide,
Remember the gentle wee baby-doves!

"A RESCUE."

BY ALICE G. PEIRCE (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

WHEN passing Newfoundland on the way back from Europe, one stormy and foggy day, our steamer stopped when we were at dinner, and, wonderingly, we rushed to the deck, little expecting the pitiful sight that met our eyes. Two poor, half-starved fishermen had just drifted alongside the steamer. They could hardly sit up and were so nearly perished from hunger and cold that they could not catch the ropes thrown them; so the men made lassos and threw them over their heads and under their arms and pulled them on to the deck in that way.

In a few days they had recovered from the effects of the storm, and on being asked their story they said that they had drifted away from the shore when out fishing, and they could not see the coast on account of the fog that had arisen while they were out.

Then when the storm had come up they had been carried farther and farther away.

It had been a hard struggle for life, as could be seen by their hands, which were raw from the efforts of trying to row.

If the steamer had not come along just when it did they would probably have perished.

The passengers were so touched by the sad adventure of the poor fishermen that they gave a concert for their benefit, and a collection was taken up to send them back to their native home.

I hope they are still alive to tell the tale of their happy rescue.



"CAMP LIFE." BY GEORGE R. WATTS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



"CAMP LIFE." BY FANNY WALTON, AGE 15.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY ELIZABETH J. WELLS, AGE 14.

(Silver Badge.)

The snow fell fast, the forest trees
 Their heavy branches bowed—
 And with a rage the ocean roared,
 And loud the ocean roared.

Half buried in the drifted snow
 The town of Plymouth stood—
 Before, the tossing ocean lay—
 Behind, the wintry wood.

The homes were made of rough-hewn
 logs.
 The rude block-house stood near,
 But from it rang the village bell
 In accents loud and clear.

And, with a glad, glad cheer,
 Men, matrons, maidens gay—
 With thanks with grateful sighs
 The first Thanksgiving Day.

And now a mighty Nation stands
 Its gratitude to pay
 For harvest bounty, strength, and
 peace
 On this Thanksgiving Day.

A RESCUE.

BY KENNETH JAMES, AGE 14.

(Silver Badge.)

BRIGHT and early one summer morning, Dickey, aged four, baby, aged two, and mama, age unknown, started on the long-hoped-for picnic. Mama carried baby and the lunch-basket, and Dickey's especial care was the go-cart. Dickey's greatest pleasure was wheeling the go-cart. Empty, it was fun enough, but when filled with baby his joy was complete. He was not allowed to wheel baby in it often, though, for fear of "accidental discharge," as mama put it.

However, this picnic was for the children, and mama wanted to



"MAMA AND DICKY ON THE GO-CART, BEFORE THE FALL."
 ("WILL-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

make them perfectly happy, so, after reaching the park, when Dickey asked to wheel baby, mama said "Yes," on condition that he stayed within sight.

Mama settled herself in the shade and rest, trying to watch the children at the same time; and Dickey paraded proudly up and down the path with baby in the go-cart.

Now this path wound around the top of a small hill, and a grassy slope led from it down to the edge of a pond. Suddenly mama was startled by a cry from Dickey: "Oh, mama, see baby clutch the chutes!"

She looked up, and there was the go-cart rushing down the hill, directly toward the pond.

Mama fairly flew down the hill after it and into the water. The go-cart tipped over in the water and dumped baby out. As he came up the first time mama grabbed him and held him high above her head. Instead of climbing out she stood there in water up to her neck, holding baby up in the air, and screamed till some men came and pulled her out.

Mama says baby ought to make a lot of money by doing his "slide for life" in a go-cart down the "chutes" at Luna Park or Dreamland. But papa says mama could make more by giving her thrilling portrayal of

"A RESCUE!!"

2 JAMES, DAUGHTER 2

2 JAMES, DAUGHTER 2

TED'S STORY OF THANKSGIVING.

BY ELSIE HEDGECOCK, AGE 13.

(Silver Badge.)

We had all sat down to dinner on that glad Thanksgiving Day,—

There were uncles, aunts, and cousins, who had come from far away,—



"THE BEAR IN THE GO-CART, BEFORE THE FALL."
 ("WILL-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"THE BEAR IN THE GO-CART, BEFORE THE FALL."
 ("WILL-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

But before he carved the turkey grandpa turned to little Ted:

"Can you tell us why we celebrate Thanksgiving Day?" he said.

Now Ted was only six, but he knew the story well,

And he drew himself up proudly, for 't was one he loved to tell.

"The Pilgrims wished to worship God the way that they thought best,

But the king said they must go to church along with all the rest.

"So they fled across the ocean and they came right over here;

'Twas just as cold as could be 't was the winter of the year;

And our country then was different, and of course there was no dock,

So the whole one hundred of 'em had to land on Plymouth Rock.

"It was such a hard, cold winter that they died off thick and fast,

But finally it was over and the spring had come at last;

And when the Pilgrims gathered in their harvest in the fall,

They felt so very happy, they were thankful, one and all.

"And they thought they'd set apart a day in which to praise and pray,

And they also had a feasting which they called Thanksgiving Day.

And that is why we keep it when our crops are gathered in,

Because we too are thankful to have filled each loft and bin.

"And I'm thankful to the Pilgrims because they made the day,

For I like a good big dinner and a time to romp and play."

And when our Ted had finished, "That was well told," grandpa said,

And the aunts and uncles shouted, "Here 's three cheers for little Ted!"

THE RESCUE OF OUR CAT.

BY ELIZABETH PILSEURY (AGE 10).

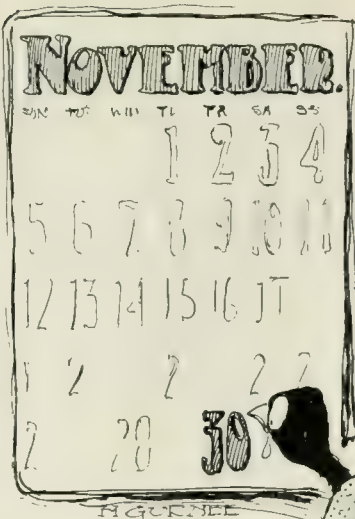
(Silver Badge.)

WHEN I was a little girl of five or six I was very fond of dressing up a kitten I had, in doll's clothes.

One day I dressed Trixie in a purple cloak and red dress, and took him out to ride in my doll's coach.

As we went down the road we met some dogs. Trixie was very much frightened and jumped out of the coach and ran up a tree, tearing the cloak as he went.

The dogs, who had really not seen Trixie at all, ran away.



Then I stood under the tree and coaxed and coaxed, but Trixie would not come down; he seemed convinced that the dogs were lying in wait for him somewhere, so I coaxed in vain for a long time, and when at last he was convinced that the dogs had gone away and he could come down in safety, he found he could not, for the cloak he wore had caught in a little branch which held it fast. When I saw this, I was very much frightened, and ran home to see if my mother could not come and get him down.

She came at once, but the branch was too high for her to reach. In the meantime kitty had jumped from the branch and was kicking his legs frantically in an attempt to save himself. Just at this moment, how-



ever, a workman happened to come along on the other side of the street.

Jumping up from where I had been crying, under the tree, I ran across the street, calling: "Oh! please won't you get my kitty down; he's up in the tree and caught."

So he came across the street, but when he saw that cat with his red dress and purple cloak, and with a look of perfect agony on his face, the man roared with laughter.

But I did n't think it was funny at all, and I looked so anxious that after a time he stopped laughing, climbed the tree, and rescued darling Trixie.

I am sure kitty felt very thankful; I know I did; and as we walked home mother made me promise never again to take kitty out when he was dressed up.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY RUTH PARSHALL BROWN, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

THANKSGIVING.

BY ELIZABETH C. FLANNERY (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

"Oh, hark! Is the ground that the leaves fly over?
But cozy and lovely it is in the sleigh!
Oh, hurry to grandma's, don't wait any longer;
Hurry, hurry to dinner, it's Thanksgiving Day!

Hurrah for the pies, and hurrah for the pudding!
Hurrah for the turkey and chestnuts and all!



"I REMEMBER NOVEMBER," BY MAY ADELLE KHAM,
AGE TEN (SILVER BADGE.)

Be merry, be jolly, and laugh all you can;
Oh, try to be gay on this day of the fall!

"Good-by, dear old grandma, and thanks for the tur-
key!"

Now, faster than lightning the sleigh's on its way.
Oh, hurrah for November, and thanks for its kind-
ness,
And hurrah many times for old Thanksgiving Day!

A RESCUE.

BY HELEN E. BROWN (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

A good many years ago there was a school-house
near a railroad, and some of the scholars walked the
track to and from school.
One day they were coming to school, when one of the
girls slipped and caught her foot in the track. One of
the larger boys ran to help her. It happened that just
at that time a train was coming in sight. The
teacher ran out and tried to flag it with her apron, but
the scholars had been in the habit of flagging the
trains falsely, so, of course, they did not stop. Almost
all hope of getting the girl

off in time was given up as the train drew near. But
they managed to get her foot loose just as the train
was about on them. After that the scholars did not
try to deceive the engineer by false signals. This is
a true story and happened near my father's home.

THANKSGIVING.

BY HANNOLENE SUNDY (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

"Thanks," said the thrush,
"For the trees and the flowers."
"Thanks," said the lily,
"For cooling spring showers."

"Thanks," said the man,
"For my wife and my home,
For the hearthstone from which
I will never more roam."

"Thanks," said the maid,
"For my lover so true,
Sailing away o'er the ocean's deep blue."

"Thanks," said the robin,
"And," "Thanks," said the wren,
Thanking the Giver again and again.

A RESCUE AT SEA.

BY EVELINE M. CLARK (AGE 17).

It was a hot afternoon and the Indian Ocean
lay calm under the tropical sun, with not a ripple passing
over its surface except that made by the steamer on
which I was a passenger as she made her way through
the heavy swell. We had all settled down for the after-
noon, some reading, others playing games, but most of
us were watching the fire practice.

The boats were being lowered when one of them got
stuck and could not be moved, so of course this meant
that several men had to climb on the bulwarks to loosen
the ropes.

One of these, as he was attempting to catch a rope,
slipped and fell overboard. At once the cry "man
overboard" was raised, and every one rushed to see.
Life-buoys were thrown out and the next boat was
rapidly lowered and manned, the engines were stopped,
but not before we had got nearly half a mile from the
man who, on reaching the water, had swum away from
the ship.

The little boat had great difficulty in reaching the spot
where the sailor was clinging to a buoy.

In the meantime the ship was drifting pretty fast
as we had been going at full speed, so that we
took a circular course, and came back to meet the



"A HELPING FOR NOVEMBER" BY CATHERINE BELFORD, AGE 11 (SILVER BADGE.)

boat, which everybody was watching in breathless excitement.

Those on board who had glasses were able to see the sailors in the boat drag their almost unconscious comrade out of the water into the boat.

This, as we heard afterward was only just done in time as hardly had they got the man into the boat when the head and huge body of a shark appeared. After more hard rowing the boat was brought alongside and hauled up.

The sailor was taken below to the doctor's cabin, where his arm, which had been broken by hitting the side of the ship in his fall overboard, was set; otherwise he was not hurt.

The man himself said that on reaching the water he had struck out away from the ship so as not to be sucked under, and thanks to his presence of mind, the boat's crew was able to effect his rescue.

THANKSGIVING.

BY LILIANOR JOHNSON (AGE 7).

Now November's chilly blast
Tells us all that autumn's past,
And that winter's drawing near
With its gladness and its cheer.
Yet there's one day in the fall,
Sacred to us one and all.

And, o'er all this land of ours,
From its cottages and towers,
All rejoice, both far and near,
That Thanksgiving's nearly here.
And all mortals praises should
Raise to the Giver of all good.

Thanks for sunshine, and for shower,
Ripened grain, and fruit, and flower.
Peace o'er this, our native land,
And the blessings hand in hand
We enjoy; for while we live,
We should our thanksgiving give.

A RESCUE.

BY RUTH BOOMER (AGE 13).

ONE bright warm morning soon after Decoration day, a crowd of little boys were playing on the other side of the railroad, up and down the sidewalk in the sunshine, playing they were old soldiers with Claude's little wagon, which they had trimmed all over with flags.

I met them on my way down town, and later when I returned I noticed that the little boys had all gone except Claude, who was just starting home.

He was trudging slowly on with his head down, pulling his wagon toward his home.

Just as he was crossing the main railway track the fast Big Four passenger train came rushing along.

Before I could reach him the train had passed; but it happened that there were two strangers near him and one of them, a woman, ran and caught Claude just barely in time to save his life.

After the train had passed by, we saw the gay little wagon and the flags lying by the track, broken and crushed.

HIAWATHA'S THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

BY LOUISA F. SPEAR (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

ONE bright morning in the autumn,
Out into the lonely forest
Little Hiawatha started.

Soon he saw a mammoth turkey,
And the tiny, Indian hunter
Murmured to himself in this wise:
"I will take my bow and arrow,
I will shoot that turkey gobbler,
Shoot that proud and haughty
turkey."
Straightway then my Hiawatha
Shot that mammoth turkey gob-
bler,
And he cried, with great exulting,
As he bore it off in triumph
To the wigwam of Nokomis.

Then they called the tribes to-
gether,
Called the wise men and the war-
riors,
There to thank for all his good-
ness
Gitche Manito, the mighty.
And they feasted on the turkey
That the little Hiawatha
Killed within the lonely forest.
Thus it was that Hiawatha
Ate his first Thanksgiving dinner
With the wise men and the war-
riors.

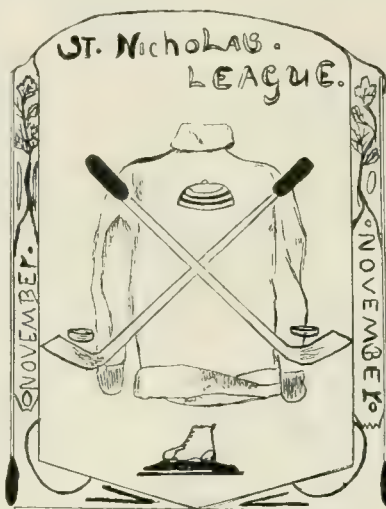
A RESCUE.

BY EVELYN A. S. KNOX (AGE 15).

(A True Story.)

NANCY was spending the summer in the country. What a glorious time she was having! All the farm-hands—especially Tom, the house boy—were great friends of hers. It was always Tom who gave Nancy and her two sisters rides. Although Nancy played all her tricks on Tom, she was his favorite.

In the barn, the bins were full to overflowing. The children had been forbidden to play in them. Nevertheless, they were running and jumping in the oats. Little Nancy suddenly sat down and pulled off her shoes and stockings.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY ELLIOTT M. KAHN, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY VERA MARIE DEMENS, AGE 13.

Mary and Helen knew by her expression that she was up to mischief.

The stockings were stuffed with oats, and the shoes buttoned over them.

These were partly buried in the oats. When this was done a person might think that some one had fallen in and was suffocating.

Nancy was laughing softly to herself. While she ran to the hay-mow, Mary and Helen called wildly to Tom: "Oh, Tom, come here, come here!"

Up the ladder he rushed, thinking that they were in trouble. Only two children stood before him. Where was Nancy?

Nothing was visible except two feet in the oat bin.

The thought that Nancy was smothering, flashed across Tom. He leaped to the bin, braced himself, and gave a strong pull at the legs.

The feet flew up and Tom fell backward. He was astonished and angry, to say the least. Nancy's roguish face looked down from the hay-mow. She laughed, and Tom laughed, and they all laughed together.

THE DAY AFTER THANKSGIVING.

BY ALICE N. HYLAND.
AGE 12.

"OUR community's diminished," said the turkey with a sigh.

"Indeed it is," the duck replied, tears standing in his eye.

"Alas, I am a widow!" cried poor young Mrs. Hen,

"And so am I," said Mrs. Goose, "My husband's left the pen."

So they sat up, still wailing that the farmer was quite scared.

And his knees knocked on each other, for he thought they had not cared.

But the day had been Thanksgiving, and the poultry had been caught,

And the farmer's wife had cooked them, and to the table brought.

So within himself he whispered, "I will take my things and go.

For one never kept an awful farm like this I'm sure you know."

Then he got up, and he scuttled, and he's not been heard of since,

And the feathered folk now rule there, and the turkey cock is prince.

A RESCUE.

BY JOSEPHINE A. MACQUEENY (AGE 12)

ONE day last February, several boys and girls, myself included, went skating on the Raritan River. It was exceedingly cold, but while we skated we felt comfortable. We were enjoying ourselves immensely when one girl began to skate near the air-hole, and went around and around, several girls following her each time. All but Lucy considered it a dangerous place to

skate and finally gave up skating there. We had skated for about half an hour, several times taking a spin around the air-hole. But this one reckless girl skated nearer and nearer each time, laughing at the warnings of the others. But the last time she ventured around she went so near that all at once the ice broke—she fell in!

Most of the boys and girls were already quite a distance up the river, but the cries of the others soon brought them rapidly back to the spot where Lucy had fallen. They saw her come to the surface of the water, and then descend again. No one moved; all stood dumb with fright. The second time she again rose to the surface of the water; still no one moved. The girls stood crying over and over again for help. One boy began to remove his skates quickly. When she arose again for the third time, the boy darted forward in the water, holding on to a piece of ice, and grasped her around the waist. Then many men, who had heard the cries and come to offer assistance, helped the strug-



NOVEMBER.

"A HEADING TO 'NOVEMBER'" BY L. C. GREEN, AGE 13

gling boy and unconscious girl out of the water, and did what they could to restore Lucy to consciousness, while a boy ran for a carriage. The girls were crying bitterly, wondering if she were dead. The men began to grow impatient waiting for the carriage, but it came at last and bore Lucy away. She was ill for a long time, and many a month passed before she was able to thank her rescuer. Lucy has n't been skating since, and if she ever goes again, she is determined to beware of any dangerous or uncertain ice.

THANKSGIVING.

(1—Prize in March.)

BY NANNIE CLARK BAKER (AGE 14).

(Honor Member.)

I THANK Thee, Lord, for what Thou hast denied;
For anguished longings Thou hast turned aside
Unheeded, for from out the black abyss

I see some other on the sunlit plain
Who, but by my grief, could have known no
bliss.

It may be that my aching, sobbing soul
Has brought the dark world nearer to its goal;
It may be sorrow's night, which I have borne,

Has brought some nobler spirit brighter morn—
Thou knowest best—I thank Thee for the pain.

If speeds my soul to Thee through pulsing space
But to be banished to the joyless deep
Because my own unworthiness brings trace
Of stain upon Thy throne, I shall not weep,
But joy to make thine angels happier be
By sacrifice of my rapt ecstasy.
In rayless twilight I shall wait outside,
And thank Thee, Lord, for what Thou hast denied.

A RESCUE.

BY BLANCHE LEEMING (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

ONE of the most startling accidents I have ever known occurred a few summers ago.
An old well was being repaired, and, a part of the

him unconscious, and he could hardly take nourishment.

When he was at last freed—just ninety hours from the time he was buried—his rescue was greeted by the blowing of whistles and ringing of bells.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY MARGUERITE RADLEY (AGE 10).

THE air is cold, and the wind doth blow,
The ground is covered with frosty snow;
Ho! ho! to-day 's Thanksgiving Day!

The kitchen 's full of mince-pie smell.
Hark! loudly rings the old church bell;
Ho! ho! to-day 's Thanksgiving Day!

Grandma 's busy with cake and pie;
We are helping her, Sue and I.

Ho! ho! to-day 's Thanksgiving Day!

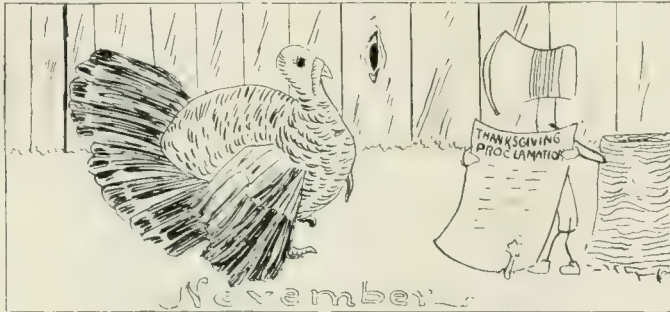
Table 's set and dinner 's begun,
Now for a lot of jolly fun.

Ho! ho! to-day 's Thanksgiving Day!

Dinner through, till evening's chimes,
We have a lot of jolly times.

Ho! ho! to-day 's Thanksgiving Day!

'T is evening now and daylight flies,
The air resounds with the last cries,
Ho! ho! to-day 's Thanksgiving Day!



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY HARRY LEOPOLD, AGE 14.

machinery giving out, a young man volunteered to go down and fix it. While down there the well started to cave in, and before he could reach the top the falling earth and bricks caught and buried him.

His fellow-workmen were sure he could not be living, and, after telling the owner about the accident, promised to come the next morning and recover his body.

A few minutes after they left, the farmer, while investigating the scene of the accident, heard faint tappings on an iron pipe that went down into the well, and decided that the boy was still living. By calling down the pipe he could make himself heard, and the prisoner would answer by taps.

In this way he learned that the bricks in falling had left the upper part of his body free, and the air would enable him to live for a time. Men were at once sent to the rescue.

They dared not dig down for fear of caving the bricks in on him, so started another well a few feet away, and when they would reach his supposed level they were to tunnel through.

The news of the accident reached the city in which we were staying, and every one was wild with the news. Liberal sums of money were given to be used in the rescue, and bulletins were posted every hour. Men worked night and day. Noted doctors were called to be there when he was brought up, and when the news came that he would be reached in a few hours the crowd around the bulletin-board was so dense the street was blockaded, and then the next news said they had reached him, but his feet were caught and he could not be moved.

He was in a serious condition. The air had grown so foul that the fresh air, when it reached him, made

A RESCUE.

BY M. W. UNDERHILL (AGE 13).

THIS is a true story, and the heroine was my playmate when I was three and she was four.

We were spending a glorious summer on a real farm in Western Massachusetts. This was our first visit to the country, and I shall never forget our arrival. We were hot, tired, and very, very dusty; but the first thing we did was to get down on the grass and turn somersaults in sheer exuberance of spirits.

The "exuberance of spirits" lasted all the summer. On the hottest days we ran, and jumped, and trudged after the field hands, helping (and, I suppose, hindering) them with their work.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY IRENE K. MOREY, AGE 12.

On rainy days our refuge was the barn, whose high mows of fragrant hay were, in our opinion, piled simply for us to jump on and off.

On this particular day Harriet had strayed from the watchful eye of my mother, who was conversing with a visitor.

I was off in the other end of the barn, hunting for eggs, when I heard a cry. I ran to the mow where we had been playing. It was over an empty hay-cart, and on one of the poles used to hold up the sides of the loads hung Harriet, held up only by her cotton dress.

This is the dialogue I heard between my unlucky comrade and Mr. Flint, who had hurried to her rescue.

"Why, Harriet, you poor child!" he exclaimed with anxious solicitude.

From her precarious perch in mid-air Harriet gasped out: "H—er—er—I *like* to hang. I—I *like* to hang. I always *did* like to hang."

She was quickly rescued, a sorry figure with a tear-streaked face, still remarking weakly, "I *like* to hang."

Those words have become a by-word in many families, for the story of that rescue has spread far and wide, and Harriet is reminded, when she is doing anything not just right, that "she likes to hang."

A FUNNY RESCUE.

BY ARTHUR J. GUTE, JR. (AGE 10).

ONCE, while I was at the seashore, I was walking along the beach when somebody shouted, "There's a man drowning out there!" I looked and saw a small black object way out.

Soon some life-savers brought a boat down to the shore. They had a hard time getting it through the breakers, but at last they were outside of them.

They came up to the object, and a life-saver reached out and pulled out of the water—a big straw hat.

IN A FAIRY TALE.

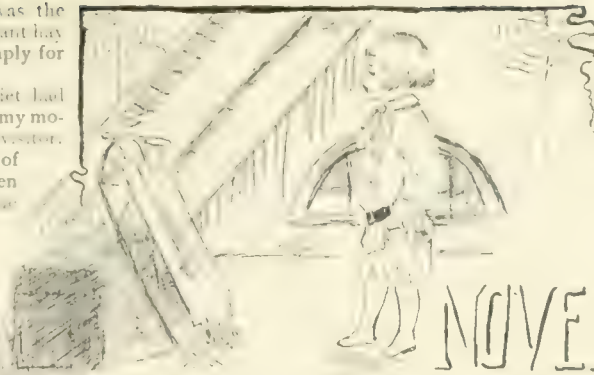
BY ELEANOR MOODY (AGE 15).

THE princess was a lovely maid,
The prince was a most handsome lad;
He of no dragon was afraid,
While she was captive, lone and sad—
In a fairy tale.

He killed great dragons by the score;
She leaned from out the window high;
He slew a dozen knights or more,
While she looked on with loving eye—
In a fairy tale.

The witch he by his valor foiled,
And with great labor stole the key;
He worked and battled, watched and toiled:
All this to set the princess free—
In a fairy tale.

And when at last, by fairy's power,
They came in state to his rich land,
He talked love to her by the hour,
Until he won her fair white hand—
In a fairy tale.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER" BY THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF HUNTER, AGE 14

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Helen Louise Stevens
S. L. De Forest
Helene Mabel Sawyer
Dorothy Mercer
Lois A. Nelson North
Margaret Skelding
Susan Warren Willbur
Constance Manchester
Gladys Moller
Katherine Copenhagen
Catharine H. Straker
Kathleen V. R. R.
Grace Leslie Johnston
Grace M. Allen

VERSE 2.

Nora Brainard
Elizabeth Morrison
Mary Elizabeth Mair
Oliver Jenkins
Eloise Elizabeth Ginn
Marjorie Thompson
Cornelia L. Casey
Primrose Lawrence
S. Mildred Martin
Mary Yeula Westcott
Bernadette C. Moriarty
Emmeline Bradshaw
Grace Morrison Boynton
Frances C. Bennett
Katherine Byrer
Alma C. Jones
Jean G. Allen
Bazel J. Thompson
Dorothy Douglas
Georgiana Myers
Sturdee
Maude H. Brisse
Lois Donovan
George W. Fenimore
Virginia Whitmore
Dorothy Mayo
Eleanor Atherton
Julia S. Clopton
Rosamond Codman
Josephine Freund
Marion Mair

Frederica Gling
Gladys M. Manchester
Margaret Norton
Isadore Douglas
John G. Moore
Dorothy E. Willy
Mary D. Edwards
Lois F. Lovjoy
Helen Leslie Follansbee
Jessie Moore
Sidney Robinson
Gladys Alison
Alexander D. Marks
Florence Lowenhaupt
Isabel E. Black
Margaret A. Dole
Olive Hield DeWitt
Katherine Synon
E. Vincent Millay
Ruth Brown
Irene Bowen
Phoebe Clover
Margaret V. Davnin
Charles Russell
Elizabeth G. Atherton
Elizabeth R. Hirsh
F. B. Godwin
Dorothy Fox
Margaret Whitcomb
Ruth Hayner
Phyllis Sargent
Helen R. Hodges
Helen Platt
Edna Anderson
Dorothy Lydecker
Claire Lawall
Margaret Hyland
Dorothy Davis
Henry D. Cowell
H. K. Pease
Fannie Crawford Golding

Jessie Auklin
Maud Stuart
Agnes C. Knapp
Mary Eschbach
Elizabeth D. Fickett
Helen Irvine
Paul Miller
Margaret F. Grant
Bertha Moore
Isabel Coudage
Benjamin Stuart Walcott

PROSE 2.

Phillis Brooks
Margaret Bennett Jones
Marjorie G. Savin
G. Lucille Smith
Katherine Taylor
Eleanor P. Wheeler
Anna W. Cobb
Elizabeth Russell Marvin
Leonora Ross
Margaret B. Hopper
Dorothy Cooke
Elizabeth Limont
Helen D. Perry
Harriet F. Hale
Inis Heap
C. Norman Bartlett
Marianna Lippincott
Freda M. Harrison
Lola Hall
Margaret Wessell Pier
Marguerite Ramsey
Mary Pemberton
Nause
Dorothy Blackader
Nellie Shore
Madeline F. H. White
Helen Parfitt
Helen J. Simpson
Jessie R. MacLaren
L. A. Vivian Pennock
Virginia Hoyt
Agnes Cunningham
Madge M. Elderkin
Elspeth P. Graham
Abe S. Behrman
Mildred White
Mary Eugenia Golding
Margaret Puss Dorsey
Rachel Thayer
Elsie Alexander
Anna Evelyn Holman
Ethel Catherine Porter

PROSE 1.

Grace E. Moore
Ellen Perkins
Seymour Woolner
Bessie M. Blanchard
Alice Cone

Carl H. Weston
C. Warren Stafford
Modena B. Scovill
Melville B. Calvert
Kenneth S. Purdie
Gertrude Herbert



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY CHARLOTTE WAUGH, AGE 16.

Stuart Marsden
Rachel M. Talbott
Marjorie Bailey
Thoda S. Cockcroft
Beatrice Pike
Leonora Branch
Sophie L. Atte
Earl R. K. Daniels
Rose M. Norton
Helen E. Dunlap
Eleanor L. Walker
Ottile Wright
Elmer Ranson
Rebecca Salsbury
Laura N. Sprague
Rae Moss
Sallie McNulty
Janie S. Bal
Altha Perry
Helen Wing
Frances Evelyn Hall
John C. Haddock
Wendell Holmes Gar-
rison
Eva Horner
Helen Bradley
Katherine B. Bushnell
Marie A. Pierson
H. B. Ray, Jr.
Ruth Pond Cornwall
Dorothy Hardy
Helen D. Tibbitts
Irma J. Diescher
Marian Chase
Clara Davis
Howard R. Patch
Kathleen D. Verrall
Olivia Bigelow
Charlotte Cook
Margaret Davis
Elizabeth Park
Christine Funkhouser

DRAWINGS 1.

Marjory S. Ward
Charlotte H. Knapp
Ella Elizabeth Preston
Helen O. C. Brown
Dorothy Ochtmann
Frances Isabel Powell
Katherine G. Eager
Gustav Sell
Rena Kellner
Edward L. Kastler
Harold McFaddon
Elizabeth L. Curtis
Carolyn Sherman
Constance Whitten
Frank Sohn
Martha F. Fleck
Helen H. Stafford
Lucy E. B. Mackenzie
Margaret Spencer-
Smith
Myron C. Nutting
Mabel Whitman
Mabel W. Whiteley
Joseph Hayes Burch-
field
Walter Bastian
Frances Varrell
Ruthe Maurer

Walter Oehrle
Nellie G. P. Price
Isabel M. Scott
Ada W. Hart
Cuthbert W. Haasis
May Baker
Marie Atkinson
Muriel C. Evans
Joan Spencer-Smith
Alice Shirley Willis
Katherine Dulcebella
Barbour
Reed Hayden

DRAWINGS 2.

Marion K. Cobb
Charlotte B. Arnold
Katharine King
Harry Stevens
Carl B. Timberlake
Emily B. Brown
Helen Reading
Jennie S. Fernald
Mary Hazeltine Few-
smith
Mary Day Winn
Harnet D. Stringham
Lilian Broadhurst
Edythe M. Crombie
Elizabeth Otis
William W. Wright
Dorcas Perkins
Henry C. Thompson,
Jr.
Melville C. Levey
Isador Levitt
Sarah McDavitt
Mildred Whitney
Cordner Smith
Gladys L'E. Moore
Mary McCue Price
Burr C. Cook
Al ert Hart
Elizabeth Robinson
Nancy W. Huntly
Isabel Grant Howell
Edith D. Grady
Guinevere H. Norwood
Mary Jadowsky
Clarence E. Simonson
Josephine McMartin
Robert Schulkers
Adelaide Klenke
Helen Gardner Water-
man
Anne Furman Gold-
smith
Hugh A. Cameron
Elizabeth MacDougall
Lloyd H. Parsons
Gusdalvo Alvarez
Cortina
Eleanor Frances Welsh
Marjorie Pope
Paul V. Ulen
Sarah L. Coffin
Olive Mary Simpson
E. Buckner Kirk
Harold A. Castle
Katherine Kern
Delphina L. Hammer
Fraser Bond
William Weber

James H. Mohr
Kathryn Maddock
Esther Brown
Katharine Stilwell
Dorothy Woods
Jessie M. Child
Sarah V. Carey
Earl Park
George H. Mastick
Hilda Rowena Bron-
son
Nellie D. Lewis
Helene G. Demarest
Muriel Emmer Hal-
stead
Harnet Putnam
Elsie M. George
Grace T. Hallock
Evelyn Buchanan
Lawrence B. Sieg-
fried
Clara Shanafelt
Beatrice E. Carleton
Bertha Müller
Kathleen Buchanan
Vieva Fisher
Minnie O. Miller
Edward Carrington
Thayer
Eleanor Gill
Alice Wheeler
Frances Walker

Elizabeth Osgood
Collier
Natalie Ott
Katharine E. Pratt
Frances J. Gulick
Gilbert H. Scribner
Reginald A. Utley
Jr.
William G. Cane
Thad Goldsberry
Barbara Hahn
Mildred Eastey
John Struthers
Dunn
Grace Gates
R. H. Hobbell
Theobald Forstall
Edith M. Hobson
Clem Dickey
Dorothy Gardiner
Mildred C. Sawyer

George W. Edwards, 2d
Leonora Denniston
Dorothy Arnold
Earle H. Ballou
Fred Dunn
Charles Merwin Howe,
Jr.
Wilfred Allan
James P. Harter, Jr.
Roland Redmond
Dorothy V. Gresham
Helen M. Grafty
Gertrude Wood
Lucia Beebe
Eleanor Staufer
L. S. Fry
Lois M. Hitchcock
Elizabeth Love God-
win
William O'Keefe
Fannie M. Stern
Ernest Stifel
George R. Kent
Amy Peabody
Beulah Guthrie
J. Arthur Richardson
Margaret Burroughs
Dorothy L. Glover
Florence R. T. Smith
C. McAllister
Ethel Jackson
Mary E. Willard
Esther Walker
Elizabeth Groesbeck
Fowler
C. H. Pangburn
Gabrielle Belcourt
Alice L. Cousins

PUZZLES 1.

Laura Florence Lacy
James Barrett
Dorothy Culp
Buford Brice
Ida Berry
Warren Karner
Corinne J. Reinheimer
E. Adelaide Hahn
Florence Cassidy
Kathryn Sprague De
Wolf
Elizabeth Beal Berry
Agnes R. Lane
M. Louise Smith
Eleanor W. Machado
Edward C. Taylor
Marion Cynthia
Stuart
Frances Hodges
Dorothea Bechtel
Mary Angood
Edith Youngheim
Morton L. Mitchell
Eineria Semple
Keene
Bruce T. Simonds
Leah L. Stock
Albert Ellard

PUZZLES 2.

John Orth
Elsie Nathan
Gladys Richardson
John Rose-Troup
Dorothy C. Jordan

WHEN PERSEVERANCE WINS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My badge arrived this morning. I think it is beautiful, much prettier than I thought it would be. Thank you very much for awarding it to me. I have been competing for four years, more or less regularly, but have never had anything printed. I am delighted with the badge, as are the rest of the family.

Thanking you again for it, I remain,

Your interested reader,

MARION H. TUTHILL.

AN EXCITING MOMENT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your beautiful gold badge has come at last after many days of watching. It is even more beautiful than I thought it would be, and I wear it with head a trifle higher than before it came, I think. I have always thought to myself, "Oh! if only sometime before I am eighteen I can win a silver badge!" I had not dared to go beyond that! As we are now in Berkeley, my St. NICHOLAS had to be forwarded to me, which takes time, and I had a postal from one of your League members asking me to exchange (which I gladly did and will do with any League girls who are collectors). "Well," I thought, "that's funny! how did she get my address?" and then a thought struck me: I, little me, had won the silver badge! I rushed to the library and sat down across the table from the girl who had my much longed for publication, fingering the "Youth's Companion" nervously. Finally, after about five minutes, she got up and went out, and though there were three of us at the table all wanting dear ST. NICK, I pounced upon it first of all and looked all down the prize-winners' list, beginning with the silver badges. Just as I was about to close the book I happened to glance over on the page opposite the list of prize-winners, and not looking at the name or title I began reading. After the first sentence I gave a little cry and saw my name at the top. Oh, how I felt I cannot tell you! I got right up to hurry to tell mother and walked out of the room with ST. NICK under my arm. The librarian walked after me, and pretty fast too I guess! Oh, dear me, how I felt! Of course I had to explain. I think I was afraid it would run away from me if I left it. When I grow up I am going to write books as nearly like Miss Alcott as I can, and mother says she thinks I have made a good beginning. I have gone so far now as to hope to win a cash prize. Wishing all success to you and yours, I am,

Your loving little reader,

REBECCA EDITH HILLES.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER."

BY C. STANLEY GREENBAUM, AGE 9.

Marie Mohr
Sarah M. Bradley
Haydn Zimmerman
George Bowen
Marian Rubins
Emma A. Moore
Ellen Greenbaum
Katharine Duer Irving
William Winifred
Westring, Jr.
M. C. Kinney

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Roland P. Carr
Ignacis Bauer
Lillian Heller
Virginia Speck Flad
Thornton C. Pray

FROM FAR-AWAY JAPAN.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is very interesting to live in Japan, especially in the time of war, because there is a great deal of suffering among the people. Two of my friends and I have a little magazine called the "Home Circle." It is published monthly, and we have a great many subscribers. I write most of the stories and poetry, and the younger of my friends do the drawing, while the elder is the editor. The money is devoted to charity, and we give two dollars a month to a poor Japanese woman whose husband is at the war, and who supports herself and her two children by selling fish, so when unable to sell, she and the children are forced to go hungry.

Admiral Togo is coming to Yokohama soon, and then my father is going to read him an address. My father has a lock of Lord Nelson's hair in a glass box, and he is going to get a lock of Admiral Togo's to put with it.

Miss Roosevelt arrived here in Yokohama a few days ago, and yesterday there was a garden party given to her at the American Legation in Tokyo, at which my mother and father met her.

Your devoted reader, ALICE WELLS WALTER.

A LOVER OF PETS.

NORTH AMFIELD, NEWCASTLE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Newcastle is a very smoky place, but we have a lot of large and beautiful parks. There is nice country round about, and I like to go by bicycle down to the sea.

I am a member of Chapter 800. Last Friday we presented our two club prizes for attendance. Muriel Fairweather, our secretary, won the first prize, and Ruth Young, a member, the second. Both prizes were books. They were presented by our president, Sheila Noble.

I am very fond of animals. When I was three I had a pig; when I was six I had twenty-eight rabbits. Two years ago I had thirteen rabbits, a dog, a cat, a bird, five frogs, a toad, twenty tadpoles, four newts, and twelve goldfish. This year we each have a rabbit, and I have two goldfish and a bird.

My brother is coming home this week. He is assistant manager of the cars at Cardiff. He comes home twice a year.

I like ST. NICHOLAS very much. I remain,

Your interested reader,

MARY B. LEES.

THE JOY OF WINNING.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER."

BY EVERETT A. MCAYON, AGE 14.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was so very surprised and delighted to see in your August issue that I have won a gold badge, and so attained the summit of my ambition.

The badge has not yet arrived, but I hope it will soon as I am longing to see what it is like. When it does come, I shall not fail to more express my gratitude not only for the badge itself, but for the encouragement it has given me to win it. With best thanks,

Your admiring reader and honor member,
(How lovely the words sound!)

MARGARET STUART BROWNE.

Other valued letters have been received from Katharine H. Todd, Mrs. B. E. Copenhagen, Ethel M. Mason, Mary A. Goldthwaite, Louis Sax Weiss, Carl Philipp, Dorothy Grace Gibson, Susan J. Appleton, Mabel Gladys Menisger, Joyce M. Shattuck, Connie J. Roubicek, Mary Burnett, Helen C. Coombs, Olive Louise Jenkins, Aileen Hyland, Edward A. Danforth, Hazel L. Raybold, Mary D. Hudson, Edmund M. Whited, Virginia Rees Scully, Julia Meaker, Eleanor Louise Halpin, Adèle Packard Vaughan, Constance Smith, Matilde Krockle, Fanny J. Walton, Helen Martinez, Jr.

POSTAL CARDS

The following named League members desire to exchange souvenir postal cards.

Anna West Cobb, 12 Middle St. and Ethel Knight, 77 Rankin St., Rockland, Me.; Mary E. and Gertrude E. Mair, 125 Belmont Ave., N. Plainfield, N. J.; Ruth Perkins, 236 Anderson Pl., Buffalo, N. Y.; Ruth A. Spaulding, 11 York Ave., Towanda, Pa.; E. Berry, 823 Federal St., Camden, N. J.; Constance Fennell, 927 Cleveland Ave., Kansas City, Mo.; Elsa Van Nes, Glendale, O.; Florence C. Clark, Willoughby, O.; William Monteith Allen, 1708 Moore St., Phil., Pa.; Dorothy Haughton, Palatka, Fla.; Katharine C. Ward, 528 Osborn St., Fall River, Mass.; Helen Runyon, 443 Fillmore St., San Francisco, Cal.; Pauline and Amelia Dutcher, 37 Linnwood Ave., Newton, N. J.; Katharine Hitchcock, Cornell Heights, Ithaca, N. Y.; Helen M. Wade, Prospect St., Atlantic, Mass.; Elizabeth Rosenthal, 27 Stevenson Ave., Everett, Mass.; Marian Drury, 66 Paradise Road, Northampton, Mass.;



"TAIL-PIECE FOR NOVEMBER."

BY LEWIS S. COMBES, AGE 8 (HONOR MEMBER.)

Emily Elizabeth Whittaker, 712 Park Ave., Kenosha, Wis.; Clara and Ruth Allen, 5661 Washington Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Emily Chisolm, 530 Penn St., Huntington, Pa.; Elsie Wormser, 2014 Webster St., San Francisco, Cal.; Lois M. Hitchcock, Cambridge, N. Y.; Charline Jameson, 606 W. 4th St., Marion, Ind.; Ada Frances Hill, Box 37, Springfield, Hillcrest, N. H.; Ethel M. Sullivan, 429 S. 2d St., Hamilton O.; Margaret R. Smiley, Minnewaska, N. Y.; Phyllis Coggswell, Cushman, Mass.; Camilla Ringhouse, Bloomington, Ill.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 74.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal Photograph" prize-winners winning a higher prize will not receive a second badge, but only the cash award.

Competition No. 74 will close **November 20** (for foreign members **November 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **February**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Island" or "Islands."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "My Day Dream."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Hillside."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "My Favorite Study" and a **Heading** or **Tailpiece** for February.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Subjects. A silver badge will be given for the best list of subjects.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: **First Prize**, five dollars and League gold badge. **Second Prize**, three dollars and League gold badge. **Third Prize**, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back.

Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

A SONG FOR THE DOLL. IF you are not familiar with Stevenson's dainty lines on "Picture Books in Winter," the fall days with their first hints of winter should not pass without your reading them. The first and last stanzas only can be given here :

Summer fading, winter comes,—
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
Window robins, winter rooks,
And the picture story-books.

How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery-nooks,
Reading picture story-books ?

THE NEW BOOK SEASON. FOR many reasons having to do with the business side of publishing, it has become the custom to bring out new books chiefly at one or two fixed seasons in the course of the year, and this number of ST. NICHOLAS appears about the beginning of the most favored time. Consequently our young readers may be on the alert for the really good new books, most of the information about them being put before the public when the books first come from the presses. Examine carefully, therefore, in your magazines the advertising pages devoted to book announcements, and this for two reasons — to know the ones you want, and to know the ones you do not care for.

A GUIDE-BOOK TO BOOKS. As soon as you think you are old enough, get for yourself some good handbook, manual, or primer of English literature, and make use of it to inform yourself about the books you read. This will help to place them in their true relations to one another. A good encyclopedia rightly used will serve nearly as well. Just as a guide-book serves both to tell about places you see and also to suggest new trips, so in the manual of literature you will have glimpses of new fields of reading, possibly of such a nature as will please you better than those more familiar.

"ADVICE TO A SCHOOL-BOY." AMONG the charming papers in William Hazlitt's "Table Talk" is one he wrote to his son, of

the same name, when the young fellow went away to school. It contains much that will sound quite familiar to boys of to-day, dealing with the very puzzling little questions that perplex all boys entering a new school ; but it also goes into some matters that you will find amusing — such as the importance of sitting up straight when studying. Latin, French, and dancing are the three studies which this father thinks of especial importance ; regarding books he says : "As to the books you will have to read by choice or for amusement, the best are the commonest. Read them as you grow up with all the satisfaction in your power, and make much of them. It is perhaps the greatest pleasure you will have in life, the one you will think of longest, and repent of least." Strangely enough, the last lines of the last essay written by Hazlitt show that his love of books remained to the end : "They are the first and last, the most home-felt, the most heartfelt, of all our enjoyments."

STORY-TELLING NAMES. FROM an English magazine we select a few examples of names that speak to us of an olden time. *Thackeray* is thought to owe its origin to Thacker, or thatcher, from some ancestor who put the thatch on cottages ; Fletcher comes from the French *flèche*, arrow, being the name given to the one who fledged or feathered the arrow shot by Mr. Archer or Mr. Bowman ; while Ballister, the name chosen by Mr. Howard Pyle for the hero of his ST. NICHOLAS story, is a direct descendant from the Arbalestrier who shot the cross-bow trying to pierce the mail made by Mr. Armour. Flaxman was a worker in flax manufacture ; Blackman, Bleecker, are believed to indicate the bleachers of cloth ; while Draper, Taylor, Spinner, Webster, and Webb all show others in the same line of work. The Smiths of course need no explanation, but the Nasmyths or Nesmiths, as many may not know, were makers of nails — "nail-smiths."

There are histories of surnames in which it might please you to trace the origin of your own, if it is not already known to you.

READING BEYOND LESSONS.

THERE are in every school some boys or girls who do not hesitate to admit that they find their lessons dull and stupid. Sometimes these discontented ones are bright scholars, too. But they are only partly right. School-lessons, unless they are helped out by the words of a clever teacher, can seldom do more than brush the surface of a subject; and in order to become interested the young student must read for himself the particulars that the school-book must omit. "American history is so dull!" said one outspoken maiden. If she had said, "My school history is dull," she might have been right. But if she had selected any one topic mentioned, and had read about it until she knew it as people of the time knew it, she would find American history exciting enough.

A CARELESS YOUNG CRITIC.

In response to our suggestion that young readers of Dickens would give us a brief account of the novelist's remarkable career, a young friend from New Jersey has been kind enough to send us a letter of criticism, giving his opinions upon some of Dickens's works. He highly recommends "David Copperfield," "Little Dorrit," "Dombey and Son," and "Great Expectations," but he very much weakens his authority as a careful critic by misspelling three out of the four titles. This naturally makes us doubt whether he has that nice sense of detail that would make him a safe guide, and our distrust is still further increased when we find that he spells the name of the author "Dickins." We do not mean to say that even a great critic may not occasionally misspell a word, but our objection to this letter may serve as an excuse for not printing it, as our young correspondent requests.

While upon this subject, we may mention that two more letters, from the same State, are open to criticism on this point. One of them recommends a list of books all but one of which are for grown-up readers. Our boys and girls should not forget that literature, after all, is named from the *letters* by which great thoughts are recorded, and that each of these is entitled to due respect. A small boy who speaks of the novel "Night and Morning" as by

"Edwin Bulware" certainly must seem to us to be choosing books a little ahead of his education.

We hope sincerely that the writers of these three letters will recognize themselves, and will be just a little ashamed of their carelessness or inattention. The writers of good books give unwearied pains to their work, and they have a right to the careful attention of their readers.

A REPLY TO A QUESTION.

AN obliging correspondent from Baltimore submits a list of books on musical topics, which was asked for through this department. Here it is: "The Standard Light Operas" and "Standard Operas," by Upton; "Great Composers and their Works," L. C. Elson; "Recent Music and Musicians," I. Moscheles; "Musical Sketches," E. V. Polko; "Potocka," Theo. Leschetizky; "The Story of the Rhinegold," A. A. Chapin; "Beethoven's Nine Symphonies," Grove; "Famous Composers and their Works," New Series, Philip Hale and L. C. Elson.

We thank our correspondent for her trouble, and hope the list will prove useful. Another friend writing from Quebec, recommends "Descriptive Analyses of Piano Music," but does not name either author or publisher.

THE BEST GUIDE TO READING.

OF all the gifts an older brother or sister can confer upon a younger child, none can compare with the taste for good reading. It is an easy matter for the elder to bring the right book to the little reader at the right time, and no lasting benefit can be given with so little effort. See that you are able to act as a wise guide when the little brother's or sister's hand is put so confidently in yours.

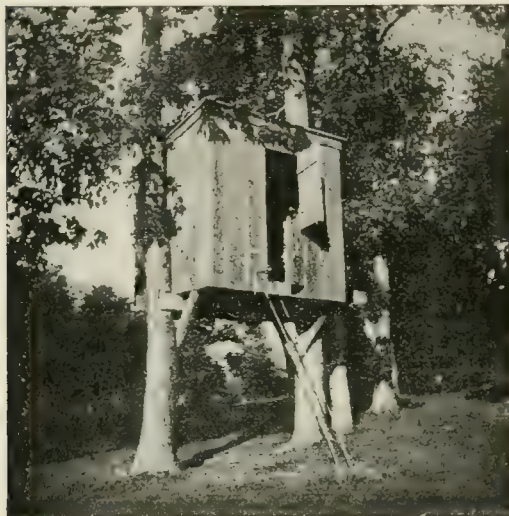
AN ERROR CORRECTED

The editor of this department spoke in the September "Books and Reading" of a distinguished Frenchman, M. Stephane Jouselin, as a lady. We beg his pardon and that of our readers. M. Jouselin was speaking of reading for women, but he is a member of the Paris Municipal Council, and of the General Council of the Seine, interested in advocating wholesome French fiction. We cordially thank Mr. William B. Shaw, of the *Review of Reviews* for enabling us to make this correction.

THE LETTER-BOX.

BLUE RIDGE SUMMIT, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was so pleased with your article called "The Practical Boy" in the July ST. NICHOLAS. I copied it exactly, with these improvements which I thought you would like to know about. When the twin-tree hut was finished we covered it with bark. Then, by sawing the door in two, we made it a Dutch



"RAVEN'S ROOST."

door. We had a bench built around the inside, which we little girls upholstered with blue denim. You might tell your readers we girls made one dozen cushions, which we stuffed with excelsior. These we placed along the bench. We covered the ceiling with Japanese fans, putting a Japanese umbrella in the middle, with a lantern hanging from it. I inclose a photograph of my hut, which I have named "Raven's Roost."

ANNE M. STEELE.

GILLETTE, WYO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a very long time and have never written to you, so I really think that it is time that I did.

I live on a ranch in Wyoming. We have only lived here a year, and before that we lived in Chicago and went to the Big Horn Mountains in the summer.

We have a big lake on our ranch, which is simply fine to skate on in the winter. We go swimming in it in the summer, and this summer we are going to have a row-boat.

I have five horses and a collie-dog of my own. Mother has been very unfortunate with horses. She has lost three fine saddle-horses within the last year.

I think your articles called "How to Study Pictures" are very interesting.

Wishing you a long life, I remain,

Your sincere reader,

DOROTHY W. BARNEY.

BELLINGHAM, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My Aunt Mary has given you to my sister Lillian and me for four years. You are one of our best Christmas presents. We live in Bellingham, on Bellingham Bay, and right back of us is Mt. Baker, 10,500 feet high and snow-capped the year around.

The largest salmon-canneries are located here. It is quite a sight to see them canning salmon. The work is done mostly by Chinese and a great many young girls. They catch as many as 100,000 fish a day. We enjoy the stories in ST. NICHOLAS very much, and think "Pinkey Perkins" is a funny boy. This is my first letter to you.

Yours truly,

EDITH LA COWGILL (age 10).

BRANTFORD, ONT., CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a letter as I have never sent one from before.

Brantford is named after the famous Indian chief, Joseph Brant. There is a fine monument erected here in memory of him. Brantford is also called the "Telephone City." For it was here that Professor Bell lived and invented the telephone, and it was first used between his home on Tutela Heights, just outside the city, and that of a resident of the city.

Another historic feature connected with Brantford is Mohawk Church, the oldest in Ontario. It was built for the Six Nation Tribe of Indians, who dwelt on the banks of the Grand River, on which Brantford is situated.

Yours truly,

EMILY BUNNELL.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the June number, in "How Some Flowers Got Their Names," the author said that the horse-chestnut derived its name from the word which is supposed to have meant "large," but I asked a gentleman, who is much interested in such things, about it and he took me to a horse-chestnut tree, and pulled off one of the leaf-stems. On the end which joined the tree was a perfect horseshoe, nails and all, as though it had been stamped. He said this is why it is called a horse-chestnut. Some of the horseshoes are more imperfect than others, but it can always be seen.

Your loving reader,

MARGARET BUDD.

CHICO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were sent me for a Christmas present by my Aunt Ella, and I don't know what I would do without you.

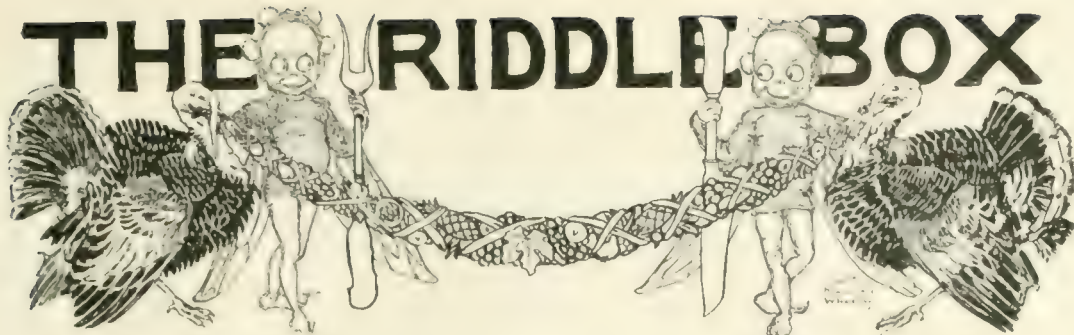
This will be the second year I have taken you. I am much interested in "Pinkey Perkins," and "Queen Zixi of Ix," and also in the League and Letter Department.

Your devoted reader,

RUTH E. KENNEDY.

Other interesting letters which lack of space prevents our printing have also been received from:

Elise W. Schaffer, Anna B. Stearns, Margaret Barrette, Sidney Self, Lorenzo Hamilton, Betty Brabrook, Anita Allen, Esther Belding Beach, Dorothy Browne, Dorothy Barclay, British Legation, Tokio, M. I. Young, Louie Sime, Florence Bentley, Frank Frary, Dorothy E. Hall.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

A MINE-CRAB "OK" 1. Humor 2. Ardor 3. Terr-or. 4. Vict-or. 5. Cand-or. 6. Clam-or. 7. Juni-or. 8. Arbor 9. Labor. 10. Condo-r. 11. Vig-or. 12. Favor. 13. Testator 14. Rigor. 15. Copter. 16. Senator.

ENIGMA. 4. IV. Ivy.

ZIGZAG. General Harrison. 1. Graduate. 2. Beautify. 3. Constant. 4. Careless. 5. Hovering. 6. Standard. 7. Suddenly. 8. Strength. 9. National. 10. Cerberus. 11. Covering. 12. Medicine. 13. Mission. 14. Downcast. 15. Nebraska.

HOOR-GLASS. Centrals, October. 1. Scholar. 2. Occur. 3. Its. 4. O. 5. Ebb. 6. Sheep. 7. Learned.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "O, how full of briars is this working-day world!"

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from "Allil and Adi"—Gladys Cheryman—Harriet Bingaman—Edmund Willis Whited—"Chuck"—Elizabeth D. Lord—Carolyn L. Palmer—Tanetta E. Vanderpool.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from "We Three," 2—D. Crawford, 1—K. Cowles, 5—D. Cathell, 1—R. M. Bennett, 1—H. A. Potter, 1—M. P. Hastings, 1—K. W. Cushing, 2—E. M. Adams, 1—C. Hanks, 2—L. Holmes, 1—B. Wilson, 1—M. Macdonald, 1—D. Walker, 1—D. Schwarz, 1—M. L. Drury, 1—P. W. Dexter, 1—F. F. Butman, 2—R. Caldwell, 1—A. S. Chisman, 1—A. M. Holmes, 1—E. P. Spencer, 1—M. Steward, 1—M. H. Mademan, 1—F. Bean, 1—Macgister, 2—G. H. Beals, 1—Bessie S. Gallup, 7—Eleanor Wyman, 8—L. G. Teagarden, 5—I. and J. McGillis, 3—Katherine W. McIlm, 8—Margaret and Fred M. Douglas, 7—A. K. P. Brice, 1—F. Antkin, 1—M. De Haven, 1—L. Foss, 1—Dahut, 4—L. and M. Mylie, 3—Mary I. Askew, 4—Edward Little, 4—J. Willes Baxter, 5—W. O. Dickinson, 1—Katherine Decker, 8—Albert Ellard, 8—J. B. Black, 2—A. S. Ward, 1—B. H. Greene, 1—E. Crossen, 1—Dorothy Carr, 5—Alex. Watkins, 2—Emerin S. Keene, 3—R. Brunswick, 1.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A CHINESE tower-like building.
2. The officer of the king's stable whose duty it formerly was to provide oats for the horses.
3. The third sign of the zodiac.
4. Certain vegetables which have a strong odor.
5. An old word for a lazy fellow.
6. An awn.

A. B. COLPITTS (League Member).

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ONE word is concealed in each couplet. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a famous English poet, and another row of letters will spell the name of one of his poems.

1. The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
And then he could not pay the bill.
2. The dog reached out for more plum pie,
And got quite sick, but did not die.
3. The poodle added all his weight
To settle up affairs of state.
4. He licked the heated oven door,
And fell exhausted on the floor.
5. The bear retired into his cave,
Where he might see no naughty knave.
6. Then every mammal entered there,
Resolved to hold a county fair.
7. They chose the house wherein I sleep,
That very place the fair to keep.

A GREEK ACROSTIC. Fourth row, Herodotus. Cross-words: 1. Pythagoras. 2. Homer. 3. Socrates. 4. Xenophon. 5. Pindar. 6. Demosthenes. 7. Plato. 8. Claudiopolis. 9. Aristotle.

CHARADE. Tri-pod.

REVERSED RIVERS. 1. La Plata. 2. Tiber. 3. Obi. 4. Oder. 5. Lena. 6. Elbe. 7. Ohio. 8. Dnieper. 9. Po. 10. Volga. 11. Niger. 12. Avon. 13. Danube. 14. Garonne. 15. Nile.

JAPANESE NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "What is given to the ear is often heard a hundred miles away."

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. 1. I. R. 2. Lap. 3. Rapid. 4. Pit. 5. D. II. 1. R. 2. Top. 3. Roped. 4. Pet. 5. D. III. 1. D. 2. Tap. 3. Dared. 4. Pen. 5. D. IV. 1. D. 2. Hip. 3. Dined. 4. Peg. 5. D.

8. With entries made by every beast
That dwells between the West and East.
9. The fair was held in greatest pomp,
Which made the reindeer skip and romp.

SCOTT STERLING (Honor Member).

NOVEL BEHEADINGS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Behead a masculine nickname, and a summer necessity; the two remainders will form a vegetable. Answer, A-be; fan; bean.

1. Behead since and a number, and make disappeared.
2. Behead an accomplice and a famous garden, and make the surname of one of the Pilgrim Fathers.
3. Behead a cereal and to carol, and make showering.
4. Behead ignited and a tract of cultivated land, and make a gun or pistol.
5. Behead a metal and a native of Denmark, and leave silly.
6. Behead a number and laughable, and make to register.
7. Behead to devise and grim, and make a contrivance for giving light.
8. Behead a lyric poem and separate, and make to leave.

The initials of the newly formed words will spell the surname of a famous American who was born in November.

HAROLD L. RUGGLES.

A "HEMANS" ACROSTIC.

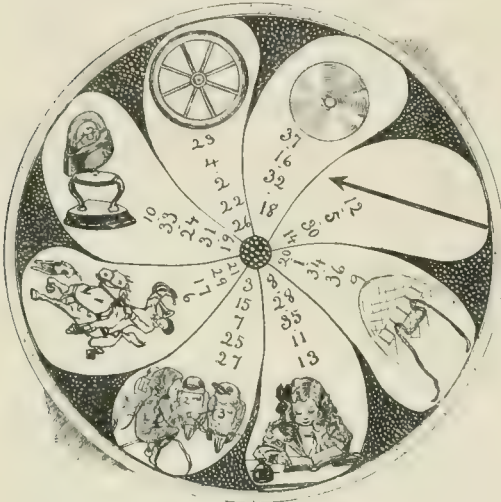
(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

THE following words may all be found in Mrs. Hemans's poem, "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of the first one to set foot on "Forefathers' Rock."

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. A musical instrument. 2. The seashore. 3. Foremost. 4. A word expressing assent. 5. To receive with gladness. 6. A common article. 7. Destitute of color. 8. A country of Europe. 9. A common liquid. 10. Forest. 11. Common trees.

ERMA BERTHA MIXSON.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



IN this numerical enigma the words are pictured instead of described. When the eight objects have been rightly guessed, and the thirty-seven letters set down in proper order, they will form a quotation from Shakespeare.

V. D.

CHARADE.

A CERTAIN young scholar, my *fourth* years of age,
Brought her reader to me, my help to engage,
About a long word at the top of the page.

"To transact or direct" (I saw she demurred),
"Or perhaps to arrange, is meant by this word,"
For it is my *total*, and she is my *third*.

"Come, sit on my *first*; don't *second* away;
Each new word you learn will help you some day,
And then you will realize study does pay."

A. W. CLARK.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. DOUBLY behead and doubly curtail begs, rearrange the remaining letters, and make to sever.

2. Doubly behead and doubly curtail accomplishes, rearrange the remaining letters, and make a bee's home.

3. Doubly behead and doubly curtail unvarying, rearrange the remaining letters, and make models of industry.

4. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to proclaim, and leave a part of speech.

5. Doubly behead and doubly curtail harshly, and leave gentle.

6. Doubly behead and doubly curtail without a signature, and leave an omen.

7. Doubly behead and doubly curtail altering, rearrange the remaining letters, and make profit.

8. Doubly behead and doubly curtail casually, rearrange the remaining letters, and make chilled with ice.

9. Doubly behead and doubly curtail cheats, rearrange the remaining letters, and make crime.

10. Doubly behead and doubly curtail any disease which spreads widely, and leave the Latin word for "the same."

11. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to comprehend, rearrange the remaining letters, and make pleasing.

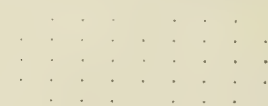
12. Doubly behead and doubly curtail cruelly, rearrange the remaining letters, and make bestowed.

The initials of the twelve new words will spell a holiday.

LAURA FLORENCE LACY (League Member).

CONNECTED OCTAGONS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



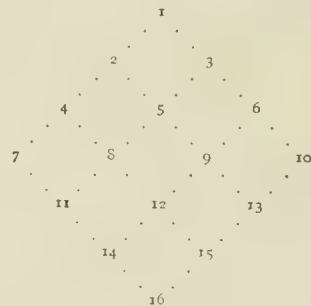
LEFT-HAND OCTAGON: 1. A domestic animal. 2. A thick fluid. 3. The nest of a bird of prey. 4. A stain. 5. Encountered.

RIGHT-HAND OCTAGON: 1. Congregated. 2. A feminine nickname. 3. Void. 4. An appellation. 5. Part of the head.

HELEN F. SEARIGHT.

HOLLOW DIAMONDS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



FROM 1 to 2, a very famous city; 1 to 3, a post-hamlet and a township in Oakland County, Michigan; 2 to 4, a river of Spain; 2 to 5, a mountain in Sicily; 3 to 5, an island near Corsica; 3 to 6, one of the Great Lakes; 4 to 7, one of the United States; 4 to 8, a feminine name; 5 to 8, a continent; 5 to 9, an arm of the Arabian Sea; 6 to 9, the most famous of all gardens; 6 to 10, a small seaport town of European Turkey; 7 to 11, a river of Germany; 8 to 11, a river of Siberia; 8 to 12, a large lake in Asiatic Russia; 9 to 12, an island in the Pacific Ocean south of the Sandwich group; 9 to 13, a river of Russia; 10 to 13, a village of North Italy, fifteen miles west of Venice; 11 to 14, to shower; 12 to 14, a manufacturing city of Massachusetts; 12 to 15, the capital of Peru; 13 to 15, the city which contains the Taj Mahal; 14 to 16, a famous river of Africa; 15 to 16, a city and seaport of Syria.

ANDRÉE MANTE.



THE LITTLE GRAY LAMB.



ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXIII.

DECEMBER, 1905.

No. 2.

THE LITTLE GRAY LAMB.

A Christmas Legend.



Out on the endless purple hills, deep in the
clasp of somber night,
The shepherds guarded their weary ones—
guarded their flocks of cloudy white,
That like a snowdrift in silence lay,
Save one little lamb with its fleece of gray.

Out on the hillside all alone, gazing afar with
sleepless eyes,
The little gray lamb prayed soft and low, its
weary face to the starry skies:
"O moon of the heavens so fair, so bright,
Give me—oh, give me—a fleece of white!"

No answer came from the dome of blue, nor
comfort lurked in the cypress-trees;
But faint came a whisper borne along on the
scented wings of the passing breeze:
"Little gray lamb that prays this night,
I cannot give thee a fleece of white."

Then the little gray lamb of the sleepless eyes
prayed to the clouds for a coat of snow,
Asked of the roses, besought the woods; but
each gave answer sad and low:
"Little gray lamb that prays this night,
We cannot give thee a fleece of white."

Like a gem unlocked from a casket dark, like
an ocean pearl from its bed of blue,
Came, softly stealing the clouds between, a
wonderful star which brighter grew
Until it flamed like the sun by day
Over the place where Jesus lay.

Ere hushed were the angels' notes of praise the
joyful shepherds had quickly sped
Past rock and shadow, adown the hill, to kneel
at the Saviour's lowly bed;
While, like the spirits of phantom night,
Followed their flocks—their flocks of white.

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And patiently, longingly, out of the night, apart
from the others,—far apart,—
Came limping and sorrowful, all alone, the little
gray lamb of the weary heart,
Murmuring, “I must bide far away:
I am not worthy—my fleece is gray.”

And the Christ Child looked upon humbled pride,
at kings bent low on the earthen floor,
But gazed beyond at the saddened heart of the
little gray lamb at the open door;
And he called it up to his manger low and laid
his hand on its wrinkled face,
While the kings drew golden robes aside to give
to the weary one a place.

And the fleece of the little gray lamb was blest:
For, lo! it was whiter than all the rest!

—
In many cathedrals grand and dim, whose win-
dows glimmer with pane and lens,
Mid the odor of incense raised in prayer, hal-
lowed about with last amens,
The infant Saviour is pictured fair, with kneeling
Magi wise and old,
But his baby-hand rests—not on the gifts, the
myrrh, the frankincense, the gold—
But on the head, with a heavenly light,
Of the little gray lamb that was changed to
white.

Archibald Beresford D. Sullivan.





A MISLAID UNCLE.

BY
E. VINTON BLAKE.

LONGFELLOW, BROWN, & CO., N. Y.



FIVE feet eleven of vigorous, well-fed, clean-shaven humanity, a little past the middle age, enveloped in a fur-lined overcoat, and carrying a handsome dress-suit case; this was John James Alston of New York, a hard-headed, hard-hearted old bachelor, with no kith or kin in the world, that he knew. There might be a few distant cousins or so, somewhere out Connecticut way; he did n't know or care. He had worked his way in the world himself, and made a moderate fortune, and knew how to take care of it. What more did a man want?

The Pullman porters had eyed him respectfully, at intervals, all the way from New York: his air and apparel indicated wealth, and his manner commanded instant obedience. Nothing in his firm-set mouth, the poise of his head, his cool dignity, betrayed the fact that the habits of a lifetime were attacked and in danger of being carried by assault. And the besieger was a mite of a four-year-old girl, all daintiness and captivating ways, whose mother occupied a near-by chair in the Pullman car. The little miss persisted in hovering about the cold, quiet gentleman and attracting his attention. John James Alston rather liked children, when they were well-behaved; and when mama said, "No, no," and drew the intruder away, the dainty red lips quivered. In dread of an outburst,— John James disliked crying children,— he suddenly emerged from his shell.

"Pray let her come, madam; I shall enjoy it," was what he said. And directly he found himself taken possession of in the most astonishing way, and made the recipient of all manner of Christmas confidences.

"You goin' home for Kis'mus?" she said,

cuddling into his lap. Finding he had no friends to visit, no little girls to play with, she said she was "drefful sorry." Then she told him about the delights of "gwanpa's" when all the uncles and aunts and cousins were assembled. When she got out at Stonington, he felt a great loss. And now, as he walked the platform at the Junction, waiting for another train, he was somehow conscious of a strange and unusual loneliness. It was two days before Christmas. All day he had seen jubilant family groups at stations welcoming their arriving relatives; all day he had heard talk of home-coming and Christmas gifts among children and grown-ups on the train. John James Alston, I am sorry to say, became decidedly cross. "I was stupid," he told himself, "to start anywhere on business at this season. I might just as well have waited till next week, and avoided all this nonsense." And he wished himself back again in his cozy bachelor apartments in New York.

His meditations had carried him thus far when somebody seized his hands. "Are n't you Uncle John from the West?" cried a girl's voice. And a boy's chimed in: "Of course it's Uncle John! How do you do, Uncle John?" Then childish accents uttered, "I know'd him by his picshur!" And hurrying across the platform, a stout, cheerful woman pushed the children aside, crying, "John Damon! And you wrote you did n't think you could come!" Then she shook him by both hands and kissed him impulsively.

John James Alston caught his breath. The woman was so wholesome and hearty, though she *did* wear a thick shawl and an unfashion-

able bonnet, that — well, he collected himself and managed to say, "Madam, there 's a mistake"; but she did n't hear or pay the slightest attention to what he said.

"Billy, bring the horse around, quick," she commanded. "It 's ten minutes before the other train comes. We 'll just have time to get away. Old Griggs 'll never get over being scared of the cars," with a smile to John James. "Dolly, don't hang on to your uncle so. Maidie, can't you get her away?"

"Want my nuncle to carry me," declared Dolly, the smallest girl, clinging to John James's immaculate glove. He looked down. The face that looked up was dimpling and sweet in its worsted hood, and golden curls peeped out all around it. He never was able to explain the impulse that moved him, and what followed was a wonderment to him all his life; but the protest died on his lips, and he picked up the smallest girl and hugged her. Then and there he shook off John James Alston as he left the dismal Junction platform, and, as "Uncle John" from the West, submitted to be led to the waiting carryall.

"Get right in on the back seat," said the cheerful woman. "Maidie, you an' Dolly can sit back there, too. I 'll drive. Or, no — Billy can drive." Sarah's grammar was not quite up to the mark but you can hear the like of it in the country any day.

They piled in jubilantly and pulled up the buffalo-robos. John James's dress-suit case was in the way, and he told Billy to put his feet right on it and never mind!

"Won't your brother Asher be glad to see you!" exclaimed the woman. "Le' 's see — it 's full ten years, if 't is a day, sence you came East. How *is* everything in Cheyenne?"

John James assured her that Cheyenne was all right.

"You must 'a' be'n lonesome sence Annie died. Pity you never had any children. Home would n't be home to me without children."

"That 's true," said John James.

"I don't s'pose you remember Maidie — she was a baby when you saw her last." John said he hardly remembered Maidie. "An' Billy — he 's ten; and Dolly, four — they 've come sence you left us. They 're both mine."

"And I 've a little brother, Aunt Sarah," put in Maidie.

"Yes, Asher an' Mary 's had both sorrow an' joy," said the cheerful woman, more soberly. "They lost a little girl, but they have a little two-year-old boy. His name 's John, after you."

"Oh, so I 've a namesake," said John James. He tried to get his bearings, and kept his ears open for names and facts. But reflection was also at work; he remembered that the day after to-morrow was Christmas, and the uncle from the West had not one Christmas gift for his namesake or the family. He realized with a sudden alarm that he had to do something, and do it quickly.

"By the way, is there a long-distance telephone round here?" he asked.

"Why, yes; down at the depot," said Billy, pulling up. "Want I should drive back?"

"No; I 'll just run over there, myself," said John James. "You keep old Griggs round the corner here. I 'll be right back."

He made haste across the wide country square. Aunt Sarah, watching him, said, "He 's spry, ain't he?" and then, "I guess he 's well off. That coat did n't cost no small sum."

John James found the telephone, and got connections with a Boston business man whom he knew well. Before he had talked three minutes, the business man's hair began to rise on his head, and he interrupted to inquire if John James was really himself or another. With great irritation, John James replied in hasty language, and bade him confine his attention to the subject in hand. He talked for fully ten minutes. At the end he was assured that his order was received and would be duly honored.

"And rush it!" was John James's parting injunction as he hung up the receiver.

The station-master eyed him queerly as he came out. "Le' 's see — you look like John Damon used to — not exactly, either — more cityfied! But you *be* him, ain't ye?"

"That 's what they call me," replied John, and submitted to be greeted as an old friend in the jolliest way possible. He also acquired some new facts.

"Your father 's feeble — very feeble," said the man. "I 'm glad you were able to come home to spend Christmas with him."



"WE LL JUST HAVE TIME TO GET AWAY"

"I find it hard to leave my affairs," soberly said John James.

"They said you wrote so. Wal, you 'll find Asher some grayer, but jolly still. He 's

John James, descending, received and returned his vigorous hand-grip; kissed Mary, his sister-in-law; was rushed at and embraced by three strange women who addressed him as



"HE TURNED BACK THE HEAVY COVERLETS AND STOOD REGARDING THE SWELLING HEIGHT BEFORE HIM."

got the mor'gidge all paid off but five hundred or so. He was talkin' of old times only t'other day, and how much you boys used to think of each other. D 'ye rember how he once took the whippin' 't was meant for you, an' never said nothin'?"

"I remember a good many things," said John James as he left him, and in a few minutes again took his place in the carryall.

He was becoming more and more interested in the family history which "Aunt Sarah" continued to give him, when, at last, the carryall turned up a farm-house lane, and they saw a woman step uncertainly to the side door.

"There 's Mary," said Aunt Sarah, and the children began to shout: "Here's Uncle John!"

Asher Damon, the first to respond to the summons, stepped out of the door, a typical New England farmer, in his shirt-sleeves and overalls.

"By Jinks, this is great!" he exclaimed.

"Cousin John." Then they all stood in a group and talked at once. "But come in!" said Asher suddenly — "come in and see father. He 'll be overjoyed. He 's insisted on Sarah goin' to the depot every day for a week, on the chance of your comin'." So John James went in to see his father.

He trembled a little under the keen and searching gaze of the old man, who got up and took him by both shoulders, turning his face to the light.

"You 're changed, boy, changed!" he said tremulously. "Seems like you 're steadier, graver. But you 've lost your wife Annie. It 's natural, after all. It 's a good deal to me to see you to-day."

And John James Alston suddenly shrank into himself and felt like the impostor he was.

"Yes, I think he 's changed — a little," said Asher's wife, surveying him closely. "But it 's

ten years; and people and things don't stand still. There's the baby, your namesake, John."

She ran into the bedroom at a child's cry and brought out a round-faced, curly-haired two-year-old, whom she deposited on Uncle John's knee. He said, "Great Scott!" and clutched the new burden awkwardly, conscious of extreme confusion of mind.

"That comes of not being used to children," cried Mrs. Sarah, merrily, catching at the child. "Here, Mary; he's not safe. John's got to have some lessons in baby-tending." And all the women laughed.

If John James Alston ever fancied a country life lacking in variety, he changed his mind from that day. They took him out to see the cattle, and Asher dwelt on their strong points. He was made to take note of the rakish, upward curve in the noses of the Berkshire hogs, and saw the prize pullets and the Toulouse geese. He heard about the rotation of crops. And though he tried his best to say the right thing at the right moment, he saw one and another look at him sometimes in a puzzled way that made his blood run cold. And this was a queer sensation for the dignified, self-possessed John J. Alston of New York.

That night he was shown to the best upstairs bedroom; there was just enough space for the mountainous bed, the bureau, washstand, and one chair. He turned back the heavy coverlets and stood regarding the swelling height before him. "Great Scott!" he murmured. "I never slept in a feather-bed in my life. Wonder how far I shall sink down."

When he was in, and the pillows heaped around him, he began to grow deliciously warm. "I don't care — I'm a rank impostor,

I know, but I'll see this thing through, now I've begun. I feel uncommonly like a boy." And he laughed outright.

The next day, to be safe, he devoted himself to the children, to the great relief of their busy mothers; and before night, Maidie, Billy, and Dolly were his devoted lovers. There were finger-marks on his shirt-front and wrinkles in his coat, due to his little namesake, who was quite ready to howl when separated from his Uncle John. Early in the day he took Asher aside and inquired about the express accommodations, intimating that he expected a Christmas shipment by express from Boston.

"Oh, all right!" said Asher. "We'll send up at five o'clock; the last express gets in then." And he felt a little curiosity, for the real John Damon was not wont to be over-generous.

More than once that day did John James wonder what had become of his other self, the city-man Alston, whom he had left on the sta-



THE CITY-MAN ALSTON, WHO HAD LEFT ON THE STATION PLATFORM.

tion platform. John James was having the time of his life. Anybody who has ever enjoyed a country Christmas in a farm-house full of peace, good-will, and happy relatives will understand all about it. At dark Asher came in. "John!" said he. "You and Billy'll jes'

have to go down to the depot — we 're hustlin' to get the chores done."

"Certainly," said John James. "Billy, don't you want to go?"

"Sure!" said Billy. "I 'll be through with these pigs in a jiffy, an' I 'll be right along. You can be harnessing."

John James went out to the barn. He had never harnessed a horse in his life. He led out old Griggs, who marched deliberately to the water-trough and plunged his nose in.

John James took down a headstall at random, and old Griggs understood in about two minutes that he had to deal with inexperience, and refusing the bit, led the city-man a dance all over the barn floor. Then Billy came in.

"Here — hello!" said he. "What you doing with that work-harness, Uncle John? Here 's the right one. An' the collar goes on first, anyway. Why, you 've forgotten how to harness! Hi, you old rascal, stand still!"

John James had the mortification of beholding the ten-year-old corner old Griggs and equip him with the necessary rigging in no time at all.

"I thought you had a good many horses in your business, uncle," said Billy, fastening one of the traces, while his "uncle" tried the other.

"The men do a good deal of the harnessing," desperately said John James at a venture.

The box was at the station. It was decidedly a big box. It took John James and the depot-man to get it into the wagon. When the wagon, much heavier now, slid upon the horse's hocks, going down a steep incline on the return trip, there were prancings, suddenly up-lifted iron heels, then a furious run.

Billy held on valiantly, and rebuked old Griggs in vociferous accents; while John James, acknowledging the master-hand, sat still and looked for a soft place to fall in. Having at last pulled up, Billy got out to investigate.

"Well, I vow, Uncle John, if you did n't forget to buckle the britchen-strap on your side!" he exclaimed.

And John James, with a dreadful sense of mortification, blushed scarlet under cover of the dark.

By the time they got home the snow was falling quietly and steadily, and it increased as the night wore on.

Late at night, after the household were abed, John James and Asher opened the box. It was a surprise indeed — that box! The Boston man had fulfilled his commission admirably, and John James chuckled as he pulled out one article after another.

"We gener'ly have our presents on our plates or chairs at breakfast," observed Asher. "The women-folks put 'em there, as you see," indicating the table in the living-room with its modest gifts. "The children hang their stockings by the fireplace; they like the fun of pullin' things out."

"Well, here 's something for little John," said John James, unwrapping a gorgeous drum and a stunning horse with "truly" hair all over him. "And here, just undo that long box, Asher. Here are some good books for the children."

Asher opened the long pasteboard box. "Land o' Goshen!" said he, "I never see sech a doll. Looks like an angel gone to sleep."

"That 's for Dolly; won't she squeal!" said John James. "Billy skates, does n't he? These will fit him, I hope — and here 's a pair for Maidie. This — what 's this? It 's labeled 'for the girl.'" He tore a hole in the paper. "Oh, a dress. That 's for Maidie, too."

"Here 's a white knitted shawl for — whom? You know best about the women-folks. I had to just guess at it. Here 's some fancy embroidered collars, and stuff of that sort."

"Mary would like the shawl, and Sarah the collars," said Asher, slowly.

"All right, put 'em there. Ah ha, now, this is the thing! Try on these rubber boots, Asher!"

"Hold on, John," said Asher, resolutely; "you jest go slow! Be you made of gold, or what? These things must 'a' cost a mint o' money!"

John James sat back on his heels and thought a moment. "I can afford it easily; I have been greatly prospered," said he.

"Wal, you 're lucky — and this is a reg'lar windfall," said Asher, getting into the boots. John James laughed, slapping him on the back.

"Perfect fit. They 're yours, Asher. Now lend a hand. A man's long dressing-gown — that 's for father!"

"He won't know how to act," said Asher.

"Half a dozen boxes of candy — hope no-

body will get ill from them," went on John James, still investigating. "Here's—oh, undo this carefully—a fur tippet for Mary!"

"Great snakes!" said Asher, handling it with reverence. "I never see no sech fur as this."

"Yes, it's a warm one I hope," said John, from the depths of the box.

He brought out mittens for the children, a stunning suit for little John, dresses for Sarah,

these wrappings. Hold on!—here's something we overlooked." He picked up a small box containing four tiny boxes.

"Rings for the children, by jiminy!" said Asher, looking over his shoulder. "Lucky we did n't cram it into the kindlin's."

It was one o'clock before they got to bed; and it seemed as if they were only just asleep before the seven-o'clock alarm went off, and waked them up to a world of snow.

They slept later than usual, but there was a tremendous hustling in that house, once they were fairly awake. When all were dressed and had come down, the shrieks of the children and their own curiosity made it nearly impos-



THE KITCHEN. (SEE PAGE 104.)

Mary, and the cousins, more books, mechanical toys that set Asher laughing as if he never would stop.

Asher gazed around the kitchen, which looked like a museum.

"I never see sech a sight," said he; "I'm sort o' bewildered. Is this you an' me, or some other fellows?"

"You'll find out if you don't wake up and put all these things on the plates and chairs where they belong. Asher, we must clear up

sible for the women to get breakfast. It was one of their Christmas rules that no gift on the table should be taken up till all were at the board. But Dolly, with low "oh's" and "ah's" of delight, touched softly the pink toes and hands of the big "sleeping beauty" in her chair; for the box was too big to go on the table. All their chairs were full, and the steaming breakfast cooled before the jubilant household were ready to eat.

Asher opened his fine new pocket-book, and

seeing a piece of paper in it, took it out, stared, put it back, looked at it again with a dazed expression, and got up, overturning his chair. His old father looked up from the warm dressing-gown they had put on him, and which he was smoothing like a pleased child.

"What ails ye, Asher?" asked the old man.



"THE FOX WAS TOO BIG TO GO ON THE TABLE."

"Sit down, man, sit down!" said John James in an undertone, picking up the chair.

"Lawsee, but I can't! John, this is too much! Why, John, I never heard—"

"Oh, keep quiet, Asher! Sit down, I tell you!"

"Father, this is a cashier's draft on a Boston bank for five hundred an' fifty dollars. It pays

the last o' the mor'gidge an' interest, father! John, I can't take it—after all this!" said Asher, waving his hands wildly abroad at the gifts around him.

"Nonsense, Asher!—yes, you will, too. Man, I never had such fun in my life before! Pour him some coffee, somebody, please?"

"John!" said Asher, gripping his hand hard and choking.

"You see, Asher, I thought 't was high time you got paid off for that whipping you took for me long ago, when I deserved it."

"Oh, thunder!" said Asher, unable to speak another word.

They passed the day quietly together, and it seemed to John James that he never ate so tender a turkey, such exquisitely seasoned vegetables. The plum-pudding with its burning sauce capped the whole, and left them with serene souls.

When dark settled down, and the farm "chores" were done, candles and lamps lit the low-ceiled, comfortable old rooms, and with mirth and jollity they played Christmas games. John James had forgotten all about his other self—the city-man left on the depot platform. His oldest acquaintance would n't have known him as he "marched to Jerusalem," with his thick, grayish hair rumpled all over his head, or spun the tin pie-plate on the kitchen floor.

But suddenly there came a sound of bells, the tramp of a horse on the cleared path at the side door.

"Somebody 's come in this snow," said Asher, going to the door. They all pressed forward to see.

"Well, I declare! Hello! Here ye all are!" cried a voice. "Ye did n't expect me, I 'll be bound. I concluded to come, after all. I was snowed in last night, or I should 'a' got here this mornin'. Merry Christmas to all of ye!"

It was the *real* John Damon, covered with snow, hungry but jolly. Behind him the driver tugged his bag. John James Alston's heart gave a great bound, then sunk to the depths of his boots. Amid the amazed silence of the whole family, the real and the false John Damon confronted each other.

"What—what—who 's this?" stammered the newcomer, recognizing the resemblance in

a moment, yet unable at once to grasp the astounding audacity of this stranger's performance. As for the family, they needed but to see the two men together in order to know them apart. In the agitation of the moment, I am afraid the welcome they gave brother John from the West lacked the proper warmth.

John James Alston understood that it was "up to him" to explain. And it was the cool and resourceful city-man, his dignity still touched with the heart-warm jollity of the country John James, who rose to the occasion, and somehow won all hearts to him anew in the utterance of his first few sentences.

"Mr. Damon," he said, "Asher, my brother,"—he put his hand on Asher's shoulder and kept it there,—“and all you, my dear, new-found friends, I have to ask your pardon for usurping a position that does not belong to me. I am John J. Alston of New York. I have always been a lonely man. I never married, and have no family ties. I think I never realized how lonely I was until, coming up into this section on business, I heard on every side talk of Christmas, and saw at every station Christmas meetings and greetings, and people going home. Five apartment rooms make my home,” he added with a smile. “While I waited for my train at

the Junction, these children claimed me as their uncle, and Sarah here saluted me as her brother.” Sarah looked uncomfortable. “It was



THE NEW YORKER'S VISIT TO THE WESTERN CITY.

very pleasant, and in an unguarded moment I yielded to temptation and came home with them. I did n't know there were such kind-

hearted people alive. I never have had such a good time in my life. May I hope you 'll all pardon me, and let me be a second Uncle John to the end of the chapter?"

Half-way through his little oration he felt Maidie's hand slip shyly into his. Billy stood close behind him; little John, who had resented being put down, tried to climb up his leg; and Dolly, with her curly-haired beauty in one arm, hung to him wherever she could get a hold. Plainly John James "filled the bill" with them.

"Huh! well! see that now! *My* nose 's out of joint," said the Western Uncle John, with a laugh, indicating the children. "I never heard of a thing like this — never. It 's a most astonishing thing — really, now. But I can't blame you." He offered his hand to John James. "I don't see but we 'll have to get acquainted. It 's a great comfort, too, to know that I resemble such a good-looking man!" He scrutinized John James closely. "It almost reconciles me to the loss of my turkey dinner."

"But you sha'n't lose it!" protested Aunt Sarah, amid the babel of tongues wherewith they welcomed the Western uncle afresh, and sought to assure John James of their entire forgiveness and acceptance of him as one of the family. And straightway one of the cousins dragged Uncle John away to the table, with intent to satisfy his hunger, and incidentally to lay before him a history of the whole affair.

Later on, the business of Christmas enjoyment was resumed with — if possible — greater zest than ever; and when, at a shockingly late hour, John James repaired to the mountainous bed in the little room, he knew that peace and good-will were more than mere names, and that he never should repent of the audacious performance which had won him a whole family of country relatives. And while just dropping off to sleep, it came to him that it would be well to look up those Connecticut cousins before next Christmas, and find out what they were like.

LEARNING.

BY E. S. MARTIN.

Ply away, dearie, ply away :
 The little black notes, some day,
 Will answer what you please
 To your fingers on the keys,
 When you ask them what they've got to say.

Dear little clumsy fingers now ;
 Dear puzzled eyes, so slow !
 But fingers learn to race,
 Never missing one its place,
 And eyes to eat up notes by the row.

Ply away, dearie, ply away,
 A little bit better each day.
 That 's how people train
 Fingers, eyes, and brain
 A trained will's nod to obey.



"LEARNING."

Drawn by Jessie Wilcox Smith.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

From a Photograph taken at the

WHITE HOUSE

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THE PRESIDENT AND THE BOYS.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is deeply interested in the girls and boys of this country; he likes to meet them; he likes to hear about their progress; he is interested in their home life, and especially in their sports and the books they read. On all public occasions, when there is a group of young folk come to greet him, he is sure to show his pleasure; and he is the only orator who is not disconcerted by the cry of the very small child that the mother in the country district must bring with her to the meeting, or miss the sight of the President. The fact that the President has children of his own, to whom he is an elder brother,—and a most sympathetic elder brother,—has much to do with his attitude toward the young folk. Miss Roosevelt, though “the day after she is a young lady” has come at last, is still very much in the circle of interests of her younger relatives; and, though a very grand person in society, she is as unspoiled and as simple and as kindly as any joyous and cheerful American girl can be. It is not every young lady, attired in early splendor, who will leave her place, regardless of strict rule, to shake hands with elderly, white-haired gentlemen who happen to be her father’s friends, or to look up partners for shy girls who are not dancing.

If anybody believes the stories sent out through the press that the younger Roosevelt children—Theodore, Kermit, Ethel, Archie, and Quentin—are brought up differently from the children in other well-regulated families, he ought to revise his opinions. There is a tennis-court behind the White House, but it is not an extraordinary tennis-court. The amusements of the children are the kind of amusements that all healthy young persons like; the rag-doll has never been banished from the White House, and one of the little boys has been seen to try to put a very damp, home-whittled toy boat between his father’s collar and neck, when that august person suddenly lifted him in his arms. Dogs and cats—not always of the kind that

take prizes at shows—are much beloved and petted. They have been at times named for particular and dignified friends of the family, and the esteem in which the animals are held regulates this affectionate practice rather than the beautiful looks of the beasts.

Persons who lunch with the President may catch a glimpse of blue overalls on the veranda at the back of the house, if they happen to look out the windows; the little boy in blue is probably Quentin, very busy about his own affairs. He does not wear a “real lace” collar or a velvet doublet; he has on just the kind of “jumpers” that thousands of little American boys wear when they make their daily mud-pies or play tag or ride their bicycles. ¹

If you think that because the President must concern himself with affairs of tremendous moment for the country and the world, he cannot romp with his little folk as other fathers do, you are much mistaken. And if you think that Mrs. Roosevelt has no time to see that the children learn their lessons, or to tuck them comfortably in bed, even on the nights of great receptions or state dinners, you are likewise mistaken. Or if you think that the young persons at the White House are excused from any educational tasks, or have any special privileges as to lessons or school-work, and envy them on that account, get rid of the impression at once. Pocket-money for ice-cream soda and chocolates is not unknown, but there is no unlimited indulgence in them. The President likes all wholesome things, and he is not above the fairy-tales that all children love. The Netherlands minister was astonished and pleased to find that Mr. Roosevelt knew the Dutch “kinder” tales as well as he himself did; and the Italian ambassador was delighted on New Year’s day when the President alluded to a famous hero of his youth, a kind of Guy of Warwick, whom even he had almost forgotten.

The President is more or less intimately acquainted with the faeries of all known nations.

Of course, as he knows Shakspeare well, he could stand an examination on the habits of Puck and Ariel and Peas-blossom; but when his youngsters talked of the Irish fairies, the leprechaun and the rest, he felt rather "out of it." He soon became acquainted with the Celtic little people, however, and is no longer daunted by the superior learning of the younger folk of his family circle. Does he find time to read stories about children? Certainly, because he loves children. "The Madigans" amused him mightily; and those boys who like the sea will be glad to know that he is one of the best

manly boys. Possibly he thinks that boys have a harder time than girls. Girls, after all, do not seem to need so much encouragement to do the right thing as boys. One boy — one of many — who had the honor of meeting the President, now acts as if Mr. Roosevelt's eyes were constantly on him. This lad was not a small boy when he was presented; he was big enough to play base-ball with skill and energy, and on ordinary occasions he was a haughty sophomore. This boy wanted to see the President, but his outward calmness was disturbed by the intimation from his sisters that



Theodore, Jr. Archie The President. Quentin. Kermit.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS FOUR SONS.

From a copyrighted photograph by Arthur Hewitt

judges of a sea tale possible, and that he has a special liking for Mr. James Connolly's sea stories. It is safe to say that the President finds time to read any story in *ST. NICHOLAS* that his children like. And what reader of the magazine will ever forget that inspiring article "What we may expect of the American Boy" which Theodore Roosevelt wrote especially for *ST. NICHOLAS* while he was Governor of the State of New York?

Mr. Roosevelt is very good to all sincere and

he would have to make three bows as he approached the President and say, "Your Excellency." The courage that had stood six hours' exposure in a heavy sea on the keel of an upturned boat weakened before this prospect. A benevolent friend corrected the alarming suggestions of the sisters by telling him that he would simply be expected to say, "Mr. President," to stand until everybody was seated, and to go when the President should rise. This seemed easy; still, it was evident that the fearless ath-

lete was reverently practising "Mr. President" with his lips as he approached the White House. All uneasiness disappeared, however, when the President, catching sight of the boy, stepped forward and called him by his surname. "Sit down!" he said; and then he began to talk about a subject dear to the lad's heart—the recent races at Poughkeepsie. Etiquette was forgotten; the boy held fast to "Mr. President," when he thought of it, in the delight of talking with somebody who "really knew" all about the ins and outs of inter-collegiate races, but sometimes he forgot and merely said "you."

The boy was pained for a moment to discover that the President could not play base-ball. To a near-sighted man who must wear glasses a base-ball flying at large is much worse than a bullet. The lad admitted this, and said afterward that "if Thackeray were alive and played base-ball instead of cricket, he would have had the same difficulty." The President showed him a very scientific jiu-jitsu grip. And this was followed by an interchange of lore on this interesting Japanese science of physical culture, with illustrations, in which the boy entirely forgot his fear of the "court presentation," and talked

came up, and the President spoke as an expert, and the boy listened and talked as one who understood but felt his limitations. Young Theodore, who has this year entered Harvard, was then at school; but every now and then his father culled a bit from his son's experience in out-of-door sport. It was plain that, through



THE PRESIDENT AND HIS YOUNG VISITOR.

and acted with entire respect, but entire freedom. The boy seemed to think that American muscle was a match for Oriental skill. but he was plainly convinced that the President had both. Questions of boxing and riding

sympathy, in these matters he had the same point of view as his sons. During all this interview the President was as enthusiastic on the various subjects discussed as the boy, and he seemed to enjoy it as much as his boy visitor did.

The talk drew out of the President his knowledge of the games that boys love.

"When it comes to boxing or riding," he said, with conviction, "I think that my boys and I can hold our own." And several times the "we" was repeated in a way which showed that Mr. Roosevelt and his sons were to be considered a happy family of boys thoroughly in accord. It is not convenient to take his large "boy family" on his Western and Southern bear-hunts, but the President does the next best thing. Every summer he goes "into camp" with his boys a few miles from his summer home at Oyster Bay.

It was plain from the conversation that the President is a constant tennis-player, and that

he must have a fixed time every day for physical exercise. This gives the clue to the secret of his constant energy: he knows how to hold the balance in life; and he knows, as every healthy boy knows, that hard mental work should be accompanied by hard physical work.

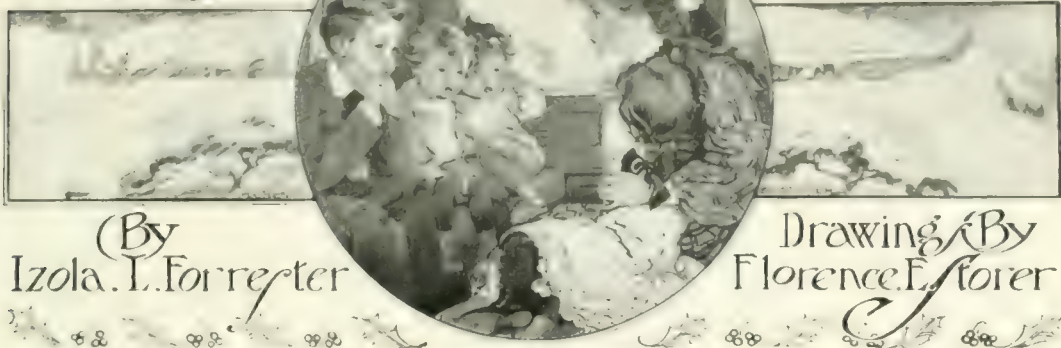
When the lad returned home his sisters asked whether the President ever danced. The boy treated the question with scorn; but a visitor announced that a lady had sent him a novel, with the inscription on the fly-leaf, "From one on whose toes Mr. Roosevelt in the past often stepped at dancing-school!" This may be a calumny, but there are doubtless boy readers of ST. NICHOLAS to whom it will be a consolation!



"GRACIOUS! BUT I CERTAINLY DO REMIND MYSELF OF MA!"

A Snow Bound

Santa Claus



(By
Izola L. Forrester

Drawing By
Florence Forrester

THE Pacific Overland Express, from Omaha to the coast, stopped short with a slow, reluctant jerk. For over ten miles, since noon, it had tried to make its way through the snowbergs that lay in huge drifts on the track, and now it gave up the fight, and rested at the eastern base of Great Bear Pass.

Nell blew on the frosted window-pane until she had melted a peep-hole to look through.

"Just mountains and mountains everywhere," she announced dolefully, and four other young Harrisons listened in doleful sympathy. Christmas in a snowed-up car would be something dreadful.

"It's five o'clock now," said Max, "and the conductor says we won't be out before to-morrow, maybe, because they've got to telegraph for a snow-plow to help us out."

Curled together in a disconsolate heap on one seat, Benjy hugged Tomikins up close, and they sobbed in united woe.

"No candy, or turkeys, or ballses, or dollies, or anysing," cried Tomikins.

"And no Santa Clauses too," added Benjy, with a fresh howl.

Even Jeanette, as big sister, felt the tears gather slowly in her eyes, in spite of her fifteen years, as she thought of the thirty-six miles that lay between them and Silver City.

"Will Santa Claus find us 'way out here?" asked Nell.

"Sure he'll find us," promised Max, val-

iantly. "He'll make a bee-line right over the mountains with those ponies of his —"

"Reindeerses," prompted Benjy, sitting up, and taking an interest in life once more.

"Don't you suppose that papa's beginning to worry about us, Jeanie?" asked Max.

Jeanette nodded her head. She knew if she tried to talk she would curl up in a heap, like the twins, and have a good, hard cry.

At the end of the train, in the private car *Pocahontas*, sat Mr. John P. Ridley. It did not please Mr. Ridley that the Pacific Overland Express should be held up by a snow-storm. He believed that a properly conducted railroad should be equal to any snow-storm.

He kept his private porter busy running back and forth through the train, finding out what chances there were of getting through Great Bear Pass that night. It appeared that Mr. Ridley was especially anxious to get through that night for two reasons. The boxes and numerous small pieces of baggage that were stacked in one end of the car explained one of these reasons. The explanation of the other Mr. Ridley reserved to himself, to the telegraph operator back at Barker Junction, and to Warren, general manager of the Lakota mines in Silver City.

He was sorry for Harrison. He was a hard worker and thoroughly competent, but they needed a younger, quicker man as assayer at the Lakota mines. Harrison was, if anything, too painstaking. He experimented. Also, he

was strictly conscientious. If it had not been for the coming deal in the Sunset mine, he might have kept him; but a thing like that needed a different sort of man. Not that it was n't a "square deal." He believed himself that the Sunset was a good thing, and only half developed, but so far the output had not justified the price he had put on it. In case of questions asked by the buyers, he did not want exactly a false report made by the assayer, but he did want a man who could see beyond the specimens in his hands, and who would look after the interests of his employer enough to prophesy favorably on the future of the Sunset. Harrison was not good at prophesying.

Therefore a telegram had gone forward from Barker Junction which rendered the position of assayer vacant, and Mr. Ridley was very anxious to arrive in Silver City in time to meet the new assayer from Butte and instruct him on a few minor points of prophesying, before the buyers for the Sunset should interview him.

When six o'clock came, he had his private dinner prepared in his private kitchen by his private chef, and he enjoyed it as well as his dyspepsia would permit him to enjoy anything, while in the cars ahead the general public rummaged in lunch-boxes and -baskets, and shared with one another remains of cold chicken and ham sandwiches in philosophical merriment over the situation.

At half-past eight Mr. Ridley found his privacy growing monotonous. On Christmas eve, in a snow-bound train stranded in the heart of the Rockies, privacy is a bore, and so Mr. Ridley took a stroll through the train.

He found relief for a while in the smoking-compartment of the first sleeper. There were several persons aboard the train who recognized the value of Mr. Ridley as a fellow-passenger, and were glad to make him welcome.

He had noticed, in passing through the sleepers, a rather noisy crowd of youngsters who were singing, playing games, and otherwise having a very jolly time.

It was after eleven when he left the smoking-compartment. On his way back through the cars, the conductor met him, and explained apologetically that the wires were down for several miles ahead in the pass, and it had been

necessary to send back to Barker Junction in order to telegraph ahead for a snow-plow. It might be several hours before they could go on—possibly not before the next morning.

Mr. Ridley was annoyed. As he went on through the narrow, curtained aisles of the sleepers, he felt vaguely resentful toward the wholesystem—railroad, snow-storm, passengers, and all—as a combined force of circumstances that could detain a man like John P. Ridley against his will. Suddenly he stopped short before Section 4 in the third sleeper. The two berths were made up, and they were close quarters, too. In the upper one slept Max and the twins, Benjy cuddled up crosswise at the foot, and in the lower berth were Nell and Jeanette.

But all that Mr. Ridley saw was a row of stockings pinned up on the long curtains, like misplaced tails on a donkey-sheet. He stared at them through his eyeglasses thoughtfully. Two small ones just alike, well darned around the toes and heels, one long, double-kneed one for a boy who might possibly play marbles, and two fine-ribbed ones with small feet.

After a minute's inspection, Mr. Ridley walked back to the end of the car and had a talk with the porter. When he had finished he knew the personality of each stocking, and the requirements of its owner. And then a very curious thing happened on the Pacific Overland Express. Back and forth between the third sleeper and the private car Mr. Ridley's private porter marched, his arms full of boxes and parcels; and when it came to opening them before Section 4, Mr. Ridley himself took a hand.

When the five stockings were full, and bulged out at the tops, there were other parcels placed cautiously in the little hammocks that hung at the head and foot of the lower berth, and Mr. Ridley caught a glimpse of Nell's brown pig-tails and Jeanette's yellow curls lying side by side on the pillow. When he returned to the private car after all was done, he was smiling comfortably to himself, and had forgotten all about the wretched facilities of railroads for dealing with snow-storms. At home there were two heads, very similar to those in Section 4, waiting for papa to come. That was the first reason why Mr. Ridley wanted to get over Great Bear Pass that night.

But just as the private porter gathered up the last pieces of string and paper from the aisle and started away after Mr. Ridley, Max's head appeared at the curtain opening of the upper

and never stopped until the vestibule door of the *Pocahontas* shut out the world from its privacy.

At half-past seven on Christmas morning, the snow-plow came through Great Bear Pass. The

blizzard had stopped, and it was clear and cold. A committee of five waited for admittance in the vestibule of the *Pocahontas* while Mr. Ridley bathed, shaved, and dressed. It was a joyous, excited committee. Max led as guide, with Nell hugging his shoulder, and Jeanette tried to hold the twins in check, until finally the private porter ushered them in past the tiny kitchen and pantry, all shining brass and tiles, past the little compartment dining-room, into the parlor section, with its dark-green hangings and deep, low willow chairs, its bookcases, and piano, and broad windows.

Mr. Ridley rose from his desk to greet them. It was an awkward moment. Max and the girls waited doubtfully for each other to speak, until Tomikins broke the ice.

"Merry Cwismus!" he said.

"The same to you, sir," responded Mr.

Ridley, a twinkle gleaming in his eyes. "Merry Christmas to all!"

Then Jeanette began: "We came because we wanted to thank you—"

"For being Santa Claus—" added Nell, eagerly.

"I saw you," exclaimed Max, forestalling



CHRISTMAS MORNING ON THE SLEET.

berth. His hair was standing on end as only the hair of a pillow-tousled boy can act, and his eyes were round with sleepy, surprised amazement when he saw the bulging stockings.

In half a minute he had dropped from the berth, and a small white ghost in baggy night-clothes stole through the cars after Mr. Ridley,

any possible disclaimer. "I looked over the top of the curtains. My! but you just ought to have seen the kiddies when they found those music-boxes!"

Christmas breakfast is a lonesome affair all by one's self. There were five guests in Mr. Ridley's dining-room, and it was such a merry, delightful breakfast that no one noticed the time until the train began to move slowly forward.

"We 're going!" shouted Max, joyously. "'Rah! I really believe that papa stayed in the depot all night."

"Are you going to Silver City?" asked Mr. Ridley.

Of course they were. Why, did n't he know that before? Individually, and in chorus, they all told him how it had happened. 'Way back when the twins were only a year old, the dearest little mother in the world was called to rest, and since then they had lived in Chicago with grandmother Wilcox until papa could take them all. It had been a long time to wait,— almost three years,— and they had been rather poor too.

"Not raggedly poor," protested Nell. "Just shiny."

But now everything was changed. Max's brown eyes sparkled with sturdy pride as he told how his father was assayer at the Lakota silver-mines, and how they were the finest mines in Colorado. Perhaps Mr. Ridley had heard of them. It appeared that Mr. Ridley had —

slightly. It was a fine position, Max assured him, and steady, too. That was why papa had sent for them all to come to him, because he was sure it would last. And it would n't be hard at all, because Jeanie was going to be housekeeper, and they would all help her; and last of all, they just wanted to tell Mr. Ridley one thing — there was n't a single father in the whole world quite as splendid as the one who was waiting for them in the depot at Silver City.

Mr. Ridley listened, a twin on each knee, and smiled. When breakfast was over, Jeanette said they must go back, because the kiddies were clamoring for the music-boxes. So they waved their hands to him from the vestibule, and called, "Merry Christmas!" And after they had gone, Mr. Ridley went and stood before one of the car windows, looking out at the flying stretches of pine-dotted mountain side.

Finally he turned to his desk. A pad of telegraph-blanks lay on it, and he wrote a message and called the private porter.

"Send that as soon as we reach Crescent," he said.

It was the last gift from Santa Claus; and Warren, general manager of the Lakota mines smiled when he received it. It read:

Retain Harrison.

J. P. RIDLEY.



THE GROUND CIRCUIT.

By FRANK LITTLE POLLOCK.

THE dynamo of the Belmont Electric Light and Power Company had gone wrong again, or else the circuit had. The very voice of the machine told the trouble, for it emitted a heavy and irregular jarring sound, with violent sparking, instead of the usual deep-toned hum; and testing presently revealed the fact that there was a heavy grounding of current somewhere between Belmont and Wight.

Belmont is in northern Ontario, between Lake Simcoe and the Georgian Bay, and its "plant" furnished light for Wight as well as for itself, since copper wire was cheaper than dynamos and another plant. Wight is seven miles distant by road, but only four miles as the bee flies, and as the line was strung. This short-cut saved not only three miles of wire, but also many poles; for in the hemlock swamp which it crossed some trees at intervals were stripped of their limbs and made to do duty as wire-bearers.

Arthur Marcelle and his brother Lewis, who constituted the Belmont Electric Light and Power Company, viewed the result of the test with extreme disgust. The line of Wight was always getting out of order, and there was a penalty of fifty dollars for every night the lights failed to burn. They could not afford penalties, for they had taken the contract for lighting the two towns with very insufficient capital and very rickety machinery, and the monthly bills for coal and supplies were alarming enough already.

It was then late in the afternoon, with a depressing drizzle falling. It had rained nearly all day. There was no time to lose, and Lewis proposed to go over the line and repair the fault, which might, after all, be a trifle of defective insulation.

He buckled on his lineman's belt, stuck full of pliers and nippers, hooked the climbing-irons into it, and put on a waterproof. In his pockets he had some small coils of wire and insulating-tape, and a pair of rubber gloves.

He left the town and struck out across rocky

pasture-fields, following the line of poles. Nothing seemed wrong with the connections; and,



"ALL THIS FLY HE SKAMLED LIKE A MONKEY."

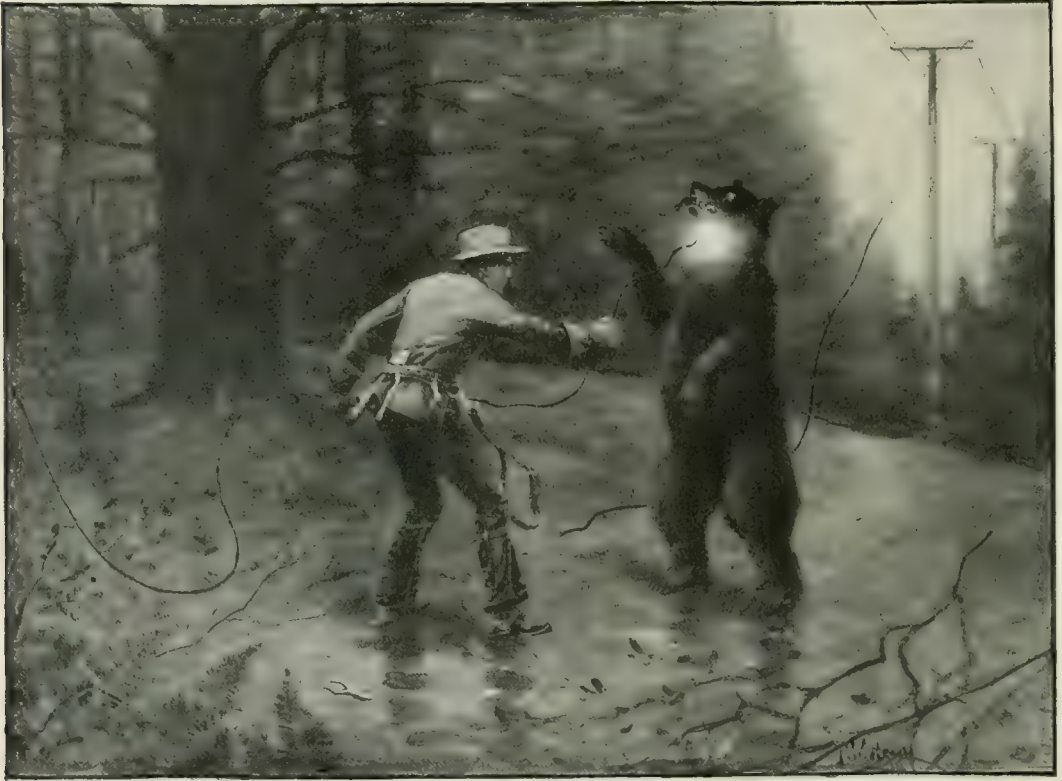
in fact, he did not expect to find much of anything amiss till he entered the swamp.

The swamp looked very wet as he approached it, and he found that it was as wet as it looked. The ground was firm enough under foot, at least along the narrow pathway that had been cleared to follow the wire; but everything was dripping, oozing, and spongy with the long rain.

Lewis put on his climbers and ascended two or three poles where he thought he detected something wrong, but these all proved false

where close ahead. He looked about; he could see nothing unusual. He took another step, when the sound was repeated, and a great black, furry body developed itself from behind a small clump of cedars at the very edge of the path and a few yards in advance.

Lewis had almost walked over the animal without observing it. He stood very still again and looked at the bear, which returned the gaze



"LEWIS THRUST THE STIFF WIRE SQUARELY INTO ITS FACE."

scents. On either hand the undergrowth looked almost as solid as a wall, and beyond it was a well-nigh impenetrable chaos of spruce, hemlock, and cedar, standing and fallen, and inter-twisted with every sort of shrub. The ground was sloppy, and he splashed through pools and stumbled over roots as he followed the line, never removing his gaze from the black double thread of wire above him.

He was hurrying along in this manner, with his eyes in the air, when he was brought up short, with a jump, by a smash of brushwood and a sudden loud "Whoosh! whoosh!" some-

with little, unwinking eyes. Its nose was horridly smeared with red, and Lewis observed that it had its fore paws planted upon the fresh carcass of a sheep.

After the first startled moment, Lewis was not much frightened. He was acquainted with the timid and inoffensive nature of the northern black bear, and he expected to see it bolt at every moment. He continued to stare fixedly at it, standing quite still. The bear made no aggressive demonstration, but seemed unwilling to abandon its meal. It looked nervous, frightened, but at the same time obstinate.

Lewis wanted to get past. He had no desire to disturb the animal, but he was in a hurry to continue his examination of the wire. He disliked to make a detour through the wet, tangled swamp, and, besides, this would have caused him to lose sight of the line. So after a few minutes' staring, he whooped at the top of his voice, in the hope of frightening the stubborn beast.

The only effect of this demonstration was to cause the bear's black lips to draw slightly away from the white ivory below, and suddenly, with a deep-toned growl, it jumped up with the agility of a scared cat and bounded straight at the rash electrician.

Fortunately for Lewis a pole was within a few feet of where he was standing. Up this he scrambled like a monkey, with the aid of his climbing-irons.

The bear reared up and clawed after him, but he was just out of reach, and to his intense relief the animal made no attempt to ascend. It walked round the pole for a minute or two, looking up sullenly and with an air of extreme bitterness, and at last went back to the carcass.

The lineman was intensely disgusted with himself, with the bear, and with the general situation. Quite likely he would be held a prisoner for hours, and his time was just then worth about fifty dollars an hour. As he clung uncomfortably to the pole, the bear was concealed by a bushy spruce, but he could see more clearly down the line than when he was on the ground. And as he gazed along the already darkening path, something caught his eye—a drooping of the wire. He had found the fault in the circuit.

Nearly fifty yards ahead, a large branch had fallen across the wires, scraping off the insulation and dragged one of them down, tearing it loose from the pole, so that it sagged close to the ground. It was still entangled with the branch, that dragged in the mud as it swayed to and fro. It was no wonder that the dynamo had “bucked.”

For a moment Lewis almost forgot the bear, but that animal was still unmistakably a factor in the game. The lineman might, perhaps, slide down from the pole; he might possibly creep away undetected: but he felt certain that the

aroused and irritated animal would never endure to see him splicing wires in full view and within reach. Yet it occurred to him that if he could reach those wires he might find a means of disposing of his enemy.

Whatever he would do must be done quickly. He slid down a couple of feet, listened, and let himself gently to the ground. He was still out of sight behind the spruces, and he stepped immediately back into the deeper thickets. The bear did not seem to have observed anything, and he proceeded to make a semicircle that would bring him out near the fault in the wire.

It was slippery, delicate, and dirty work. But the drizzle had made twigs and leaves so soft that they did not snap, and he moved as silently as a still hunter.

After about ten minutes of this sort of progress it seemed to him that he had gone far enough. He approached the trail again, redoubling his precautions, and peeped from behind a stump. He had, in fact, gone a little too far and had passed the sagging wire; and a further glance showed him that the bear's attention had been caught by some of his movements. It was sitting up and looking toward him, but it did not seem to see him, and the wind was in the wrong direction to betray his position.

It seemed a risky thing to do, but he put on his rubber gloves, took a pair of insulated pliers from his belt, and made a dash from his ambush. As he reappeared, the bear likewise sprang up, undoubtedly taking this for some new attack, and rushed toward him up the trail. But as it had the greater distance to traverse, Lewis reached the wire first, and flung off the entangling branch. The wire had been worn bare of its insulation by the rubbing, and he nipped it in two with the pliers, leaving one end to trail in the mud.

As the bear charged up, with open jaws and a horribly wrinkled countenance, Lewis thrust the stiff wire squarely into its face. There was a fizzle, a flash, an odor of singed hair, and the unfortunate animal fell over backward without even a kick. The full current had “grounded” through its body.

Lewis poked the wet fur experimentally.

He had never seen such sudden death. He would have liked to skin the game, but there was no time, and he let it lie, intending to return the next morning with help.

It did not take many minutes to repair the insulation of the loose wire and to fasten it roughly to the poles again. It would answer for one night thus, for it was too heavy for him to restore it single-handed to the tops of the poles. He went on to Wight when he had finished, where, to his great relief, he found the lights already burning brightly. The company would have to pay no penalties that night.

It was too dark and wet to cross the swamp again, and he returned to Belmont by the road and reported his adventure. Next morning he visited the spot with his brother. There were the rough repairs in the wire; there were the clawed tracks: but the body of the bear, to Lewis's intense chagrin, was there no longer. A somewhat tremulous-looking track led away from the spot where he had fallen; and Lewis remembered from accidents that had happened in his experience that the paralyzing effect of an electric shock is sometimes only temporary, and that a bear is not so easily killed as a man.



A TALE OF JOHN HENRY PAUL BROWN

by
INA WRIGHT HANSON

JOHN HENRY PAUL BROWN was an excellent boy,
His mother's chief treasure, his father's great joy;
He rose promptly at six, washed his face,
Combed his hair,
Dressed himself with despatch, and his bed
put to air.
He brought up the coal, and he carried in
wood —
Oh, never was boy so re-mark-a-bly good
As Master John Henry Paul Brown.

When the clock struck eight-thirty he started
for school;
He never was punished, he ne'er broke a
rule;

He respected his teacher, he loved each dear
mate,
He never was absent, he never was late;
He doted on grammar; to spell was his
joy —
Oh, there never was such a mag-nif-i-cent
boy
As Master John Henry Paul Brown!

'T was the night before Christmas, and John
was in bed,
But he was not sleeping, for in his small
head
Was the strangest idea — you never could
guess
If you tried till next summer — and I must
confess,
Though you may not believe it, I tremble
with joy

As I write of this won-der-ful, an-gel-ic boy,
Good Master John Henry Paul Brown.

Santa Claus had come down by the old
chimney way,
And was warming his hands when he heard
some one say,

That I should pass hundreds of Christmases
through

Before I encountered a lad just like you!
In my life I have given full many a toy,
But received not one thing from a girl or a
boy,
Save Master John Henry Paul Brown."



"OLD SANTA CLAUS GASPED, AND FELL DOWN BY HIS SACK."

"Dear Santa, I pray you, leave nothing for me,
But won't *you* accept these three Christmas
gifts—see?—

A heavier coat, a very warm hood,

And an automobile?" said John Henry the
Good—

Kind Master John Henry Paul Brown.

Old Santa Claus gasped, and fell down by
his pack;

He was so overcome he kept crying, "Alack!

John Henry went quietly back to his bed,
And Santa Claus, shaking his dear, old white
head,

Took up John's fine presents and caught up
his pack;

But just as I heard him again say, "Alack!"
I awoke from my dream,—and I felt rather
sad,

To think that there never had been such a
lad

As Master John Henry Paul Brown!



FROM A CHRISTMAS OF LONG AGO.—"THE ROIALL PECONKE IS SERVED FORTH."



A CHRISTMAS MORNING IN OLD SPAIN.

THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY HELEN NICOLAY.

THIS instalment tells several interesting anecdotes of Lincoln, which show that even as a very young man he had those characteristics that later made him the leader of men and commanded the admiration and respect of his own country and the world. One of these is where by his resourcefulness and skill he emptied the water from a wrecked boat by the novel method of boring a hole in its bottom, to the astonishment of the helpless onlookers. On another occasion, being pestered by some boisterous village roughs to try a bout at wrestling with their champion, he gives them and their brawny favorite a surprising exhibition of strength.—EDITOR.

II.

CAPTAIN LINCOLN.

By this time the Lincoln homestead was no longer on the frontier. During the years that passed while Abraham was growing from a child, scarcely able to wield the ax placed in his hands, into a tall capable youth, the line of frontier settlements had been gradually but steadily pushing on beyond Gentryville toward the Mississippi River. Every summer canvas-covered moving wagons wound their slow way over new roads into still newer country; while the older settlers, left behind, watched their progress with longing eyes. It was almost as if a spell had been cast over these toil-worn pioneers, making them forget, at sight of such new ventures, all the hardships they had themselves endured in subduing the wilderness. ✓

At last, on March 1, 1830, when Abraham was just twenty-one years old, the Lincolns, yielding to this overmastering frontier impulse to "move" westward, left the old farm in Indiana to make a new home in Illinois. "Their mode of conveyance was wagons drawn by ox-teams," Mr. Lincoln wrote in 1860; "and Abraham drove one of the teams." They settled in Macon County on the north side of the Sangamon River, about ten miles west of Decatur, where they built a cabin, made enough rails to fence ten acres of ground, fenced and cultivated the ground, and raised a crop of corn upon it that first season. It was the same heavy labor over again that they had endured when they went from Kentucky to Indiana; but this time the strength and energy of young

Abraham were at hand to inspire and aid his father, and there was no miserable shivering year of waiting in a half-faced camp before the family could be suitably housed. They were not to escape hardship, however. They fell victims to fever and ague, which they had not known in Indiana, and became greatly discouraged; and the winter after their arrival proved one of intense cold and suffering for the pioneers, being known in the history of the State as "the winter of the deep snow." The severe weather began in the Christmas holidays with a storm of such fatal suddenness that people who were out of doors had difficulty in reaching their homes, and not a few perished, their fate remaining unknown until the melting snows of early spring showed where they had fallen.

In March, 1831, at the end of this terrible winter, Abraham Lincoln left his father's cabin to seek his own fortune in the world. It was the frontier custom for young men to do this when they reached the age of twenty-one. Abraham was now twenty-two, but had willingly remained with his people an extra year to give them the benefit of his labor and strength in making the new home.

He had become acquainted with a man named Offut, a trader and speculator, who pretended to great business shrewdness, but whose chief talent lay in boasting of the magnificent things he meant to do. Offut engaged Abraham, with his stepmother's son, John D. Johnston, and John Hanks, to take a flatboat from Beardstown, on the Illinois River, to New Orleans; and all four arranged to meet at Springfield as soon as the snow should melt.

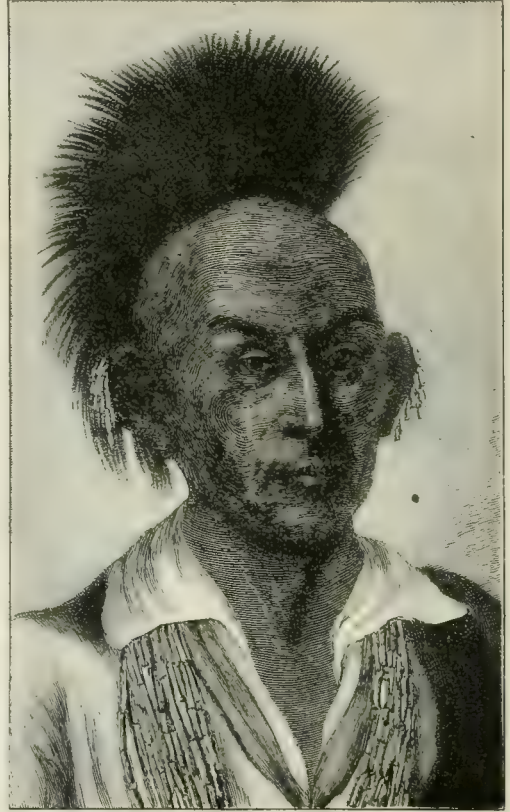
In March, when the snow finally melted, the country was flooded and traveling by land was utterly out of the question. The boys, therefore, bought a large canoe, and in it floated down the Sangamon River to keep their appointment with Offut. It was in this somewhat unusual way that Lincoln made his first entry into the town whose name was afterward to be linked with his own.

Offut was waiting for them, with the discouraging news that he had been unable to get a flatboat at Beardstown. The young men promptly offered to make the flatboat, since one was not to be bought; and they set to work, felling the trees for it on the banks of the stream. Abraham's father had been a carpenter, so the use of tools was no mystery to him; and during his trip to New Orleans with Allen Gentry he had learned enough about flatboats to give him confidence in this task of shipbuilding. Neither Johnston nor Hanks was gifted with skill or industry, and it is clear that Lincoln was, from the start, leader of the party, master of construction, and captain of the craft.

The floods went down rapidly while the boat was building, and when they tried to sail their new craft it stuck midway across the dam of Rutledge's Mill at New Salem, a village of fifteen or twenty houses not many miles from their starting-point. With its bow high in air, and its stern under water, it looked like some ungainly fish trying to fly, or some bird making an unsuccessful attempt to swim. The voyagers appeared to have suffered irreparable shipwreck at the very outset of their venture, and men and women came down from their houses to offer advice or to make fun of the young boatmen as they waded about in the water, with trousers rolled very high, seeking a way out of their difficulty. Lincoln's self-control and good humor proved equal to their banter, while his engineering skill speedily won their admiration. The amusement of the onlookers changed to gaping wonder when they saw him deliberately bore a hole in the bottom of the boat near the bow, after which, fixing up some kind of derrick, he tipped the boat so that the water she had taken in at the stern ran out in front, and she floated safely over the dam. This novel method of bailing a boat by boring a hole in

her bottom fully established his fame at New Salem, and so delighted the enthusiastic Offut that, on the spot, he engaged its inventor to come back after the voyage to New Orleans and act as clerk for him in a store.

The hole plugged up again, and the boat's cargo reloaded, they made the remainder of the



BLACK HAWK.

journey in safety. Lincoln returned by steamer from New Orleans to St. Louis, and from there made his way to New Salem on foot. He expected to find Offut already established in the new store, but neither he nor his goods had arrived. While "loafing about," as the citizens of New Salem expressed it, waiting for him, the newcomer had a chance to exhibit another of his accomplishments. An election was to be held, but one of the clerks, being taken suddenly ill, could not be present. Penmen were not plenty in the little town, and Mentor Graham, the other election clerk, looking around in perplexity for some one to fill the vacant place,

asked young Lincoln if he knew how to write. Lincoln answered, in the lazy speech of the country, that he "could make a few rabbit tracks," and that being deemed quite sufficient, was immediately sworn in, and set about discharging the duties of his first office. The way he performed these not only gave general satisfaction, but greatly interested Mentor Graham, who was the village schoolmaster and from that time on proved a most helpful friend to him.

Offut finally arrived with a miscellaneous lot of goods, which Lincoln opened and put in order, and the storekeeping began. Trade does not seem to have been brisk, for Offut soon increased his venture by renting the Rutledge and Cameron mill, on whose historic dam the flatboat had come to grief. For a while the care of this mill was added to Lincoln's other duties. He made himself generally useful besides, his old implement, the ax, not being entirely discarded. We are told that he cut down trees and split rails enough to make a large hog-pen adjoining the mill, a performance not at all surprising when it is remembered that up to this time the greater part of his life had been spent in the open air, and that his still growing muscles must have eagerly welcomed tasks like this, which gave him once more the exercise that measuring calico and weighing out groceries failed to supply.

Young Lincoln's bodily vigor stood him in good stead in many ways. In frontier life strength and athletic skill served as well for popular amusement as for prosaic toil, and at times, indeed, they were needed for personal defense. Every community had its champion wrestler, a man of considerable local importance, in whose success the neighbors took a becoming interest. There was, not far from New Salem, a settlement called Clary's Grove, where lived a set of restless, rollicking young backwoodsmen with a strong liking for frontier athletics and rough practical jokes. Jack Armstrong was the leader of these, and until Lincoln's arrival had been the champion wrestler of both Clary's Grove and New Salem. He and his friends had not the slightest personal grudge against Lincoln; but hearing the neighborhood talk about the newcomer, and especially Offut's extravagant praise of his clerk,

who, according to Offut's statement, knew more than any one else in the United States, and could beat the whole country at running, jumping, or "wrestling," they, decided that the time had come to assert themselves, and strove to bring about a trial of strength between Armstrong and Lincoln. Lincoln, who disapproved of all this "woolling and pulling," as he called it, and had no desire to come to blows with his neighbors, put off the encounter as long as possible. At length even his good temper was powerless to avert it, and the wrestling-match took place. Jack Armstrong soon found that he had tackled a man as strong and skilful as himself; and his friends, seeing him likely to get the worst of it, swarmed to his assistance, almost succeeding, by tripping and kicking, in getting Lincoln down. At the unfairness of this Lincoln became suddenly and furiously angry, put forth his entire strength, lifted the pride of Clary's Grove in his arms like a child, and holding him high in the air, almost choked the life out of him. It seemed for a moment as though a general fight must follow; but even while Lincoln's fierce rage compelled their respect, his quickly returning self-control won their admiration, and the crisis was safely passed. Instead of becoming enemies and leaders in a neighborhood feud, as might have been expected, the two grew to be warm friends, the affection thus strangely begun lasting through life. They proved useful to each other in various ways, and years afterward Lincoln made ample amends for his rough treatment of the other's throat by saving the neck of Jack Armstrong's son from the halter in a memorable trial for murder. The Clary's Grove "boys" voted Lincoln "the cleverest fellow that had ever broke into the settlement," and thereafter took as much pride in his peaceableness and book-learning as they did in the rougher and more questionable accomplishments of their discomfited leader.

Lincoln himself was not so easily satisfied. His mind as well as his muscles hungered for work, and he confided to Mentor Graham, possibly with some diffidence, his "notion to study English grammar." Instead of laughing at him, Graham heartily encouraged the idea, saying it was the very best thing he could do.

With quickened zeal Lincoln announced that if he had a grammar he would begin at once; but at this the schoolmaster was obliged to confess that he knew of no such book in New Salem. He thought, however, that there might be one at Vaner's, six miles away. Promptly after breakfast the next morning Lincoln set out in search of it. He brought the precious volume home in triumph, and with Graham's occasional help found no difficulty in mastering its contents. Indeed it is very likely that he was astonished, and even a bit disappointed, to find so little mystery in it. He is reported to have said that if this was a "science," he thought he would like to begin on another one. In the eyes of the townspeople, however, it was no small achievement, and added greatly to his reputation as a scholar. There is no record of any other study commenced at this time, but it is certain that he profited much by helpful talks with Mentor Graham, and that he borrowed every book the schoolmaster's scanty library was able to furnish.

Though outwardly uneventful, this period of his life was both happy and profitable. He was busy at useful labor, was picking up scraps of schooling, was making friends and learning to prize them at their true worth; was, in short, developing rapidly from a youth into a young man. Already he began to feel stirrings of ambition which prompted him to look beyond his own daily needs toward the larger interests of his county and his State. An election for members of the Illinois legislature was to take place in August, 1832. Sangamon County was entitled to four representatives. Residents of the county over twenty-one years of age were eligible to election, and audacious as it might appear, Lincoln determined to be a candidate.

The people of New Salem, like those of all other Western towns, took a keen interest in politics; "politics" meaning, in that time and place, not only who was to be President or governor, but concerned itself with questions which came much closer home to dwellers on the frontier. "Internal improvements," as they were called,—the building of roads and clearing out of streams so that men and women who lived in remote places might be able to travel back and forth and carry on trade with the

rest of the world,—became a burning question in Illinois. There was great need of such improvements; and in this need young Lincoln saw his opportunity.

It was by way of the Sangamon River that he entered politics. That uncertain water-course had already twice befriended him. He had floated on it in flood-time from his father's cabin into Springfield. A few weeks later its rapidly falling waters landed him on the dam at Rutledge's Mill, introducing him effectively if unceremoniously to the inhabitants of New Salem. Now it was again to play a part in his life, starting him on a political career that ended only in the White House. Surely no insignificant stream has had a greater influence on the history of a famous man. It was a winding and sluggish creek, encumbered with driftwood and choked by sand-bars; but it flowed through a country already filled with ambitious settlers, where the roads were atrociously bad, becoming in rainy seasons wide seas of pasty black mud, and remaining almost impassable for weeks at a time. After a devious course the Sangamon found its way into the Illinois River, and that in turn flowed into the Mississippi. Most of the settlers were too new to the region to know what a shallow, unprofitable stream the Sangamon really was; for the deep snows of 1830-31 and of the following winter had supplied it with an unusual volume of water. It was natural, therefore, that they should regard it as the heaven-sent solution of their problem of travel and traffic with the outside world. If it could only be freed from driftwood, and its channel straightened a little, they felt sure it might be used for small steamboats during a large part of the year.

The candidates for the legislature that summer staked their chances of success on the zeal they showed for "internal improvements." Lincoln was only twenty-three. He had been in the county barely nine months. Sangamon County was then considerably larger than the whole State of Rhode Island, and he was of course familiar with only a small part of it or its people; but he felt that he did know the river. He had sailed on it and been shipwrecked by it; he had, moreover, been one of a party of men and boys, armed with long-han-



"WHEN HE CAME AMONG THE VILLAGERS, HE WAS MET BY A GROUP OF MEN, THE LEADERS OF THE MOB, WHO, IN AN
 INTENSE SUGGESTION AND ECSTASY, MADE HIM GO TO THE SPOT WHERE HE WAS STANDING AND GATHERED
 THEMSELVES AROUND HIM, SHOWING IN THIS WAY THEIR WISH TO MAKE HIM 'MARTIN'."

dled axes, who went out to chop away obstructions and meet a small steamer that, a few weeks earlier, had actually forced its way up from the Illinois River.

Following the usual custom, he announced his candidacy in the local newspaper in a letter dated March 15, addressed "To the People of Sangamon County." It was a straightforward, manly statement of his views on questions of the day, written in as good English as that used by the average college-bred man of his years. The larger part of it was devoted to arguments for the improvement of the Sangamon River. Its main interest for us lies in the frank avowal of his personal ambition that is contained in the closing paragraph.

"Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition," he wrote. "Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men by rendering myself worthy of their esteem. How far I shall succeed in gratifying this ambition is yet to be developed. I am young, and unknown to many of you. I was born, and have ever remained, in the most humble walks of life. I have no wealthy or popular relations or friends to recommend me. My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the county; and if elected, they will have conferred a favor upon me for which I shall be unremitting in my labors to compensate. But if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."

He soon had an opportunity of being useful to his fellow-men, though in a way very different from the one he was seeking. About four weeks after he had published his letter "To the People of Sangamon County," news came that Black Hawk, the veteran war-chief of the Sac Indians, was heading an expedition to cross the Mississippi River and occupy once more the lands that had been the home of his people. There was great excitement among the settlers in northern Illinois, and the governor called for six hundred volunteers to take part in a campaign against the Indians. He met a quick response; and Lincoln, unmindful of what might become of his campaign for the legislature if he went away,

was among the first to enlist. When his company met on the village green to choose their officers, three quarters of the men, to Lincoln's intense surprise and pleasure, marched over to the spot where he was standing and grouped themselves around him, signifying in this way their wish to make him captain. We have his own word for it that no success of his after life gave him nearly as much satisfaction. On April 21, two days after the call for volunteers had been printed, the company was organized. A week later it was mustered into service, becoming part of the Fourth Illinois Regiment, and started at once for the hostile frontier.

Lincoln's soldiering lasted about three months. He was in no battle, but there was plenty of "roughing it," and occasionally real hardship, as when the men were obliged to go for three days without food. The volunteers had not enlisted for any definite length of time, and seeing no prospect of fighting, they soon became clamorous to return home. Accordingly his and other companies were mustered out of service on May 27, at the mouth of Fox River. At the same time the governor, not wishing to weaken his forces before the arrival of other soldiers to take their places, called for volunteers to remain twenty days longer. Lincoln had gone to the frontier to do real service, not for the glory of being captain. Accordingly, on the day on which he was mustered out as an officer he re-enlisted, becoming Private Lincoln in Captain Iles's company of mounted volunteers, sometimes known as the Independent Spy Battalion. The organization appears to have been very independent indeed, not under the control of any regiment or brigade, but receiving orders directly from the commander-in-chief, and having many unusual privileges, such as freedom from all camp duties, and permission to draw rations as much and as often as they pleased. After laying down his official dignity and joining this band of privileged warriors, the campaign became much more of a holiday for the tall volunteer from New Salem. He entered with enthusiasm into all the games and athletic sports with which the soldiers beguiled the tedium of camp, and grew in popularity from beginning to end of his service. When, at length, the Independent Spy Battalion was mustered

out on June 16, 1832, he started on the journey home with a merry group of his companions. He and his messmate, George M. Harrison, had the misfortune to have their horses stolen the very day before, but Harrison's record says:

"I laughed at our fate, and he joked at it, and we all started off merrily. The generous men of our company walked and rode by turns with us, and we fared about equal with the rest. But for this generosity, our legs would have had to do the better work, for in that day this dreary route furnished no horses to buy or to steal, and whether on horse or afoot, we always had company, for many of the horses' backs were too sore for riding."

Lincoln reached New Salem about the first of August, only ten days before the election. He had lost nothing in popular esteem by his prompt enlistment to defend the frontier, and his friends had been doing manful service for him; but there were by this time thirteen candidates in the field, with a consequent division of interest. When the votes were counted, Lincoln was found to be eighth on the list — an excellent showing when we remember that he was a newcomer in the county, and that he ran as a Whig, which was the unpopular party. In his own home town of New Salem only three votes had been cast against him. Flattering as all this was, the fact remained that he was defeated, and the result of the election brought him face to face with a very serious question. He was without means and without employment. Offut had failed and had gone away. What was he to do next? He thought of putting his strong muscles to account by learning the blacksmith trade; thought also of trying to become a lawyer, but feared he could not succeed at that without a better education. It was the same problem that has confronted millions of young Americans before and since. In his case there was no question which he

would rather be — the only question was what success he might reasonably hope for if he tried to study law.

Before his mind was fully made up, chance served to postpone, and in the end greatly to increase, his difficulty. Offut's successors in business, two brothers named Herndon, had become discouraged, and they offered to sell out to Lincoln and an acquaintance of his named William F. Berry, on credit, taking their promissory notes in payment. Lincoln and Berry could not foresee that the town of New Salem had already lived through its best days, and was destined to dwindle and grow smaller until it almost disappeared from the face of the earth. Unduly hopeful, they accepted the offer, and also bought out, on credit, two other merchants who were anxious to sell. It is clear that the flattering vote Lincoln had received at the recent election, and the confidence New Salem felt in his personal character, alone made these transactions possible, since not a dollar of actual money changed hands during all this shifting of ownership. In the long run the people's faith in him was fully justified; but meantime he suffered years of worry and harassing debt. Berry proved a worthless partner; the business a sorry failure. Seeing this, Lincoln and Berry sold out, again on credit, to the Trent brothers, who soon broke up the store and ran away. Berry also departed and died; and in the end all the notes came back upon Lincoln for payment. Of course he had not the money to meet these obligations. He did the next best thing: he promised to pay as soon as he could, and remaining where he was, worked hard at whatever he found to do. Most of his creditors, knowing him to be a man of his word, patiently bided their time, until, in the course of long years, he paid, with interest, every cent of what he used to call, in rueful satire upon his own folly, his "National Debt."



BY MILLICENT OLMSTED.

WOULD you not think, if you found the following lines,—

ES ROHK CO CAED IR!

Seogeh sreve ereh weisume val.l
lah sehs se otreh nos llebdnas
regni freh nos gnires rohyer
ganoed iryd ale nifae esots sorcy
rub nabot es rohk co caed ir,—

that you had discovered some quaint old Runic rhyme, or a verse in some language so ancient that it would take an antiquarian to decipher it?

That was exactly what an enthusiastic band of archæologists did think one time, so the story goes, when they found this inscription cut in the corner-stone of a very old building in Banbury, England. These gentlemen were on the lookout for just such quaint old bits, and you can imagine how excited they were over this when they discovered it.

"This is certainly prehistoric Welsh," said they, and took it straightway to the president of the archæological society to which they belonged. He rubbed his hands softly and smiled. "This discovery is something quite worth while," he said; and all these wise gentlemen felt very virtuous, as they wrinkled their brows and wondered what story or what great secret the queer old words would unfold.

But they puzzled in vain. They could not read it. So then they telegraphed to a widely known professor of dead languages, asking him to translate it for them.

Very soon the return message arrived, and all clustered around the president to hear the telegram.

"Read backward," it suggested; "and when it is deciphered, it will be found to be a well-known rhyme."

So it is, as you may see for yourselves; and these wise gentlemen found that a fine hoax had been played upon them. You all know how it goes:

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a grey horse;
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

Banbury is best known, the English-speaking world over, by this nursery rhyme, although, as a matter of fact, this famous little town is in the heart of a country that has seen many stirring times in English history. It is in Oxfordshire, seventy-seven miles from London.

One of the first conflicts known to have taken place there was that in 556 between Cymric, king of the West Saxons, and the Britons. Later, during the Wars of the Roses (1442-44), it was besieged; and again in 1644 and in 1646, during

the struggle between the parliamentary troops and the royal arms. It was here that the leaders of the fiercest conflicts were waged. Battle fields are shown in many places near



THE "RIDE A COCK-HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS" IN THE ANNUAL PROCESSION AT LANTERY.

by, and every village for miles around can display something of historical interest, either in Roman relics or mementos of the Civil Wars. The hundreds of dramatic or tragic stories that are told by the people would fill many volumes.

Mother Goose has, however, been quite as valuable as history in keeping green the name of Banbury; and to a student of the immortal nur-

The procession of the fine lady of the rings and bells mentioned in the rhyme takes place each year in Banbury with considerable ceremony. The lady is usually mounted on a white horse, however.

The present cross, which stands at the top of High Street, in a wide, open space at the junction of four cross-roads, is an ornate affair, with

a steeple-point, erected in 1859 near the site of the old Banbury Cross. It commemorates the marriage of the late Emperor Frederick III of Germany to the Princess Royal of England on January 25, 1858, and is decorated with the arms of Banbury, those of the German emperor, of Queen Victoria, and of several other sovereigns, earls, knights, bishops, and vicars.

One more thing makes Banbury famous, and that is its cakes, which are known throughout the kingdom. They are said to have been introduced in 1608. Banbury cakes are undeniably delicious titbits of pastry. They must be eaten when quite fresh, preferably at Banbury town itself. They are like extremely rich turnovers, filled with a mince of fruits, which melts delectably down one's throat and causes a pronounced sensation of desire for more.



SHOP IN BANBURY SAID TO BE THE ONE IN WHICH THE ORIGINAL CAKES WERE BAKED

series rhymes, it is interesting to observe how many of them are founded on fact, record quaint customs, or mention real places or people, even though not absolutely accurate historically.

There is a rivalry in the bake-shops as to which is the really true, original one. Who knows? Perhaps the cakes are, after all, the real Queen of Hearts' tarts!

FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

BY AGNES MCCLELLAN DAVENPORT.

CHAPTER III.

THE DEATH OF SUSAN PENNY.



LITTLE by little Cherryfair grew from a forlorn, dilapidated house to the coziest of home nests. Of course there was always the delight of the pretty hall that was such a comfort! It was there Sue ran a dozen times a day to "refresh" herself, as she explained, by a glimpse of something really new and dainty and settled — something that required no furbishing, and no painting nor any patching, to make it presentable.

"The person who said, 'Two moves are as bad as a fire,' must have been a minister's

daughter," laughed Sue, one morning, as she pulled ruefully at the dislocated arm of the best oak rocker. "I don't believe we've got a single piece of furniture that is n't a cripple. Just look at that jigger in the corner. It has n't a leg to stand on, the marble is cracked, and the railing off."

"Now, don't say, Sue Roberts, that you are going to turn that old wash-stand into a grand piano," begged Betty, dramatically, as she sat whisking the dust from under the buttons on

the old sofa. "We've turned everything turnable, and I'd like to see one piece of furniture that was n't pretending to be something else."

"You'd better not say that, Betty," giggled Peggy from her corner, where she was rubbing the dining-room table with sweet-oil and vinegar; "or she might not turn those old Swiss skirts into sash-curtains for our room—and where would we be, then?"

"Oh, but she promised, and nobody ever knew Sue to go back on that kind of a promise. Go on, Sue; I was only funning."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Sue, absently, still wriggling the dislocated arm. "Benny, please run upstairs for the glue and a string. Excuse me, Betty; I was so interested in diagnosing the case of the poor chair, I did n't hear you."

"Never mind what I said; but look here, Sue, what *are* you going to have in your room? Ours is lovely, and you have nothing but that cot and the cherry desk. Why, it will be worse than a barn."

"Oh, don't trouble about me. Bareness is rather swell, Betty, after you get used to it. As Aunt Serena said about my sailor-hat, 'simple and chaste,' you know. Goodness gracious! what was that?" she cried, as an unearthly screech rent the air.

"It's Phil," exclaimed Peggy, rushing to the door. "He's coming tearing down the lane, waving something over his head."

"It's a letter, I suppose," said Betty, going on briskly with her brushing. "Father sent him to the post-office just after breakfast. It is some old advertisement. Phil would n't go to all that trouble if it was worth anything. He'll see you, Peggy. He is just dying to have us rush out on the veranda! Let's appear perfectly indifferent when he comes up."

"I'll duck behind the curtain if he looks this way," promised Peggy; "but I really believe it is a letter, for it's in a square envelop, and Phil looks very 'important.'"

By this time Phil was coming up the walk, still running and flourishing a creamy missive over his head.

"There," he panted, as he reached the steps and flung himself down with evidences of great fatigue; "I could n't have gotten here any

myself," and leisurely drawing out his jack-knife, he settled himself comfortably to open the letter. In spite of herself, Peggy leaned as far out from the curtain as she dared without being seen.

"Miss Susan Plenty Roberts, Monroe, Ohio,"



"HER MOTHER WAS CUTTING OUT A WAIST FOR LENNA." (SEE PAGE 139.)

sooner if I had been the lightning-express. You girls are mighty cool, it seems to me. It is n't every brother who would have come all that way at a 2.40 gait. See if this chap does, next time! One would think you got three letters a day. All right! Since nobody seems interested enough to inquire, I guess I'll read it

she read aloud. "Why, Sue, it's for you—and he's *opening* it!"

"You can imagine my feelings," gasped Phil, —Sue, making a sudden dive for him, had rescued her letter, to the great danger of her fingers,—“when the postman read that address aloud, and asked me if it belonged to any rela-

tive of mine! Susan Plenty! I felt my ears grow crimson! Sue, if I had such a name as that I'd amputate it."

"It all very well for you to poke fun at poor me," said Sue, dolefully, as her father and mother, in answer to Peggy's shrill summons, appeared in the doorway—a letter to the Roberts children was an event, and was always read to the assembled family. "Come, father and mother. It's from Aunt Serena, and it's a lecture, I know, for I felt it in the air all the time I was there. Now, Davie and Ben, please don't crowd too close, *please!* I was just saying," she went on, when she had gotten Davie cozily established on one side and Benny in her lap, "that it is all very well for Phil to make fun of my name, when each and all of the other children have lovely ones. It's a perfect shame, I think. I don't care if I was named for my two grandmothers—I'll bet a picayune they hated their old names like fun. The only comfort I had was that Sue P. Roberts did n't sound quite so awful, and one could only guess at the middle letter. It might stand for Phyllis or Portia—"

"Or Peter, Presbyterian, or Prickly Pear," murmured Phil, softly.

"But now that Aunt Serena has taken up the Susan Plenty," Sue said, "I suppose I must grin and bear it."

"Never mind," comforted Peggy, cuddling down with her head on Sue's shoulder; "nobody knows the real of it but we."

"My dear Susan Plenty," read Sue, pretending to adjust an eyeglass and tipping her chin to a saucy angle: "As I write those two beautiful, old names I find myself wishing you would show more inclination to grow up to them. You know, my dear child, I am a great believer in the influence of names, and therefore gave my children fine, strong ones—"

"Meaning Jacob William, Simon John, and Ellen Jane," chuckled Phil.

"And," went on Sue, "I have always thought it has had much to do with their noble characters. It has grieved me that your dear parents have allowed nicknames. Your father was always Albert, and I Serena, in our home, as he will remember. Do, my child, try to feel the real dignity of such names as yours,

and remember you are a minister's daughter, and therefore much is expected of you. I do not want to be unkind or faultfinding, Susan; but the truth is, we all love you so much for your unselfishness and your loveliness that we are apt to forgive in you many things we would condemn in another girl. After all, your language is better suited to a newsboy than to the little lady we have a right to expect you to be." Sue was reading bravely, her voice loud and clear, but there was a storm brewing and a crimson signal was flaming in her cheeks. "I tried to say this when you were with us, but you were so sweet and thoughtful of your uncle and me, I had not the heart to utter it. But the more I have thought about a girl who says 'you bet' and 'fierce,' and who says she can't see why every one makes so much fuss about a hole in a stocking, wearing gentle old Grandmother Plenty Roberts's ruby ring and her gold beads, the more unsuitable it seems, and I feel that it is to Elizabeth and Margaret they should belong. So now that you are going into your new home, and I am sending the usual box, I am going to give you your Uncle Martin's Indian collection—the Navajo blanket is quite valuable and so are the peace-pipes. Tomahawks and elks' teeth should please, it seems to me, a girl with your ideas far better than gold or gems. The ring I am sending to Elizabeth—"

"And she promised it to me ever since I can remember!" cried Sue, throwing the letter on the floor. "She is horrid—perfectly horrid!"

"I won't take the ring, Sue; indeed I won't," protested Betty.

"She can keep her old Indian stuff," stormed Sue. "Don't tell me, Masie, I admired it; that only makes it all the worse. I never dreamed she was going to throw it at me, did I, and keep the things that were really mine?"

"Listen, Sue," said her father, picking up the letter and handing it to her politely; "Aunt Serena is exactly right. She does say out plainly what she means, but surely she has earned that right; for if ever a girl has had a kind, generous aunt—"

"Oh, I know she's been just lovely, and I'm acting like a beast; but I *am* grateful, and she always is picking at my manners."

"I suppose she sees how little your mother and I have accomplished by tenderness; and really, Sue, I think, like Aunt Serena, that a girl who so hates convention should consider this a most appropriate gift. The ring is hers, and if she prefers Betty should have it—"

"You don't understand, father. It is n't that I don't want Betty to have the ring," broke in Sue, beseechingly. "It is n't that I think I deserve it, or that I would n't love to have the Indian things when I get used to the thought of it; but she has promised, *promised*, and now, as a sort of punishment, she withholds it and gives me something else."

"I see just how she feels. She promised them to S-u-e, not S-I-O-U-X; but if you insist on behaving like the latter, I suppose Aunt Serena thinks the savage would prefer the gift most suited to her needs."

"Father Roberts," cried Sue, upsetting Benny unceremoniously from her lap in her impetuous rush at her father, "do you think I behave like a Sioux? 'Pon honor, now!"

"I have n't a doubt," said her father, pushing the dark hair back from her brow and smiling at her lovingly, "that there is many a gentle little squaw who would scorn to use language it pained her mother and father to hear. But for all that, I know the worth of my Sioux, and love her with all my heart."

"In spite of, and not because of! Eh, father?" inquired Sue, roguishly. Then suddenly her black eyes began dancing as mischievously as ever, and springing upon a footstool, she began a proclamation:

"Hear ye, all my people! I have tried to live up to my name and station for almost fourteen years,—I began very young, you see,—and I have made, according to my Aunt Serena and my beloved pater, a most dismal failure. Now, since my relatives say I act like a red man—a red girl, I mean—I might as well take an Indian name and live up—no, down—to that, and be sure of a great success. So, behold me, no longer Susan Plenty, but S-I-O-U-X; and I'll make the stunningest wigwam, with my peace-pipes and tomahawks, out of my dingy back room! Just wait until you see. Hurrah for Aunt Serena!"

"Oh, Sue, you are utterly irrepressible; you

rebound like a rubber ball," sighed her mother. "I believe you would find the sunny side of an iceberg."

"Of course I should," replied Sue, laughingly. "What would be the use of staying on the shady side? I would only freeze my toes. Now let us see what else Aunt Serena has to say. Bless her, her bark is always a great deal worse than her bite! Cheer up, twinsies; Sue is all over her tantrum, and you are as welcome to the ring and beads as flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la! Just wait till you see my wigwam. It is going to be a dandy!"

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

"THERE was a goose of Syracuse,
And full of fun was he,"

warbled Sue, as she rubbed the wrinkled panes until they glistened in the sun. "Diamonds are as nothing to these windows, if you don't care what you say," she grumbled, as she gave the last greenish square an extra flourish. "This glass has as many eyes as a potato. But, then, who ever heard of windows in a wigwam, anyway! So I'm not going to be the Indian to complain if they are a bit blistered, for they are a lot better than none. Now, the next thing is for me to get into my duds and hie me to the carpenter's."

She was talking to herself, for a strange silence had settled on Cherryfair, and for once she was alone. There was no clatter of children's feet, no shrill calling of children's voices; for, in spite of protest, Mr. Roberts had marshaled the whole five off to school that Monday morning, saying the half-mile walk twice a day would be good for them, and that there was no use of their losing six weeks of study. In fact, Sue had escaped only after faithful promises that two hours of each day should be set aside for lessons.

The house, after a week of hard work, was quite settled, except for Sue's room. She was still abiding with the chaste simplicity of the cot and the cherry desk, as Aunt Serena's box had not yet arrived. Since Mandy Dobbin, big, buxom, and willing, had taken charge of

the family, the housework was moving along more smoothly than under Sue's impetuous reign. Mrs. Roberts now found time to sit in her pleasant room—though, as Sue groaned, Masie's sitting down only meant the appearance of a peck of stockings to mend or a quart of buttons to sew on. As for Sue, Mandy's strong hand on the rudder gave her the most glorious hours of freedom to do all the hundred and one tasks she had set herself, besides the two hours for her music, for which she had almost despaired of ever finding time.

The twins turned most reluctant feet toward school that morning. Their round faces were as nearly long as their dimpled chins would admit, as Sue tied the bows on their flaxen pigtails and buttoned them into their blue, ruffled frocks. It might, they admitted, be hard for Phil to desert the dam he was building in the brook, and for Davie and Ben to part company with their beloved pig; but for them to leave Sue, who might be up to all sorts of the most delightful capers and they not there to see—this was cruel! How could any one ever tell what she would do next, since she never knew herself? They would not have been so unwilling to start to school—for they were clever little girls and fond of their books—if their father had only insisted upon Sue's going, too; for then she would have been unable to have accomplished anything very remarkable without their discovering it. But now she would have long, unwatched hours to scheme and plan. When Sue had given her solemn promise not to open the box should it arrive, and to try not to do anything especially exciting until their return, they were somewhat comforted, and, after a last clinging embrace, obediently trotted off after their father.

The clock on the hall mantel was just striking ten as Sue came running down the stairs, singing at the top of her voice, and pinning on her hat as she came, her jacket flying out like cardinal wings.

"Good-by, Masie," she called to her mother, as she reached the bottom step. "I'm going over to Mr. Judd now for a molding."

"Wait a moment, dear," replied Mrs. Roberts. She was cutting out a waist for Benny

on the dining-room table. "Come here until I look you over."

Sue came reluctantly, pulling her hat farther over her eyes and trying to look unconcerned.

"Are all the buttons on your shoes?" asked her mother, when she appeared in the doorway. "Is the binding mended upon your skirt? Is your collar on straight?"

"Oh, Masie," cried Sue, "I can't stop to sew on buttons now. I did so hope I could get off without your seeing me. Now, who's going to know there is a button off,—it's the second from the top,—and just the teeniest rip in the binding."

"Sue, my dear girl, you are exactly like an ostrich: if your head is covered you think you are safe; and so, if you get your hat on at a becoming angle you imagine you will do. My child, I never saw a worse case of pinning. Sit right down here; you will find needle and thread in my work-basket. The shoe-buttons are in that box."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Sue; but she reluctantly sat down. "There, Masie dear; don't look so ashamed. I'll do it beautifully before you can say 'Jack Robinson.' It's just one button off and a few stitches to take."

"It's just the difference between tidiness and untidiness," said Mrs. Roberts, as she tore off a width. "My mother always told me that a true lady could not bear a stocking with a hole in it; and as for a button off, or a ripped skirt braid, that was not to be imagined."

"Do you know, Masie"—Sue had divested herself of her skirt and was examining with astonishment the "teeniest" rip, that had to be held with two pins and yet left a graceful loop lurking for an unwary heel—"do you know, I believe my braids and buttons are bewitched. Just look at that! I remember now that it was n't an inch long when I started to church yesterday; and then in the afternoon I put in the other pin, and now look at it! My! what a careless thing I am!" Sue smiled benignly. "I wonder you put up with me, dearie. I ought to be ashamed of myself."

"That's just it," and Mrs. Roberts looked over at her daughter with a quizzical smile. "You ought to be, but are you? There is something deliciously Irish about you, Sue, that has been working for you and saving you

hard raps all your life. You took all reproof so sweetly when you were a little thing, that you missed many a scolding you richly deserved. It was always 'I ought to be ashamed,' so father and I forgave and tried to forget, until—it is hard to say it—but your being ashamed never means turning over a new leaf. It never means 'I'm really going to do better.' When Phil says to me 'Masie, I'm sorry,' I know every atom of his will is to be used to overcome his fault; but with you, my daughter, it is promise to-day and break it to-morrow."

"I know it," sighed Sue, her eyes so blurred that her needle looked twenty—"I know it, Masie; yet I really, truly mean it at the time—but, someway—I'm no good at all. I'm rude and rough and unstable and untidy—"

"And yet," broke in her mother, laying a gentle hand on the drooping head, "with all those faults, you are the very comfort of our hearts. There never was a more unselfish daughter and sister, never a more wholesome nor a sweeter nature under this flash-in-the-pan temper. But it is n't enough to be sweet, unselfish, and wholesome. Pater and I want to see you—since you object to the fine, old-fashioned word 'lady'—a womanly woman, and slang and noise and lost shoe-buttons can never belong to her."

"No-o-o-o, I suppose not," sighed Sue, and she contritely twisted her thimble round and round upon her finger. "If father was n't a minister, and I had n't been the oldest and a girl, I don't suppose I would have showed up so. Really and truly, Masie, I want to be good: not namby-pamby good, but beautifully, magnificently good like my own dear mother, and do strong, brave deeds."

"And father and I, Sue," returned her mother, as she sat down and took up her work, "are not thinking of the grand, brave things you are dreaming of; but we are hoping and praying to see you strong enough to conquer your own spirit and your own weaknesses,—strong and brave enough to build magnificently your own character."

It was a sober Sue that kissed her mother and walked sedately down the steps between the tall gate-posts; but when you are fourteen, and a June sky as blue as a turquoise is over

your head, and meadow-larks are calling to you from the fields, and wild roses waving to you from the roadside, it takes more than a knowledge of your faults to keep your spirits down.

"I must be a bad lot," remarked Sue, sorrowfully, to a chipmunk on the fence; "a wery, wery bad lot; but don't you tell the gray squirrels, for they are such gossips. Come, let's have a race," and away went Sue down the road, the nimble little chipmunk just far enough ahead to make the race exciting, until, at the very turn of the lane, he vanished into a stump in the fence corner.

"Good-by, if you call that going," laughed Sue, every trace of her troubles banished, and turning the corner into the road with such speed that she almost ran down a pony-carriage that was coming briskly toward her.

The driver, with a shrill little scream, jerked the lines so sharply that the pony stopped on the very edge of a steep embankment.

"George, but that was a close shave!" cried a tall, pale boy who was leaning back among pillows in the little carriage. "Drive up, Virginia; he might step off yet."

"I—I beg your pardon," panted Sue, her cheeks flaming as she stood in the middle of the road, her hat awry, her hair tossed about her gipsy face, her skirt and shoes white with dust. "I—I was racing with a chipmunk."

"Oh, you were," replied the tall boy, coldly, though he politely lifted his hat. "I rather imagined you were going to a fire. But don't let us detain you, or the chipmunk might win."

Sue's cheeks grew hotter. She was in a blaze of rage—so angry she hardly noticed the quiet girl who sat beside the boy. A gipsy face as brown as her own, with hair as dark and eyes as black, but there the resemblance ceased. Her silky hair was coiled softly at the back of her small, graceful head; her eyes were soft and beseeching, her face was not nearly so pretty as Sue's, but very gentle and winning. But Sue only saw she was near her own age, stylishly dressed, and very much distressed by the boy's rudeness.

"You must excuse my brother," the girl said in a soft, low voice that had a pretty little ripple in it. "He has been very ill, and while he is a great deal better he is still nervous."

"Nervous! Great snakes! Virginia," broke in the boy, "one does n't need to be nervous not to care to be upset into a ditch. Do drive on; one never knows where the natives around here will break out next."

"I'm not a native," snapped Sue, her eyes flashing; "and I think you are very rude. It was silly of me to rush along like that, but I begged your pardon."

"Not a native?" inquired the boy. "Really, now?"

"I'm Sue P. Roberts, the minister's daughter," said Sue, with all the dignity she could command, but plainly angrier than ever; "and we have just moved here."

"Susan Pepperpot! Oh, I see," murmured the boy, dreamily.

"Thad, I'm ashamed of you," cried his sister, her own cheeks flaming. "Indeed, Miss Roberts, I hope you will forgive him. He really is very nervous. I—I should love such a race myself, really there is nothing I would more like to do, and I do hope you won't feel hurt at a sick boy's irritability."

"Indeed, I won't," promised Sue, seeing the tears shining in the dark eyes, her quick sympathy going out to the girl's evident distress. "Don't you worry about it at all, for I know all about it. After my brother Phil had the measles he was a perfect bear; and I guess I am somewhat of a pepperpot sometimes—at least

I was peppery a moment ago. I do hope I have n't made your brother any worse by running over you. Good morning." And with a bright little nod to the girl and boy she started off toward town.

The girl in the pony-carriage leaned out and looked after her longingly, then she pulled slightly on the reins and said:

"Go on, Toddlekins, go on," and the brown pony, at the sound of his mistress's voice, pricked up his ears, nodded his head as if in reply, and trotted leisurely on his way.

"I wonder who she can be," thought Sue, her cheeks still burning as she walked, soberly enough now, toward town. "What a dear, dear girl she is! But that boy sick! nervous! Nonsense! he's a cross-patch! Would n't I love to take him down a peg or two! Native! Pepperpot! If I'm pepper, he's tabasco. But who can they be? I wonder—oh, I wonder if she could be my parsley-girl! But then any one can see that she does n't belong around here, so she could n't have been. But, oh, if she only were! There was something in the way she held her head and moved and smiled and spoke—what was it? I can't tell; but it was just as if she was used to things, and as if you could n't make her lose her head no matter what you did. If that is being lady-like, it would be worth while. Oh, dear me! I don't see why I can't be like other girls!"

(To be continued.)



THE TREE THAT BEARS ITS BEST FRUIT INDOORS

THE COASTING KILLIWOGS.

THE residence of the Killiwogs is just across the street from the rectory. The street itself is hilly, that is to say, it runs one way flush up a steep hill, and straight down the other way toward the river. The street is very steep, and very dangerous to pedestrians in winter-time—and apparently also to the coasting children, especially at the lower end where it debouches over the river-bank. It would be crowded with children on their sleds but for the fact that every other street in the town is just as steep, and just as dangerous, and affords quite as good an opportunity for coasting as this. And so, by a wise and merciful provision of nature, the children of the town are equally distributed in the coasting season, and the rector's neighbors, the Killiwogs, have this particular street to themselves.

The head of the Killiwog household especially was too much absorbed in his daily hard work in the mill to have much time left for cultivating the acquaintance of his clerical neighbor. His hands were more than full finding ways and means out of his earnings to care for his wife and seven children. Other people's children might have fine new sleds on which to coast down the hills of the town, but his must shift for themselves as best they might.

So the rector looked out of his study window and observed the Killiwog chil-

dren coasting down the hill on the ice. There they came, all in a row, and in the order of their ages—the two older boys on soap-boxes with barrel-staves nailed on the bottoms for runners; next, Magda, the oldest girl, on a scoopshovel, dexterously steering by means of the handle; another boy on a smooth board, going down head first; and another girl seated in her mother's dish-pan!

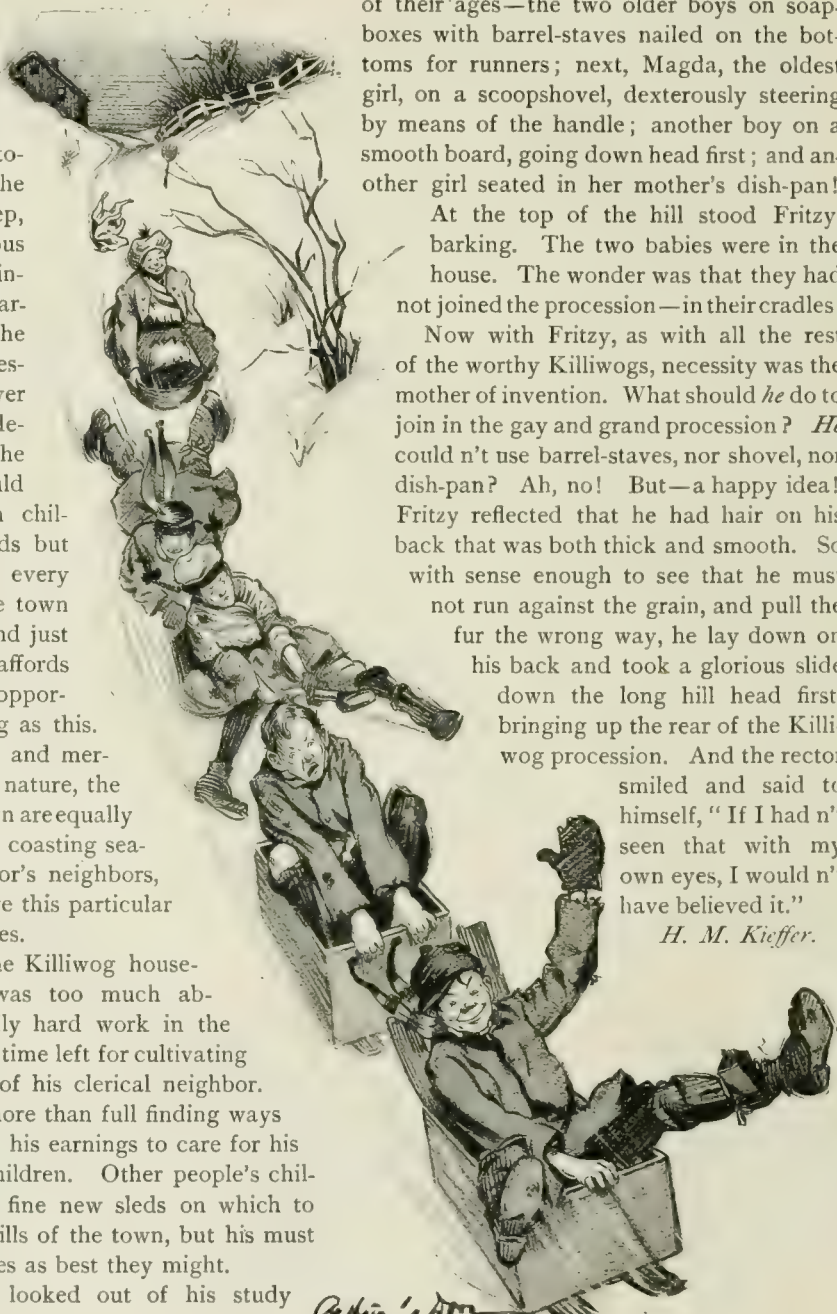
At the top of the hill stood Fritzzy, barking. The two babies were in the house. The wonder was that they had not joined the procession—in their cradles!

Now with Fritzzy, as with all the rest of the worthy Killiwogs, necessity was the mother of invention. What should *he* do to join in the gay and grand procession? *He* could n't use barrel-staves, nor shovel, nor dish-pan? Ah, no! But—a happy idea!

Fritzzy reflected that he had hair on his back that was both thick and smooth. So with sense enough to see that he must not run against the grain, and pull the fur the wrong way, he lay down on his back and took a glorious slide down the long hill head first, bringing up the rear of the Killiwog procession. And the rector

smiled and said to himself, "If I had n't seen that with my own eyes, I would n't have believed it."

H. M. Kieffer.



Arthur J. Dow

PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

HOW PINKEY BECAME HIS OWN SANTA CLAUS.

IN addition to the many outdoor necessities which "Pinkey" Perkins wanted for Christmas, there was one article he especially yearned to possess, and that was an upright steam-engine—one that had a fly-wheel and a safety-valve and a whistle.

This burning desire for an engine was nothing new to Pinkey. It was one which he had long cherished, and about which he had had several interviews with his father. Pinkey had seen the engine advertised in a catalogue which came with "The Juvenile," a children's paper to which he was a subscriber. The engine could be had as a premium for securing new subscribers.

Mr. Perkins had failed to become convinced that Pinkey was in any urgent need of a steam-engine, and had taken only a lukewarm interest in his son's desire.

Failing to succeed in his efforts to induce his father to purchase the engine for him, Pinkey had set about trying to secure new subscribers to the paper, in order that he might receive the engine as a premium. But his efforts in this direction had met with discouragement and failure on all sides.

Mr. Perkins did not object to Pinkey's owning the engine; and, in fact, when he saw that Pinkey's yearning was of longer duration than was usual in such cases, he decided that at some future time he would buy one for him.

So, as Christmas approached, Pinkey dropped the argument of a steam-engine being an immediate necessity, and confined his suggestions to other articles upon which his father seemed to look with more favor. He feared that persistence in the matter of the engine might damage his chances in regard to the other things he so much wanted. But his desire to possess the engine was as strong as ever. Yet he could not buy it himself, for the proceeds of his summer's work in the Post-office Book-store had

long since disappeared and he had relapsed into his chronic state of limited finances.

One day, when Pinkey had about lost hope, an idea presented itself to him which it seemed queer that he had not thought of long before. Every year, before Christmas-time, Mr. Perkins made it a practice to write to his two sisters and his brother, living in a neighboring State and in towns widely separated from each other, asking what would be the most acceptable remembrances for themselves and the members of their families, and, in general, he acted on the suggestions he received. This custom of his father's Pinkey decided to turn to his own advantage, if possible.

He went to the Post-office Book-store and consulted Mrs. Betts, for she was the medium through whom the people of Enterprise ordered and obtained their magazines and papers. He told her how much he wanted the steam-engine, and that he could secure it if he could get three new subscribers to "The Juvenile." He told her he was going to try to get his father to subscribe to the magazine for some of his cousins in Ohio, and obtained from Mrs. Betts a promise that if he did she would give to him the premium to which the new names would entitle her. She also promised to "keep mum" about the agreement; for Pinkey explained to her how he was going about it all, and that he wanted to get the engine and surprise his father.

As soon as he had made these arrangements with Mrs. Betts, Pinkey set about wording a letter, a copy of which, with a copy of "The Juvenile," he intended to send at once to his uncle and each of his aunts. Finally he composed a letter which, it seemed to Pinkey, stated the case most satisfactorily. All three copies were nearly alike, and ran about as follows, names being changed to suit each case:

DEAR AUNT: I take "The Juvenile," and it is a fine magazine. It comes once every two weeks, and I can hardly wait till it comes. I am sending you one so you can see how fine it is. Please send it back, because I don't want to lose any. If father writes and asks you what to send Freddie and Ethel for Christmas have him send "The Juvenile" for a year. I know they would love to have it. I could not get along without it. Don't tell father I wrote this; for if he sends the magazine I will get a premium, and I want to get it and surprise him. Be sure and don't forget not to tell him.

We are all well, and I am going to get a dog soon, I hope.

Your loving newew,

PINKERTON.

A few days after the despatch of his letters, Pinkey was overjoyed to hear his father say at the supper-table: "Well, mother, Christmas will soon be here again, so I wrote to-day to find out what the Ohio folks wish us to send them this year."

Within two weeks replies had come from all the relatives, and, without exception, the letters contained, among the list of gifts, a request for a year's subscription to "The Juvenile."

"It is odd," said Mr. Perkins, "that they should all ask for 'The Juvenile' for the children. It is a good paper, though. You like it pretty well, don't you, Pinkey?" he continued, turning to his son.

"Yes, sir," replied Pinkey, calmly; "I think it's fine."

So, within the next few days, the money for the three subscriptions to "The Juvenile" was paid to Mrs. Betts, and the order for the steam-engine was despatched in the same envelop as the order for the papers.

It was barely a week until Christmas, and Pinkey was in a high state of anxiety lest his wonderful machine, that would run and whistle and blow off steam, should fail to put in an appearance before that day.

School was dismissed for the holidays on the Friday before Christmas, and there was to be no more school for two weeks. In spite of the cold weather and the danger of missing his dinner if the train were late, Pinkey became a daily visitor to the railway station when the one express-train of which Enterprise could boast arrived. Bunny generally accompanied him, for he, too, had become greatly interested in the engine, and was proud that Pinkey had taken him into his confidence regarding it.

Pinkey and Bunny kept a keen lookout on the address of every package, large or small, as it was handed from the express-car and placed in the wagon for delivery.

Their daily visits continued until the day before Christmas, but in vain. Pinkey felt his disappointment keenly, for gifts received after Christmas never seemed quite the same. But still he had not lost hope. It might possibly come the next day.

Pinkey was up bright and early Christmas morning to see what had fallen to his lot in the way of presents. He was delighted at what he found, for the things he had most wanted, some of which he had scarcely dared hope for, were there. As, one by one, he opened the neatly wrapped packages containing his gifts, he forgot, for the time, his disappointment about the engine in the delight he experienced in the things before him. When he had finished, the floor about him was covered with strings and ribbons and paper, and his gifts were proudly arrayed on the table before him, his parents looking on with joy as keen as that he was experiencing.

Although there was but little snow on the sidewalks where the snow-plow had cleaned them, Pinkey insisted on going out and trying his new rubber boots, just received for Christmas. His first act, of course, was to go to Bunny's house and see what he had got for Christmas, and to show Bunny his new boots and tell him about all the other things. After he had inspected Bunny's new possessions, which were much on the same order as his own, he suggested that they go to the station once more, with the one last hope that the engine would arrive in time to call it a Christmas present.

"Come on, Pinkey; let's ride down," said Bunny, running out into the road as the City Hotel 'bus hove in sight.

"Oh, what do you want to ride for; what's the matter with walkin', I'd like to know?" returned Pinkey, looking down at his new boots for the fiftieth time. Since leaving home, he had walked everywhere except on the sidewalk, and was out in the deep snow at the side of the road when Bunny suggested riding.

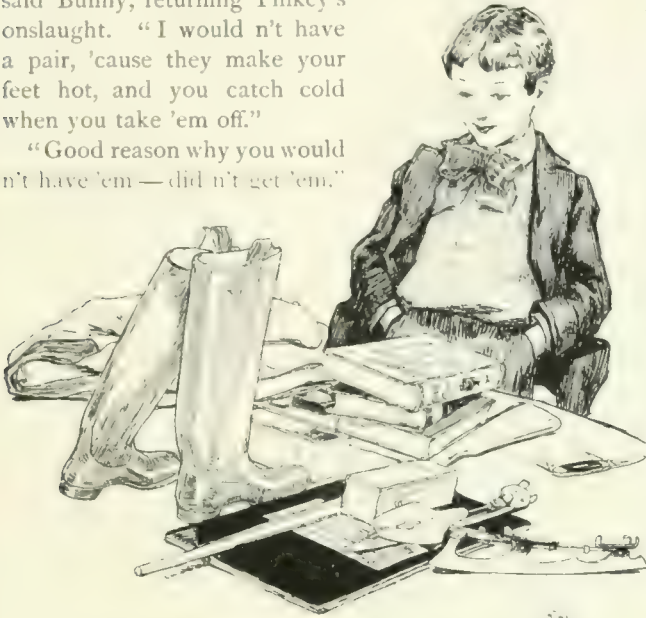
Bunny did not heed Pinkey's reply, but ran

and jumped on the back step of the bus, where he would be safe from the driver's vision, and beckoned for Pinkey to follow him.

Instead of so doing, Pinkey opened a snow-ball bombardment on the slowly moving target, keeping up such a running fire of accurately aimed shots that Bunny was forced to dismount and defend himself.

"Think you're awful smart, don't you, just 'cause you've got a new pair o' rubber boots!" said Bunny, returning Pinkey's onslaught. "I would n't have a pair, 'cause they make your feet hot, and you catch cold when you take 'em off."

"Good reason why you would n't have 'em — did n't get 'em."



"HE GUESSED THE GIFTS WERE PROUDLY ARRANGED ON THE TABLE BEFORE HIM."

taunted Pinkey, making a rush for Bunny with the intention of washing his face in the snow.

"Aw, come on, now, let's stop foolin', 'n' go to the depot. We'll miss the train if we don't." Pinkey knew there was no use disputing the truth of Bunny's last statement; and the pair continued amicably on their way to the station, Pinkey in the road, Bunny on the sidewalk.

The train was later than usual, but Pinkey decided to wait, for it was his last chance to get the engine for Christmas; and besides, dinner was to be an hour later than usual that day. Some of his mother's relatives from the country were coming to Christmas dinner, and it was Pinkey's hope and desire to have the engine to show off before his cousins.

Owing to Bunny's having been employed in

the telegraph office the preceding summer, the two boys still had the privilege of going through the gate and into the office, where the clicking instruments were, and where a large, round, squat coal-stove shed its ample warmth through the room.

As the train slowed down, and almost before it came to a stop, Pinkey and Bunny both mounted the platform of the express-car, bent upon the examination of the addresses on the packages piled beside the door.

Almost the first thing that Pinkey's eyes fell upon was a wooden box, about a foot long, bearing a large picture of a steam-engine on one side and his name and address printed boldly across the other.

"Here she is, Bunny; I've got 'er! She's come at last!" he shouted, making a dive for the pile of packages, with the intention of extracting therefrom the long-delayed package.

"Hold on there, now! Not so fast!" said the baggage-man. "That engine won't blow up for another minute or two."

"Mr. Morse said I could have it right away," argued Pinkey.

"Well, just you wait till Mr. Morse gets it entered in his book, and he'll give it to you right away, when you sign for it."

"I could have told you that," said Bunny, reprovingly. "You can't ever get a telegram or an express package 'thout signin' up for it."

"Oh, you know everything there is to know about a railroad, I s'pose," retorted Pinkey, as he departed, rather crestfallen, from the express-car. "It's a wonder the railroad company can get along without you."

Pinkey's ruffled spirits were soon restored to their usual state, however, when he was permitted to sign the big receipt-book and bear away his box. While he and Bunny were on their way to Pinkey's house, Bunny was plunged from the heights of expectancy to the depths of despair by meeting his mother at the street corner near his home. She was bound on an errand concerning some belated supplies for

her Christmas dinner, and on seeing Bunny she at once asked him to finish the errand in her stead. She promised to forgive his running away that morning, however, and said he might go to Pinkey's in the afternoon if he would do as he was bid without further objection, and Bunny reluctantly accepted the inevitable.

Mrs. Perkins was very much surprised when Pinkey entered the house, radiantly happy, and informed her in great glee what was in the box he was carrying. He told her without reserve just how he had gone about getting the engine, and seemed more than happy over the success of his plans.

Mr. Perkins had gone to the post-office to

only can, I *know* he'll like it, and he'll be surprised to see that I know how to run it, too."

Mrs. Perkins became greatly interested in the engine in spite of herself, and offered to help Pinkey all she could to get it started at once.

"Is n't she a beauty?" cried Pinkey, as he at last drew from the box the bright, nickel-plated engine and set it on the table.

Carefully following directions, they filled the boiler and set the small alcohol-lamp under it. Pinkey insisted on using hot water from the tea-kettle in order that they might get up steam quicker. There was now nothing to do but await developments.

Just as these preparations were completed, a call from the front gate announced the arrival of the guests. Pinkey demanded absolute secrecy from his mother concerning the engine, for he wanted it to be *the* surprise of the day. Besides, if it *should* happen that his father was not pleased with what he had done, it was comforting to feel that his mother was now on his side.

At the gate they found a sleigh load of boisterous, happy relatives untangling themselves from the mass of robes and coverings in the sled, all shouting at the tops of their voices: "Merry Christmas! merry Christmas!"

Greetings over, they all adjourned to the house, and Mr. Perkins put in an appearance a few moments later. Before dinner was announced, Pinkey and his mother made many mysterious excursions to the dining-room, both



"HERE SHE IS, BUNNY: I'VE GOT 'ER! SHE'S COME AT LAST!"

maintaining a strict silence regarding their doings on their return. All others, however, were forbidden even to peep into the dining-room until asked to come to dinner.

Finally the doors were thrown open, and as

get his daily paper when Pinkey reached home, and the expected relatives had not yet put in an appearance.

"I wonder if I can have it running when father gets home," exclaimed Pinkey. "If I

the jolly party entered the room they were amazed at the sight that met their eyes. Instead of the modest fernery which usually graced the center of the table, there, standing high on top of a gaily decorated box, was Pinkey's steam-engine, running as though the lives of all those present depended upon it!

All but Pinkey kept their eyes fixed upon the engine for some moments; Pinkey devoted his entire attention to his father's face, for he knew that the effect of his strategy would be indicated there sooner than anywhere else. There were many exclamations of delight from the guests, but Mr. Perkins was the first to speak. Gradually he turned from the engine and fastened a stern gaze upon Pinkey.

"Pinkerton, where did that engine come from?" he asked.

Before Pinkey could construct a satisfactory reply to the question, his mother spoke up and answered for him: "That 's the premium on those three subscriptions to 'The Juvenile' that you had Mrs. Betts send for. Pinkey wrote to the folks in Ohio and put the idea into their heads to suggest it to you. Pinkey and I have had lots of fun getting it to running, and he knows as much about it already as I do about my sewing-machine."

With his wife and son both arrayed against him, and the engine, too, proudly asserting itself from its station on the box, there was no-

thing for Mr. Perkins to do but accept the situation and admit that he, too, enjoyed the new acquisition.

"I thought it was queer," said he, as they all seated themselves around the table, "that they should all want that paper at once, and I could n't account for it; but I did n't think for



a minute that I was walking into any such trap as that. However," he added, with a pardoning glance at Pinkey, "I must say it is a pretty fine engine, is n't it, Pinkey?"

"Yes, sir," said Pinkey, emphatically, reaching for one of the miniature levers on top of the boiler; "and just listen to her whistle!"



e rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, & half with bows & arrows.

ILLUSTRATION, BY N. M. PRICE, OF A SCENE FROM "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS."

THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

CHAPTER III.

A MIDNIGHT HAZING.

AFTER the lights were out that night, Roy lay for quite a while in his bed in the Senior Dormitory, reviewing the day.

During dinner he had begun to feel at home. He had found himself at Mr. Cobb's table, which later on would be weeded out to make room for the foot-ball players, and had sat next to Captain Rogers, who had spoken to him several times quite affably, but not about foot-ball. The other fellows, too, had shown a disposition to accept him as one of them,—all except Horace Burlen and Otto Ferris,—and by the time Roy had finished his meal he had begun to think that life at Ferry Hill might turn out to be "both pleasant and profitable," as Harry had phrased it. After dinner he had spent the better part of an hour in the study-room on the first floor composing a letter home. That finished, he had wandered down to the river, and had been mildly rebuked by Mr. Buckman, an instructor, for going out of bounds after eight o'clock. There had been prayers at nine in the two dormitories, and then he was soon ready for sleep in the narrow white-enamelled bed to which he had been assigned.

To-morrow lessons would begin, and he wondered how he was going to fare. He had entered on a certificate from his grammar-school, and had been put into the Second Senior Class. If he could keep up with that, he would be ready for college in two years.

Greek and English were what Roy was afraid of. Latin and mathematics held no terrors for him.

Meanwhile, the dormitory, full of whispers and repressed laughter for the first few minutes of darkness, had become silent save for a snore here and there. Roy's thoughts wandered back to the foot-ball field and to Horace Burlen, who was lying somewhere near in the dark,

and presently his eyelids fell together and he was asleep.

How long he slept he never knew, but when he awoke suddenly, to find hands gently shaking him by the shoulders, it seemed that it must be morning. But the dormitory was still in darkness and the breathing of the sleepers still sounded.

"Get up, and don't make any noise," commanded a voice at his ear. Sleepily, he strove to get his thoughts together. For a moment nothing was very clear to him. Then the command was repeated a trifle impatiently, and Roy began to understand.

"What for?" he asked, temporizing.

"Never you mind. Just you do what we tell you, and see that you make no fuss about it. There are a dozen of us here, and we won't stand any nonsense!"

Roy had n't given any thought to hazing; but now he concluded that, to use his own elegant expression, he "was up against it." Of course, if it was the custom to haze new boys, there was no use making a fuss about it—no use in playing baby. The only thing that bothered him was that the speaker's voice sounded unpleasantly like Horace Burlen's, and there was no telling to what lengths that youth's dislike might lead him. However, his companions, whoever they were, would probably see fair play. So Roy, with a sigh, tumbled softly out of bed. He could just see indistinct forms about him and hear their breathing.

"Hold still," said the voice; and Roy, obeying, felt a bandage being pressed across his eyes and secured behind his head. Then, with a hand grasping each arm, he was led silently across the floor. Down two flights of stairs he was conducted, through the lower hall, and then the chill night air struck his face. More steps,—this time the granite flight in front of the hall,—and his bare feet were treading

uncomfortably on the gravel. So far there had been no sounds from his captors. Now, however, they began to whisper among themselves; and although he could n't hear what was being said, he gathered that they were undecided as to where to take him. The procession halted, and all save the two who stood guard beside him drew away. The night air began to feel decidedly chill, and he realized that cotton pajamas are n't the warmest things to wear for a nocturnal jaunt in late September. Presently the others returned, and then started on again. In a moment the path began to descend, and Roy remembered with a sinking heart that he had trod that same path ear-



lier in the evening and that at the end of it lay the river! Unconsciously he held back.

"None of that!" said the voice, threateningly, and he was pulled forward again. For a few steps he tried digging his heels in the ground; but it hurt, and did no good anyhow. So he went on without further resistance. In a minute the procession stopped. Then he heard the keel of a boat grate lightly on the pebbles.

"Step up!" was the command. Roy obeyed, and felt the planking of the float under his bare feet. Then—

"Get into the boat," said the voice. Roy did so very cautiously, and found a seat. Oars were dipped into the water, and the boat moved softly away from the landing.

"Can you swim?" asked the voice, and this

"IN A MOMENT THE PATH BEGAN TO DESCEND AND ROY REMEMBERED WITH A SINKING HEART THAT AT THE END OF IT LAY THE RIVER."

time Roy was certain that it was Horace Bur-len's. For an instant he wondered what would happen if he said, "No." Probably they would devise some punishment quite as uncomfortable as a ducking in the lake. The latter was n't very terrifying, and, at all events, the water could n't be much colder than the air was; so —

"Yes," he answered, and heard a chuckle.

"Good! You 'll have a chance to prove it."

For what seemed several minutes the boat was paddled onward. By this time, thought Roy, they must be a long way from shore; and he suddenly wondered, with a little sinking at his heart, whether the current was very strong thereabouts, and how, when he was in the water, he was to tell in which direction the land lay. Then the oars ceased creaking in the row-locks, and the boat was rocking very gently in the water.

"Stand up," said the voice. Hands guided him as he obeyed, and steadied him.

"When I count three, you will jump into the water and swim for land," continued the leader.

"You 've got to take this thing off my eyes, though," protested Roy.

"That may not be," answered the voice, sternly, and Roy caught a giggle from behind him, which was quickly suppressed.

"Then I 'll be hanged if I do it!" he said doggedly.

"Better to jump than be thrown," was the ominous reply.

Roy considered.

"Which way do I swim?" he asked. "Where 's the landing?"

"That you will discover for yourself. We may tell you no more."

"Don't see that you 've told me much of anything," muttered Roy, wrathfully. "How do you fellows know that there is n't a big, old rock here? Want me to bust my head open?"

"We are in clear water," was the answer. "And"—and now the formal phraseology was abandoned—"if you don't hurry up and get ready, we 'll —"

"Oh, go to thunder, you old bully!" growled Roy. "Go ahead and do your counting. I 'd rather be in the river than here with you."

"All right. Now then, all ready, kid! One! Two! Three!"

The grasp on Roy's arms was relaxed, he raised them above his head, and sprang outward. But just as he was clearing the boat a hand shot forward and grasped his ankle long enough to spoil his dive. Then he had struck the level stream flat on his stomach, and, with the breath gone from his body, felt the water close over his head.

CHAPTER IV.

ROY CHANGES HIS MIND.

FOR an instant his arms thrashed wildly. Then he was standing, gasping and spluttering, with the bandage torn away and the ripples breaking against his thighs! From the bank, only a few feet away, came roars of laughter, diminishing as his captors, having drawn the boat up on the little pebbly beach, stumbled up the path toward the school. And Roy, shivering and chattering, stood there in a scant three feet of icy water and impotently shook his fist in the darkness!

At first, as he scrambled with his bare feet over the sharp pebbles to the shore, he could not understand what had happened. Then he realized that all the rowing had been in circles, or possibly back and forth along the shore. For some reason this made him madder than if they had really forced him to dive into deep water beyond his depth. They had made a perfect fool of him! And all the way back up the hill and across the campus he vowed vengeance—when his chattering teeth would let him!

A few minutes later, divested of his wet pajamas, he was under the covers again, striving to get some warmth back into his chilled body. When he had tiptoed noiselessly into the dormitory, whispers had greeted him, and unseen persons had asked softly whether he had found the water warm, how the walking was, and how he liked diving. But Roy had made no answer, and soon the voices were stilled. Sleep was long in coming to him, and when it did it brought such unpleasant dreams that he found little rest.

At breakfast, when the announcements were

read by Mr. Buckman, Roy found himself one of four boys summoned to call on Doctor Emery at the office in School Hall after the meal was over. Looking up, he encountered the eyes of Horace Burlen fixed upon him threateningly. Roy smiled to himself. So they were afraid that he would tell on them, were they? Well, they 'd see!

When Roy's turn to enter the office came, after a few minutes of waiting in the outer room in company with the school secretary, he found himself a little bit nervous. Perhaps the prin-

one reason why he did such good work at quarter on the second squad that Jack Rogers patted him once on the shoulder and told him to "keep it up, Porter!"

There were several absentees among the foot-ball squad that afternoon, notably Horace Burlen and Otto Ferris, and there was much discussion amongst the fellows as to the reason. Before practice was over the report had got around that the absent ones had been "placed on inner bounds." Roy did n't know just what that meant, but he was almost sorry for the



"ROY LIFTED HIS HAT, AND NODDED WITH A FRIENDLY SMILE, BUT HIS ONLY REWARD WAS AN UNSEEING GLANCE FROM THE BLUE EYES."

cipal had already learned of last night's mischief and held him to blame in the matter.

But when, five minutes or so later, Roy came out again he looked quite contented. In the outer office he encountered Mr. Buckman, who nodded to him, paused as though about to speak, apparently thought better of it, and passed on into the principal's room. Roy hurried over to the Senior Dormitory, armed himself with books, pad, and pencils, and managed to reach his first class just as the doors were being closed. Lessons went well enough the first day, and when, at four o'clock, Roy trotted out upon the gridiron for afternoon practice, he had n't a worry in the world. Perhaps that is

culprits. When, after practice was over, Roy did his two laps with the others, he looked across the hedge as he passed the stables. The doves were circling about in the late sunshine, and the wicked Spot was sunning himself on the edge of the shed roof, but the girl with the red hair was not in sight.

At supper Roy found a decided change in the attitude of the fellows toward him. Instead of the friendly, half-curious glances of the night before, the looks he received were cold and contemptuous. For the most part, however, the fellows avoided noticing him, and all during the meal only Jack Rogers and Mr. Cobb addressed him. Later, Roy accidentally over-

heard a conversation not intended for his ears. He was in the study-room, whither he had taken his books. The window beside him was open, and under it, on the granite steps outside, was a group of the younger boys.

"Emmy called them to the office at noon," one boy was saying, "and raised an awful row with them. Said hazing was forbidden and they knew it, and that he had a good mind to send them all home. He tried to get them to tell who started it, but they would n't. So he put them all on inner bounds for a month."

"How 'd he know who was in it?" asked another boy.

"Why, the new chap squealed, of course!" was the contemptuous answer. "Horace Burlen says so. Says he does n't know how he guessed the other fellows, but supposes he recognized him by his voice. An ugly trick, I call it! It's going to just about break up the eleven. Why, there 's Burlen and Ferris and Gus Pryor and Billy Warren, all foot-ball men!"

"Mighty little difference Otto Ferris's absence will make, though."

"Oh, he 'd have made the team this year, all right."

"Well, a month is n't very long. They 'll get back in time to play the big games."

"S'posing they do, silly! How about practice? If Hammond beats us this year it will be that Porter fellow's fault."

"I don't believe he told on them," said a new voice that Roy recognized as Sidney Welch's. "He—he does n't look like that sort!"

"Does n't, eh? Then who did tell? Think they peached on themselves?" was the scathing reply. "You 'd better not let Horace hear you talking like that, Sid!"

Roy stole away to a distant table with burning cheeks and clenched hands.

When bedtime came things were even worse. All the time he was undressing he was aware that he was the subject of much of the whispered discussion around him, and the hostile glances that met him made silence almost impossible. But silent he was, doing his best to seem unaware of what the others were thinking and saying. He passed down the dormitory to the wash-room with head held high and as un-

concerned a look as he could manage, but he was n't very happy while he lay awake in the darkness waiting for sleep to come to him. He had made a sorry beginning of school life, he reflected bitterly. To be sure, he might deny that he had told on Burlen and his companions, but what good would it do when all the fellows believed as they did? No; the only way was to brave it out and in time win back the fellows' respect. But Horace Burlen! Some day, how or when he did not know, he would get even with Burlen! Meanwhile sleep came to him after a while and he fell into troubled dreams.

The next day his cup of bitterness was filled yet fuller. Harry cut him! He met her on the way across the campus at noon. She was immaculately tidy in a blue skirt and a fresh white shirt-waist, and her red hair fell in a neat braid at her back. She carried a bundle of books under her arm, and Snip, the fox-terrier, ran beside her. Roy lifted his hat, and nodded with a friendly smile, but his only reward was an unseeing glance from the blue eyes. The color flamed into Roy's face, and he hurried on with bent head. I think Harry regretted her action the next instant, for when he had passed she turned and looked after him with a little wistful frown on her face.

On the foot-ball field life was n't much pleasanter than in hall. Roy had already worked himself into the position of first substitute quarter-back, and Bacon, the last year's quarter, was looking anxious and buckling down to work in a way that showed he was not over-confident of holding his place. But when the men before and behind you had rather make you look ridiculous than play the game, you are in a hard way. And that was Roy's fix. Whitcomb, who was playing center in Burlen's absence, was inclined to treat Roy rather decently, but there were others in the squad who never let slip an opportunity to worry him. The way his signals were misunderstood was extraordinary. Not that it mattered so much these days, since practice was in its most primitive stage; but after three afternoons of such treatment Roy was ready to give up the fight. After practice on Saturday he waited for Jack Rogers outside the gymnasium, and ranged himself alongside the older boy as

he turned toward the dormitory. Jack shot a quick glance at him and nodded.

"I thought I'd better tell you," began Roy, "that I've decided to give up foot-ball."

"Think so?" asked the captain, dryly.

"Yes," replied Roy, looking a little bit surprised. There was nothing further from the other, and Roy strode on at his side, trying to match his long stride and somewhat embarrassedly striving to think of what to say next.

"You see," he said finally, "there's no use in my trying to play quarter while the fellows are down on me. It's just a waste of time. I—I don't seem to be able to get things right."

What he meant was that the others were doing their best to get things wrong, but he

"Well, let's stop here a minute if you've got time." The two seated themselves on a wooden bench under the trees, a few yards from the entrance of the dormitory. "You're new here," continued Jack, "and there are some things you don't know. One of the things is this: we've got to win from Hammond this fall, if we have to work every minute between now and the day of the game. They beat us last year. Our captain last year was Johnny King,—he's playing with Cornell this year,—and he was plucky clean through. When we went out for the second half, with the score eleven to nothing against us, he said to me: 'Jack, you'll be captain next year, and I want you to remember to-day's game. Get

a team together that will lick Hammond. Work for it all the fall. Nevermind what other teams do to you, keep Hammond in mind every minute.'

He stopped and looked inquiringly at Roy.

"I guess I'll go ahead and play," answered Roy.

"That's better. You're one of us now, and that means that you've got to work yourself blue in the face, if necessary, to make up for what Hammond did to us last fall. I can't promise you that you'll get into the game, although I don't see why you should n't; but even if you don't—even if you stay on the second all season,

you'll be doing just as much toward winning the game as any of us—if you'll do your best and a little more. And it must n't make any difference to you how the fellows treat you or what they say. You're there to play foot-ball and run your



"'IF YOU'LL DO YOUR HONEST BEST THERE, I'LL STICK TO YOU AS LONG AS YOU LIVE.'"

did n't want to seem to be complaining of them to Rogers. The latter turned and observed Roy thoughtfully.

"Is that your only reason?" he asked.

"Yes."

team. Of course, what takes place between you and the others is none of my business, and I sha'n't step in to help you; but just as soon as I find that they are risking the success of the eleven, you can count on me to back you up. I won't stand any nonsense from them, and they know it; or, if they don't know it now, they mighty soon will. They say you gave away the fellows who hazed you the other night. I don't know whether you did or did n't, and I don't want you to tell me. I don't care. You can play foot-ball, and that 's enough for me. I have nothing to do with what you are off the foot-ball field. If you 'll do your honest best there, I 'll stick to you as long as you live. Will you?"

"Yes," answered Roy.

"Good! Shake hands! Now let 's go on."

"About that hazing affair, though," said Roy, as they left their seat, "I 'd like to tell you—"

"I don't want to be told," answered Jack, curtly. "If you told on Burlen and the others, maybe you had reason; and, if you 're a decent sort of a chap, they 'll get over it in time. If you did n't, you 've got nothing to worry about. If a chap plays fair and square, fellows pretty soon know it. See you at supper. So long!"

Jack turned down the path toward the cottage, and Roy ran up the steps of Burgess Hall with a lighter heart than he had had for several days.

(To be continued.)



HURRAH! THE DEAR OLD MAN IS OFF!

Christmas in Old England.

(Suggestions for Christmas Tableaux.)

By Nora Archibald Smith.

"Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie
And ever more be merry."

THE stage should be decorated for these tableaux with branches of fir and garlands of evergreen, and with ivy, holly, and mistletoe wherever it can appropriately be placed, the decorations remaining throughout the series of pictures. The tableaux may be accompanied by music and *action*, if desired, as "motionless" tableaux might be difficult, and it would be well to print upon the program the explanatory verses at the head of each section.



I.

Father Christmas.

"Now he who knows old Christmas,
He knows a carle of worth;
For he is as good a fellow
As any upon earth."

Father Christmas should occupy a throne placed on a dais in center of stage. His long white beard flows over a dark-green, ermine-bordered robe with hanging sleeves, and he wears a crown of holly. A small globe in his hand wreathed with holly represents his orb, and his scepter is a tall, slender fir-tree hung with mistletoe and stripped of all its branches save a few near the tip. His court surrounds him, and is composed of a jester, musicians, pages bearing tall Yule candles, and of as many figures from succeeding tableaux as can be grouped picturesquely upon the stage. The performers may wear old English costumes for the entire performance, and the hair of the smaller children and lads is cut square across the forehead and hangs loose. The *Squire* and the older men part the hair in the middle and wear it hanging on the neck. The damsels and ladies must consult old English pictures for the arrangement of their locks.

IIa.

Christmas Carols.

"The first Nowell the Angels did say
Was to certain poor Shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep
In a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel."

THE lights may be lowered and a band of children and grown people may appear as carolers. Singing Christmas songs from door to door was a popular custom in England as early as the fifteenth century, so any quaint old English costume is suitable for the participants.



IIb.

Another Tableau of Christmas Carols.

"And now no more we'll sing to you because the hour is late,
And we must trudge and sing our song at many another gate;
And so we'll wish you once again a merry Christmas time,
And pray God bless you while you give good silver for our rhyme
To us poor carolers,
As caroling we go;
With footsteps sore,
From door to door
We trudge through sleet and snow."

THE lights should be lowered for this picture also, as the carols were usually sung at daybreak, and if the floor of the stage can be covered with a white fabric and the decorations tufted with cotton here and there, a snow effect will be produced. The carolers in this case are beggars singing for hire, and may be a mother with baby in arms and a group of children of different sizes. They are to be bare-headed, with loose hair, pale cheeks, tattered clothing, and cloaks half-slipping from their shoulders. They may either sing or pretend to sing and look up to an imaginary window for alms, one of the smaller children standing in front and rattling a box of small coins. If a lantern of antique pattern can be found or made, one of the performers may hold it.

III.

Bringing in the Yule-log.



"Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing."

THE Yule-log may either be borne in on the shoulders of four stout lads, or dragged in by heavy ropes. In either case it should be garlanded with holly and a little child seated upon it with a bunch of holly in his hands. A lad with a torch should precede it, as the log was always lighted with a brand from the last year's block, and boys and girls may caper and dance beside it. There may be music, too, with players of trumpet, drum or violin.



IV.

Bringing in the Boar's Head.

**"The Boar's Head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary;
I pray you all sing merrily."**

THIS was an imposing procession in the olden time, and should be made so in the tableau. First come the trumpeters, their instruments (tin horns) hung with banners; then four carolers, music in hand; then the for-ester and huntsman dressed in green and carrying, one a spear and one a bow and quiver, and after them on an immense silver (tin) platter the Boar's Head is borne by "a lusty serving-man." The head may be fashioned out of clay, of cloth (stuffed), or of brown paper, and must be varnished to imitate the rich glaze of roasting. One of the boy performers may whittle the tusks out of wood.

A lemon is to be placed in the boar's mouth and the head dressed with garlands. Two pages carrying silver pots of mustard accompany the "serving-man," who may be clothed in white, capped and aproned like a cook, and carry a carving-knife in his girdle. All the boys and girls who figure in the other tableaux may frolic and dance in the rear, one of the older lads, perhaps, bearing a little child on his shoulders.



V.

The Christmas Dinner.

**"Old Christmas is come for to keep open house,
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse:
Then come, boys, and welcome for diet the chief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minced pies and roast beef."**

THE bare table is of oak, dark and highly polished (imitated by paint), and the guests are seated on stools or benches at both ends and side farthest from audience. The squire's high-backed chair should be in the center, and he may be distinguished by a ruff, a pointed beard, a jeweled belt, and a gold chain about his neck. The guests may be placed according to fancy, laborers and serving-men among the rest, as no distinctions were observed at the Christmas feast. Any one whom it becomes may wear a wreath of holly or ivy, and all dresses are gay. The plates, cups, and platters should be of tin to imitate silver or pewter, and brown bowls decked with ribbons and filled with "wassail" should be passing from hand to hand. The boar's head is in a conspicuous place, as well as simulated "plum-pudding, goose, capon, minced pies and roast beef," and there are nuts and apples on the board. Dogs, if there are any in the neighborhood of peaceable disposition and dramatic talent, may lie under the table and at the feet of the guests.



VI.

The Christmas Dance.

**"Young gallants and ladies shall foot it along,
Each room in the house to the music shall throng,
Whilst jolly carouses about they shall pass,
And each country swain trip about with his lass."**

IF Father Christmas's dais is still on the stage, it will serve for the musicians. Fiddles and bagpipes were in use for dancing at the time, but one violin will do very well, and a series of old tunes should be sought out for the contra-dance, which should be as gay as possible and given before the audience by all the performers. A jester or "fool" in traditional garb, with bauble, cap, and bells, is in place in all these tableaux, save the second, and he may dance with a tiny child, or with the squire's lady, whose hair should be dressed in Elizabethan style, and who should wear a trailing gown, ruff, and long white veil. The minuet is also a suitable dance, though not so gay and rather more difficult of execution.



VII.

Christmas Mumming (Masquerading).

**"Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;**

**White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made:
But, oh! what masquers richly dight
Can boast of faces half so bright!"**

THE Lord of Misrule (manager of the Christmas revels), carrying his wand of office, heads the procession in this elaborate tableau, and is richly dressed with a ruff, jewels, a plumed hat, and an ermine-bordered train borne by two pages. His followers may ride hobby-horses, and may be decked with ribbons, while bells hang from various points of their raiment. Violins, bagpipes, drums, and trumpets follow, and singers, also, if desired. The remainder of the performers may disguise themselves as simply or as elaborately as they wish—wearing masks, blackening their faces, or wearing heads of birds and animals, the idea being that "every one in the family except the squire himself must be transformed from what they were." Handkerchiefs held by all the mummers, except the Lord of Misrule and his followers, and waved in the air and about the head to the time of the music, seem to have been a feature of these Christmas mumming processions.



VIII.

Christmas Games.

*"And when that 's spent the day
We 'll Christmas gambols play,
At hot cockles beside,
And then go to all-hide,
With many other pretty toys—
Men, women, youths, maids, girls and boys."*

ALL joined in the Christmas sports, grown people as well as children, and those most popular seem to have been Hot Cockles, Snap-dragon, Bob-apple, Post and Pair, Shoe the Wild Mare, and especially Hoodman Blind (Blind Man's Buff). This, although simple, may be made a most effective tableau, choosing a conspicuous figure for the Hoodman with his staff (Father Christmas, perhaps, or the jester), and grouping the rest effectively according to the game. "Kissing under the Mistletoe" may be associated with the sport, if desired, an audacious youth attempting to profit by some damsel's temporary presence under the mystic boughs.



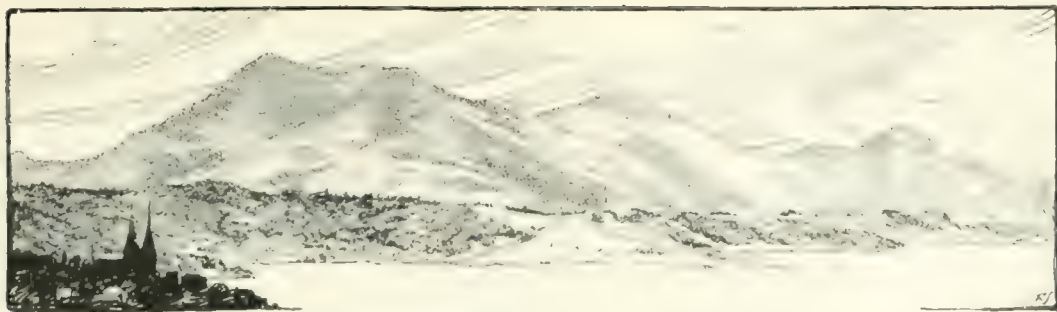
IX.

Christmas Story-telling.

*"Verse, crown'd with ivy and with holly,
That tells of winter's tales and mirth."*

THE minstrel, or professional musician and story-teller, was always to be found in great houses at Christmas-tide, and though his art was most popular in an age earlier than that shown in most of these tableaux, it yet may be introduced here as a close to the scenes of revel. Let the minstrel be seated in a high-backed chair on a dais in the center, back of the stage. He should be blind, as minstrels often were, white-haired, white-bearded, and clad in a long white robe, part of the drapery of which is caught up to the left shoulder with a heavy brooch. He holds a harp or lyre and, with sightless eyes cast upward, is touching the strings, ready to begin the tale, which will be half song, half story. Upon or at the foot of the dais group the smaller children, gazing intently at the minstrel, and all about the stage the other performers in graceful attitudes, standing, sitting, young girls with arms intertwined, a few children on the knees of mothers and fathers, the Lord of Misrule leaning on his wand of office.

*"Yule 's come and Yule 's gane,
And we have feasted weel;
Sae Jock maun to his flail again,
And Jenny to her wheel."*



ON THE RIGI



BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

ABOUT fifteen years ago two boys met one morning on Mount Rigi, and talked together for an hour. Such strange events grew out of that chance meeting, that I must tell you about it. A few people know how true the story is.

Bob Payne at that time was making his way through Princeton. He was then in the Junior class. He coached boys in vacation, and made hay, and found a thousand other devices to pay his way. He was such a healthy, jolly fellow that everybody liked him, and tried to push him along. So it came about that on the first day of July he found that he had two hundred dollars in his pocket and two months to spare.

Bob and his father were alone in the world. His mother had died when he was a baby. He was the only child. Mr. Payne had been a teacher in the public schools until the new methods came in and forced him out. Now he had a patch of ground in New Jersey, and raised berries for the Philadelphia market.

Bob rushed in on him one morning.

"Dad! I say, Dad! We're going abroad! We have two months ahead and two hundred dollars and our wheels. We'll go in the steerage. We'll make straight for France, and wheel through Holland and the Alps. What d'ye think of that?"

Mr. Payne did not wait to think. He hurried and threw the spade into a corner. Of course, if Bob went, he was going. Bob had a thousand friends, but Dad was his only comrade.

So here they were on the Rigi to see the

sun rise, strong and healthy to their finger-tips, making incessant jokes and shouting with delight at them, though they had tasted little but bread and cheese since they had left home.

But who ever saw the sun rise on the Rigi? The great waves of fog, as usual, crawled up higher and higher, until the peaks and the sky were all smothered under their gray billows.

Just then a little cripple limped out of the mist and came up, holding out a basket of matches and some stale candy to sell.

The Paynes could not spare even the two sous which the candy cost, but Bob fell into talk with the boy, and soon knew all about him. Bob talked French and German as fast as English, though his verbs often tumbled wildly over his nouns. When he was a little fellow he had said:

"I must know all the folks in the world if I can, and I might miss some of the best by not speaking their language." So he always had worked hard at his Ollendorffs.

He soon had the little peddler's story. Axel's father was a guide at Chamounix. There were a half-dozen children at home and not much to eat. Axel sold his matches and candy to the tourists on Mount Rigi.

"He'll never get on with these miserable things, Dad," Bob said anxiously. "There's nothing in them. We've got to do something—hello! I know—"

The Paynes had two cameras with them—the big one and a cheap little snap-shot machine which they seldom used. Bob took the small

camera out now, and slowly explained it to Axel, going over each point again and again.

"Simple as eating bread and butter when you're used to it," he said.

Axel's blue eyes glittered and his fingers trembled, but he caught the trick quickly.

"This fellow's got lots of sense, Dad. He's an uncommonly capable chap. Now, Axel, this camera is yours. You're not to sell it nor to give it away. You must offer to take the likenesses of the ladies who come up here. Say that their friends would like a picture of them standing on the top of Mount Rigi. You understand?"

"Ya, ya, mein Herr," gasped Axel, grinning.

"Charge them a good price. Give them the films—protected—so. They'll be only too glad to take them to be developed down in the town. You see? Let's have another try. Good! You have fingers and a head, my boy. You'll do. Now make the best of yourself. Come to see me in America some day."

They shook hands with him and went down into the fog.

Axel had neat fingers and keen wits. After a few days' practice he succeeded with his pictures. Some of the tourists knew all about a camera and showed him his mistakes. One or two kind-hearted women gave him films. He began to wear clean, whole clothes. He tried to speak and laugh like his friend, whose name he did not know. The next winter he never lost a day at school. Good old Pastor Müller, who had taught the children in that valley for forty years, was puzzled by the sudden zeal of the cripple, who had been one of the laziest of his boys. Now he was ravenous for knowledge.

The reason was simple enough. Every month there came to the little post-office in Frau Wentz's cigar-shop a bundle of illustrated papers for Axel. He would run to Pastor Müller with them, and the old man's lean hands would shake as he undid the package, and he would cry: "Pictures of France, of England, of the great States! All the world comes to us, my boy!"

A year ago, Axel had a hazy knowledge that there were places in the world outside of

his hut and the snow-peaks around it, but they were all vague to him. Now these newspapers lifted the fog which covered the world from him.

Pastor Müller had tramped about a good deal when he was a stout "Junker" or youngster. The pictures brought back his youth.

"This is St. Peter's!" he would cry, and then



"SIMPLE AS EATING BREAD AND BUTTER WHEN YOU'RE USED TO IT."

for days he would pour out stories of the Cæsars and the popes and Garibaldi to the boy. Or, "Here is the Place de la Concorde," and then came Napoleon and the Bourbons; and so on, day after day. The old man and the boy never grew tired. Axel learned history with his eyes and brain and heart that winter. He took in knowledge at every pore.

"He will come back some day, and I want to know everything—as he does," he would cry anxiously. "He told me to make the best of myself."

In these papers there often were pictures of groups of public men in America—senators, doctors of divinity, politicians, and others. Pastor Müller and the boy would pore over these pictures to find Bob's.

"He must be reckoned among the foremost there now," the pastor would say. "Young men soon push to the front in the States. He did not tell you what course he had chosen in which to find usefulness and fame? The law—or does he write books?"

Axel had to confess that he did not know. It seemed impossible that he had seen the young man, who now filled his thoughts by night and day, only for one short half-hour.

"He will follow politics, no doubt," the pastor would decide. "It is an open field in that country, and has great rewards for honest men."

"He soon will be President, then," Axel thought to himself; "and I will go to see him in his court. I wish I were two inches taller."

He used to stretch his muscles for an hour every night and morning to make up those inches. In every other way he worked to make the best of himself for this one hero who had come into his small life, shut in by its walls of fog. He learned the shoemaking craft,—for one must live,—but the pastor went on with his lessons at nights. They studied English together to bring themselves closer to this unknown hero.

Bob wrote to Axel now and then. He sent him a photograph of himself, when he was graduated, in his cap and gown, but he never told what he was doing—so they still were left to guess.

"He has the garb of a scholar," the pastor said. "He has not, then, chosen a political career?"

But Axel at heart was sure that his friend soon would be President.

For years the lad hoarded every penny he could spare, until at last he had enough to pay for a steerage passage to America and back. He bought a good suit of clothes, with green kid gloves and a scarlet cravat, and folded them snugly in his straw valise. He had a little mustache, too, which he stroked fondly.

"I'm a man, now," he would say to himself. "How pleased he will be!"

He wrote to Bob that he was coming, but did not wait for an answer. He took passage from Bremen, arriving in New York one bright June day. He did not wait even to look out at the city, but put on his new suit with a stiff round hat such as he had seen Bob wear, and took the train for Philadelphia. When the conductor came to take up his ticket, he could not keep quiet.

"Do you know Mr. Robert Payne, sir?" he said.

"No, I do not," the man said civilly, gravely eying Axel's red necktie and large pin of Swiss pebbles.

"He—he is not the—not in a high office—as yet," said Axel. "But he is a very important man in the States."

"No doubt. They're not scarce. That's one thing we've lashings of," said the man. "You get off at Germantown Junction," and he went down the aisle.

A young man who was sitting beside Axel glanced at him once or twice over his paper.

"You are a friend of Robert Payne's?" he said presently.

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Axel. "I have come to see him from Switzerland. Do you know him, sir?"

"Yes, I was in the class below his at college." He folded up his paper slowly.

"Mr. Payne is—well?" said Axel, breathless. He was near his friend at last. This was like touching him! "It is all right with him?"

"Yes, it is all right with him." The man spoke slowly, glancing at Axel askance. He asked a question or two, but they were hardly needed, for the Swiss poured out his whole story. The young fellow laughed.

"Yes; that was Bob! So like him! We get off here," as the train stopped at the Junction. "This is near his home. Come into the station. There is no one here."

It was a quiet little room, looking out on green fields. A heavy rain was falling and shut them in. "My name is Lowe," said the young man—"John Lowe. I will tell you now all you want to know about your friend."

The boy hurried out all the questions, the wonder and hopes, which had been stifling

him for years, ending with: "I am sure he has gained high rank by now. He soon will be the President or a governor. Pastor Müller was sure of that, too."

John Lowe did not answer for a minute.

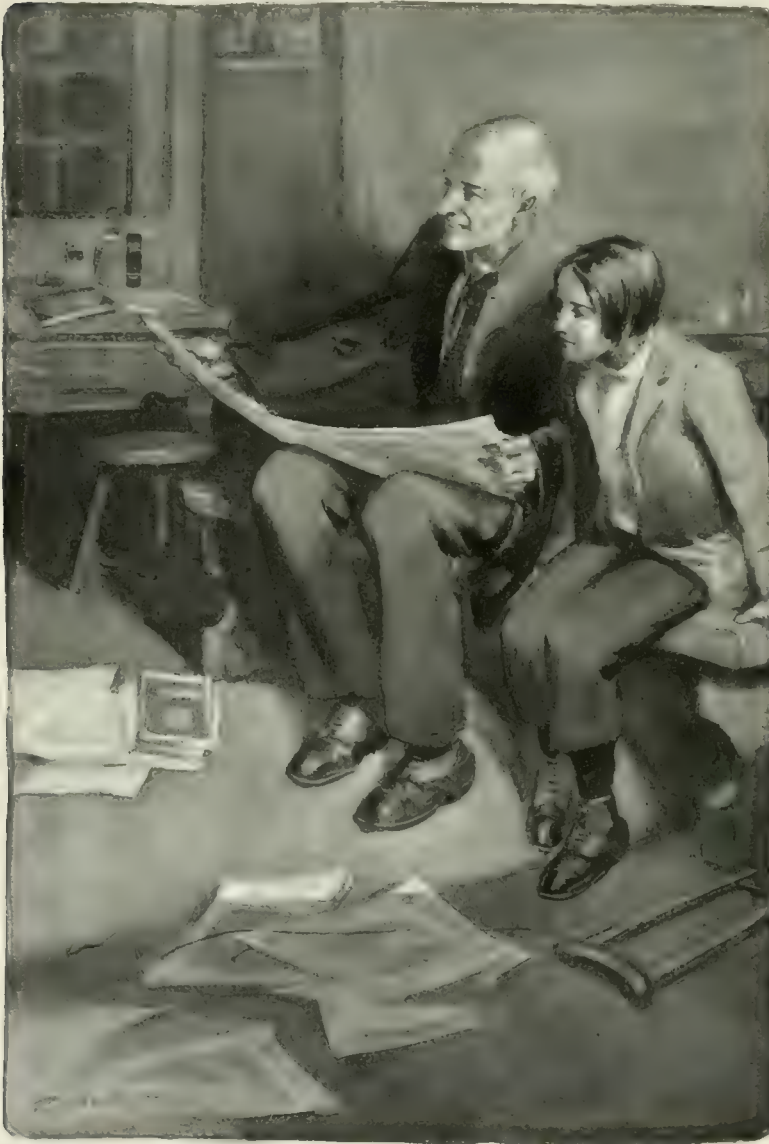
was too busy to study as he should. There were dozens of poor boys like himself trying to earn enough to go through. Bob coached this one and that, found places for them in vacation as waiters, farm-boys, or conductors, gave

them his money, his clothes, his books, shoved them all along for years. A low fever broke out the last summer; he dropped study and turned in to nurse. The end of that was that he barely got his degree. No honors. He did not care. 'They're all through!' he said to me the last day, shouting with delight. But actually he did n't know that it was he who had dragged them through. He had many rich friends who knew that he had a clear brain for mathematics, for operations in finance. They made a place for him in a broker's office in New York. 'You'll get the knowledge here which in a year or two, with your brain, will bring you in a fortune,' they said."

Axel nodded gravely. "Oh! he is a 'boss,' then? We hear much of your bosses, sir—men with such vast sums of money in their pockets that they can buy

and sell kingdoms any day. He is so clever he must have earned many millions by this time."

For the first time Axel glanced down un-



"THE OLD MAN AND THE BOY NEVER GREW TIRED."

"Yes, I see what you expected. Now, I'll tell you the truth. Bob was ambitious in college. He had a great head for mathematics. He could have taken high rank there. But he

easily at his cheap suit and the Sunday shoes which he had made for himself.

"Bob? Millions?" Lowe laughed. "No; he tried money-making for a year, and then threw up the job. He left the office. 'Stocks are dead things,' he said. 'I like men and women better. I'll study medicine!' He studied medicine. He has great abilities."

"Oh, great abilities," muttered Axel, who was listening with bright eyes and quivering lips.

"The old doctors said he never would make a success as a practitioner. He threw himself too much into each case. He had fever with this patient, and a broken leg with that. He had some powerful friends. They offered him a snug berth in a great university where he could give himself up to original research—hunt for the germs of the grip or the typhoid fever. Understand? No? Well, it meant easy work, good pay, and great fame some day. Bob tried it awhile. 'It's big work for the world, I know,' he said; 'but it's not my work. I want to get close to men and women, not microbes.'"

Axel looked bewildered. He could not follow Lowe's meaning. "Where is he?" he asked anxiously, glancing out at the fading lights on the green slopes of this strange, new world. "Where is he?"

"Oh, I'm making a tedious story out of nothing. But Bob has been so different from other fellows. I thought I'd tell you, and you'd understand, maybe. Success or money has n't counted with him at all. D' ye see

those big mills yonder, belching out smoke? There are thousands of poor greasy workmen there; and every day there are accidents, ghastly wounds or broken bones, besides the diseases which break out among their wretched wives and children. Bob is there. He practises among them. The pay is very poor. He gives all his time and his great skill and ability to them. We tell him, 'The work and care you waste on these wretched Huns and Dagos would bring you great wealth and fame in New York or Philadelphia, if you would practise among your own class.' But all he says is: 'They need me. They love me. Why, see how poor they are, and miserable!' So there he lives, and is friend and brother as well as doctor to every poor wretch among them. He lives in that pretty little brown house—d' ye see, in the orchard?—with his old father and his wife and child—"

"His wife and child!" Axel stood up and took off his hat. His little round face burned red. "Ah! I did not know! I will go to him. It is a great life. He helps the poor folk that need him. God has given him a wife and a little child! I will go to him. He will be glad to see Axel. I am his friend. And when I go back to the Rigi I will tell my people of him. He gives himself to the poor sick folk, and for company he has his wife and child and God. It is a greater life than to be President."

He shook hands gravely with Lowe, and carrying his little straw valise, struck across the fields, through the twilight, to find his friend.



BRAVE ANNABEL LOU.

BY CLARA ODELL LYON.



ANNABEL LOU is only two,
And one can't tell — that is, very well —
What Annabel Lou is going to do.

Annabel Lou is afraid of a mouse,
Or a dog or a bird or a fly or a cat;
But she 's not afraid to stroke the fur
Of a great, big fox, and give it a pat,
And pull its tail, and handle its claws,
And put her hand in its open jaws.

Annabel Lou is only two,
And one can't tell — that is, very well —
What Annabel Lou is going to do.



But perhaps I should say, to be quite fair,
That claws and fur and tail and head
Are not exactly as first they grew,
And are harmless quite, for the fox is dead,
And it hangs round the neck — indeed, 't is
true —
Of the beautiful mama of Anna-
bel Lou.

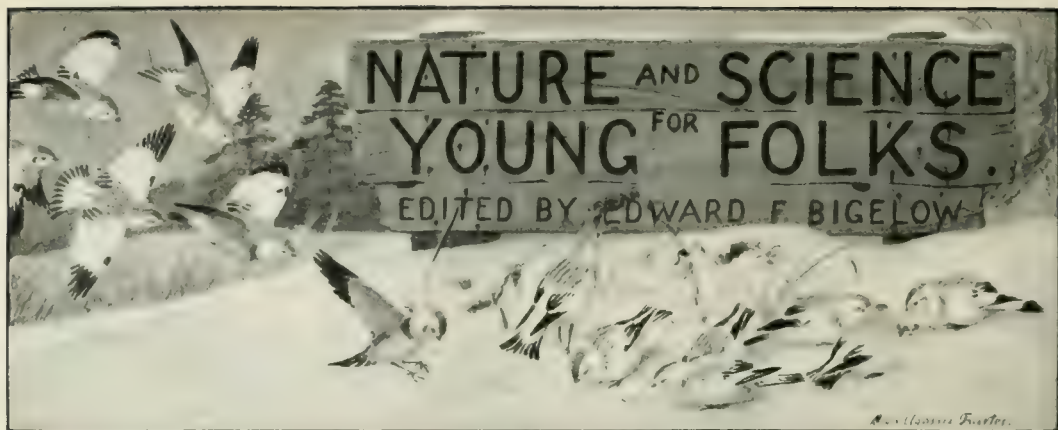




DECEMBER.

By PAULINE FRANCES CAMP.

DING! Dong! Ding! Dong!
Hear the joy-bells ring!
One and thirty little men
To make them chime and sing.
Holly-berries gleam and glow;
Beneath their glossy leaves
Icicles hang glittering down
And sparkle from the eaves;
Happy voices shout good-will
To dear ones near and far;
And over all the earth shines fair
The light of Bethlehem's star.



SNOW-BUNTINGS EATING SEEDS AMONG THE STUBBLE.

So much has been said and written of our summer bird visitors, their arrival in the spring and their departure in the autumn for the warmer climes of the south, that we may forget that some birds arrive from the north in late autumn or early winter and depart in the spring. To these bird visitors, our cold winters are "warmer climes." The knowledge of this fact, and the observation of these birds gratefully gathering food in the snow or joyously singing in bare branches of trees and shrubs, makes even the coldest day seem warmer, brighter, and more cheerful.—E. F. B.

WINTER BIRD VISITORS.

It is surprising that there are birds which come to us only to spend the winter, leaving

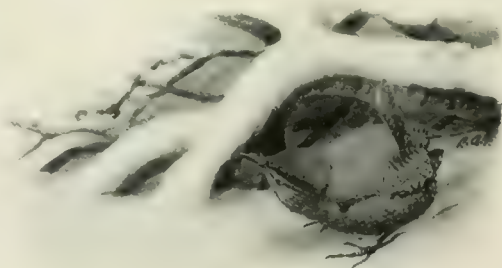


EVENING GROSBILLS ON A MAPLE Bough.

us again at the beginning of spring for northern lands and snow-banked hillsides, where the long day and pale twilight nights of the Arctic reign. Birds that raise their broods in the far, treeless northland, where heather, grasses, and stunted alders grow on a shallow, soaking soil underlaid by a great depth of eternal ice, at the approach of winter gather into great roving flocks to surge southward to the gentler climate of our blizzardy "temperate" winters! Yet all young country folks have seen these restless, wandering flocks of winter-lovers, and occasionally even in the towns and cities there

arrive unfamiliar companies of fat, fluffy birds, busily opening the cones of the firs and spruces, or devouring the buds of the maples.

Many of these much-traveled little fellows are wonderfully tame, and seem not to experience fear of man so universal with animals that rear their young in his neighborhood. Pine-grosbeaks and crossbills, whose real homes are in the silent, moss-filled spruce forests of the great North, will almost allow themselves to be caught in your hand! With the field-roving kinds, like the snow-buntings, horned larks, and longspurs, this fearlessness is not found, probably from the constant lookout they are forced to keep against the cunning and hungry white foxes and the daring, trap-jawed little ermine that persistently hunt them in their northland home. But the rosy little redpolls, the creepers, kinglets, "little friend chickadee," as the



A WINTER WREN.

northern Indians call him, and all the other deep forest dwellers, are as unafraid of us as



A SCREECH OWL.

they are of the gentle porcupines and deer of their home woods.

Every few years, especially along the sea-coast and the larger rivers and lakes, there is a wave of those splendid, day-hunting rascals—the snowy owls. They are great fishermen, the only owls to make this sort of hunting a practice, and may sometimes be seen sitting, silent and motionless, like a block of ice, at the edge of the open water, waiting for a chance to nab an unsuspecting fish. Of course, this is not a very paying way to get a living, and they also catch field-mice, muskrats, hares, and even large birds like quail or grouse. But there are only two other birds of prey in our country that habitually eat fish, and one of these seldom catches its own, preferring to eat the dead fish along the shore or pirate it from the real fisherman—the osprey. No doubt some of *Sr. NICHOLAS'S* readers have seen our noble emblem, the white-headed eagle, dash after a screaming fish-hawk as he rises from his plunge, a splashing fish struggling in his mighty clutch. The eagle pursues and the osprey eludes him, on and up they go in marvelous swoops and dashes, the eagle striving to get where he can strike from above, bullying the smaller bird until, discouraged, he throws the game desperately from him. By this time the birds have risen to a great height. Now comes a masterpiece of flight. Leaving

the defrauded osprey, the eagle turns, and with mighty strokes hurls himself downward like a bolt through space—down—down—and actually overtakes the ever-accelerating fish before it reaches the water! Then in mid-air he catches himself on bending wing, and flies lazily to some dead tree or open beach, the cowardly but victorious owner of another's earnings.

There is a strange little bird, about as big as a robin, which nearly every winter brings us. He is generally alone, like a tiny black and gray hawk in many of his ways, but related truly to the gentle vireos and waxwings. He is the northern shrike, or butcher-bird, and he gets a cruel living by catching mice and little birds, which he hangs on locust thorns, sharp twigs, or the points of a wire fence, as his little feet, unlike the hawk's, are not strong enough to hold his prey. But he is a handsome fellow, and rarely one may hear a very sweet little song as he sits on the top of some leafless bush, particularly late in the winter. But generally he is silent, like the true birds of prey, or at best gives only a rasping squeal.

Once in a great while in the East, and every winter in the West, a beautiful bird in black, white, and yellow, with an enormous light green bill, makes his appearance—the evening grosbeak. The female is not so bright, being gray and olive, with much black and white in



A WHITE-HEADED EAGLE.

wings and tail. These birds, too, are very tame, and, like their cousins, the rosy pine-grosbeaks, are apt to come into our cities to

eat the buds from the maples and elms along our streets. They are so beautiful and rare-looking, that they are seldom molested.

Along the country fences and in the briery corners of weedy fields we can generally find a flock of jolly, sweet-tempered little sparrows, very "perky" little birds with red-brown caps and a single dark spot in the middle of the breast. Soft, tinkling calls are continuous in their company; and though nervous and active, the tree-sparrows are far from shy, and are always cheery, sweet-voiced little fellows. They are frequently joined by the slate-gray juncos, or snow-birds, which can always be told by the flash of white tail-feathers in flight.

A flock of redpolls came into a stable-yard one winter to feed on the timothy seed that could be gleaned from the cow's fodder, and noticing their extreme tameness, my friend and I decided to put them to a test. So we lay down on the crusty snow and strewed timothy all about us to see how near they would come to us when we were quite still. They had flown only to the near-by fence at our approach, and the trial succeeded beyond our wildest hopes. Imagine our excitement when the rosy little mites fluttered down to where we lay unconcealed, and at once commenced feeding fearlessly all about us,—finally alighting on our backs, shoulders, and even our hands, busily



REDPOLLS IN THE COW-YARD.
Feeding all about a boy lying on the snow.

and musically occupied with their search for food! I think those few moments were the most thrilling that wild live birds ever afforded me.

LOUIS AGASSIZ FUERTES.

THE FLYING-SQUIRREL.

I WAS delighted a few days ago to find a flying-squirrel occupying a deserted nest built



THE FLYING-SQUIRREL.

by a wood-robin and remodeled by the squirrel to suit her taste. A roof of fine shreds from the inner bark of a dead tree, and green leaves cut with her sharp teeth, covered her home. On one side there was a small opening, from which popped a tiny head the moment I struck the slender dogwood among whose branches the nest reposed. At a second tap the owner of the head left her cozy bed and ran out on a low limb. After admiring her beautiful eyes—no other animal has a pair more attractive—I tried to coax her to hide in my hat, which I held immediately in front of her. When she refused to accept my offer I stroked her soft back and furry tail with one hand, while she crawled over the other and then climbed out of my reach.

Thus a single squirrel sometimes builds a summer cottage of leaves on the outside of a tree, sleeping with its soft tail curled over its eyes to help keep out the bright light. Usually flying-squirrels stay in hollow trees, preferring woodpecker holes. Frequently three or four may be found in such a place.

Two or three years ago I came across a

lately nest situated behind the base of a maple snag in easy reach of the ground. The freshness of the leaves led me to think that the nest had been built the night previous, and I saw the owner's nose when I lifted the topmost leaves. Removing the nest carefully, I placed it in the screen of my minnow-bucket, which I had with me for just such an emergency. I hurried home, thinking that the nest must contain young ones, as the old squirrel made no effort to escape. In this I was mistaken, but within a few days two young ones were born, and I was happy to think that I was about to have an opportunity to observe the little babes develop under their mother's care. All went well for six days, when, for some unknown reason, the mother devoured her young! Surrounded as she was by cracked nuts, corn, apples, and water, she could not have been hungry unless she had been accustomed to dining on young birds and craved a meat diet. By her action she has brought suspicion on her kin, already accused of doing mischief.

A. R. SPALL.



FIG. 1. *Protozoa aurantiaca*.

SOME INTERESTING VERY SMALL ANIMALS.

THE accompanying illustration shows four interesting animals, all of which, with the exception of No. 6, are to be found in the sea; all, except No. 7, being visible only with the microscope.



FIG. 2. *Protozoa aurantiaca*.

The sphere (No. 2) is an early stage in the life-history of the full-grown animal shown in No. 1. The contents of this globe soon take the form of a little mulberry shut up in a transparent shell, as in No. 3. This finally bursts and the small bodies escape, as they are doing in No. 4, after which they swim and creep about for a time, then come together and unite to make the soft, jelly-like animal of No. 1. This moves slowly over sea-shells and other objects in the water, captures minute animals for food, as it is doing at the upper right-hand corner, and after a time contracts into the globe at No. 2, with which we started, and the life-history begins again. Like all these microscopic animals, this curious specimen has a long name. It is *Protozoa aurantiaca*. Its color is orange-red.

No. 5 is a minute shell, as colorless and clear as crystal, and beautiful in form. The animal that makes it lives in the hollow interior, and extends its soft tentacles, or rays, through the openings in the walls. By means of these rays it seizes its food and draws it in through the perforations. This is a *Polycystine*.

In No. 7 is shown another little shell, also pierced by many minute openings somewhat similar to those of the *Polycystine* (No. 5), and with similar tentacles, or rays, projecting out of some of them. This is one of the *Foraminifera*. Many of these shells are large enough to be picked up in the fingers, but a microscope is needed to examine them properly. They live in immense numbers at the bottom of the sea, and are sometimes dredged up almost by the handful.

No. 6 is never visible except under a high magnifying power. It lives in fresh water, the long stem being fastened at one end to some object in the pond, the other bearing the little, lattice-work globe in which the soft and colorless animal lives and extends its fine rays through the openings, as shown in the figure.

The entire creature is perfectly transparent, so that the microscopist can easily see all that it does. Its name is *Clathrulina elegans*. All these animals are exceedingly beautiful when seen under the microscope.

MUD-WASPS AND SPIDERS.

THE accompanying illustration shows how a mud-wasp (*Sceliphron cementarius*) stings and kills or paralyzes a spider. These wasps, as their common name implies, make nests of mud that are filled with spiders, on each of which is placed an egg. When these eggs hatch the larval wasps feed on the spiders. It has been some-

times stated by those who have had more care for the interest of the story than for the truth, that the wasp only paralyzes, and thus the spider is "preserved as live meat" for the little wasps to feed upon. Professor Peckham, who has carefully studied the habits of the mud-wasps, says: "The purpose of stinging is not to paralyze and preserve the prey alive, since the wasp has no reason for attempting any such difficult pro-

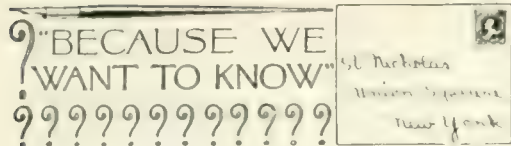


A MUD-WASP STINGING A SPIDER.

The wasp is rapidly vibrating its wings to hold its own weight and that of the spider in mid-air, where the spider is more helpless than on some support where it can use its legs.

cedure, the larva thriving quite as well upon dead as upon living food." Some of the spiders are, however, not killed outright, and may live for a long time even after the larvæ have hatched and begun to feed. From this fact, and the exaggeration of it in the desire to tell an "interesting" story, has probably arisen the common error that the wasp always only paralyzes its prey.

S. Frank Aaron, who made the drawing, says: "I have witnessed the tragedy a number of times by the most careful patience, and then mounted the wasp and the spider just as I had seen them, after which I made a drawing of them."



MUSHROOMS IN A CIRCLE.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My uncle was walking in the field one day, when he saw a group of mushrooms, not scattered here and there like others he had seen, but growing in a circle. He thought it was so interesting that he took the picture which I send. I am ten years old, and go to school in Baltimore, Maryland. I study nature, but have not been studying anything about mushrooms, so I should very much like to have you tell me something about them.

Yours truly,

LAMAR SHERIDAN.

Before people studied nature to learn the truth, and when they delighted in all sorts of



MUSHROOMS GROWING IN A CIRCLE

fancies, it was claimed that rings of fungus growths were caused by the dancing of fairies, by a thunderbolt entering the ground, or by the work of moles. Various other equally absurd explanations have been given.

Now we know that the first fungus-plant growing from a spore takes from the soil under and near it all or most of the special food that the plant requires. Only the spores from this plant that fall just outside the exhausted soil will find good fungus food, and so the circle of successive growths widens because only the spores outside of the ring can find food.

Sometimes the grass within the ring is greener and of stronger growth than that outside. This is supposed to be due to the fact that the mycelium ("roots") of the fungus

have stimulated the roots of the grass or made more available certain food in the soil that the grass needs.

VINEGAR-EELS.

MIDDLEBURY, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I discovered with my naked eye, that vinegar had little white wriggling germs in it. Please tell me how they got in there; for we keep the cruet tightly corked all the time.

Your interested little reader,

FRANCIS WHEELER LANE.

These are "vinegar-eels," or minute worms, which prove that the vinegar was made from cider and not manufactured with acids. But it is not pleasant to think that we are eating worms, however small, when we sprinkle vinegar on our cole-slaw, hence all vinegar should be filtered. They were hatched from eggs, but how the eggs got in the vinegar it is impossible to say. They might have fallen from the air, they might have been in water added, they might have been in the cider, or on the apples from which the cider was pressed. But every worm of the kind comes from an egg. The eels in sour paste, similar worms often found in diseased wheat, and others frequently seen in ditch-water or in damp moss, or among water-plants, are all much alike, and are, by some naturalists, thought to be only

carefully
tried to show
details of its form.
Vinegar-eels have
been favorite ob-
jects of study by
many microscop-
ists.



one and the same species adapted to life in varied situations.

PRESERVING COLOR OF PRESSED FLOWERS.

GENEVA, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me the process of keeping pressed flowers from losing their color. I had some, but they lost their color.

Yours truly,

ALGERNON MARTINS.

It is not possible to prevent all loss of color. Some flowers in drying keep their color better than others. In general it may be stated that the quicker the drying, the less the loss of color. To dry quickly, use porous thick paper, or press between thin paper wrapped about sheets of cotton batting. Keep in a warm place, and change the driers frequently.

APES, MONKEYS, BABOONS, ETC.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me the difference between a monkey, ape, chimpanzee, baboon, gorilla, etc.?

Your interested reader,

VERA DEMENS.



THE APE.

In popular zoölogy, the terms ape, monkey, and baboon have become much confused, and the result is misleading to the student of natural history. In scientific classification, these animals naturally fit into entirely separate divisions. The apes proper are tailless; and owing to the fact that many monkeys are likewise tailless, the latter have been improperly called apes. The baboons are distinct, both in character and in distribution. All of these animals belong to the order of Primates—animals with hands and hand-like feet—and by some persons the entire group has been crudely and simply called "The Monkeys." To understand the difference between apes, monkeys, and baboons, we must speak of these creatures with some greater detail.

The Apes. The apes are the animals most nearly related to man. They are the most highly developed and intelligent species of the order of Primates. They are familiar to everybody, and comprise the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang-utan, and the several species of gibbons.

These animals belong to the family *Simiidae*. The gorilla is the most nearly related to man, the chimpanzee second, and the orang-utan next in order.

These manlike creatures are wonderfully sagacious. They are capable of a training similar to that of a child—though a naughty, stubborn type of child. The chimpanzees and orang-utans in the New York Zoölogical Park have been taught to sit at table, to pour tea, and to eat with considerable dignity by the use



THE CHIMPANZEE.



THE ORANG-UTAN.

of fork and spoon. They delight to be carried about by their keeper, throwing their long, hairy arms around his neck and crying



THE CHIMPANZEE.

captivity, as it then lives for only a few months. The chimpanzee and orang are fairly hardy. The former is black, with large ears; the latter reddish-brown, with very small ears.

The other members of this family—the gibbons—are extremely slender, long-armed and long-legged creatures which inhabit the Malay Archipelago. The habitat of the gorilla is West Africa, in a comparatively small area directly

under the equator. Africa is also the home of the chimpanzee, which is found in a considerable portion of the equatorial region. The orang-utan inhabits Borneo and Sumatra.

The Monkeys. The monkeys constitute by far the majority of the species of this order

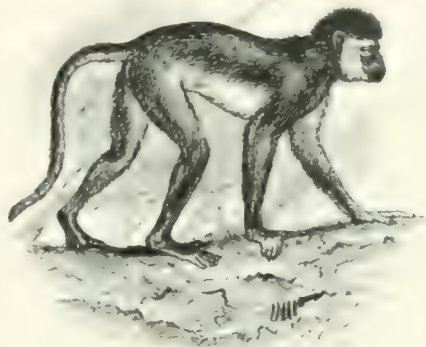


THE GORILLA.

the Primates. They inhabit both the New and the Old World. The New World species comprise the family *Cebidæ*—the “ring-tails,” spider-monkeys, and howlers. The familiar monkey seen with organ-grinders is usually one of the species of “ring-tail,” or Sapajou. All of the Old World monkeys belong to the family *Cercopithecidæ*, a very large one. Of this family some species have long tails, while others

are tailless. They are often called “apes.” Familiar examples are the little black ape of the Celebes and the Barbary ape. In zoölogical works where the tailless monkeys are called apes, the gorilla, chimpanzee, and orang-utan are termed the Anthropoid or Great Apes. The Old World monkeys and “apes” inhabit Asia, the Malay Archipelago, and Africa.

The Baboons. Although the baboons belong to the same family as the Old World monkeys, they are distinct enough to be considered popularly in a group by themselves. They are larger,



THE BABOON.

fierce in aspect, and possess a dog-like head. Some species have long tails, others are practically tailless. The baboons live on the ground, generally in troops. Adult specimens possess long, lance-like canine teeth. It is alleged that the wild beasts hold them in great respect. Hunters consider them very dangerous. About sixteen species are known. These inhabit the open districts of Africa and Arabia. Among them, the golden baboon is the most familiar as a captive. It is one of the few species that actually become tame. The Hamadryas baboon and Gelada baboon have long, lion-like manes. They also roar in a manner that suggests the voice of the big cat-like animals.



THE BABOON.

R. L. D.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

CHRISTMAS,

1905.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY SETH HARRISON GURNEE, AGE 10. (CASH PRIZE.)

THE same expectant hush that lay
On Bethlehem so long ago—
Where evening shadows longer grow—
Shuts in this dim December day.
The old-time spell is on the land—
On sober fields and woods of brown—
Sweet mystery on every hand,
And so the Christmas eve comes down.

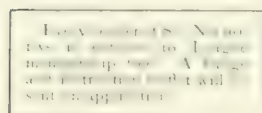
This is the League's seventh Christmas, and just as all good things return every seventh year, so this year we have the same drawing competition—"The Christmas Fireplace"—that we had on our first Christmas, now six years ago. Some of our members who are to-day winning the highest prizes were then boys and girls of eight or nine, while others who were the winners then have grown away from us altogether, and such as have followed their artistic or literary bent are working for other prizes, in wider fields. The League is proud of them—proud of every one, in fact, who has persevered until it became certain whether or not it was worth while making a study of youth the vocation of a lifetime. If the decision was favorable, then a great ad-

vancement had been made in a life work through the continuous effort and comparative study of League striving. If the decision was otherwise, still much has been gained; for no boy or girl, man or woman, ever failed to benefit by a study of beauty in whatever form, or in obtaining a knowledge of outline, light and shadow, rhythmic expression, and the choice of words. The man and woman, in whatever walk of life, will understand books and pictures a hundredfold better for having tried, though ever so little, to create these things. More than this—a knowledge of art and literature, however slight, gives to the possessor a better understanding of nature, of men and women, of life itself—all this, to say nothing of the hundreds of practical uses to which such knowledge will daily, even if unconsciously, be applied. Perhaps this is not much of a Christmas talk, but it was suggested by the thought of the army of boys and girls who, since our first Christmas, have become men and women, and the added thought that perhaps some of our boys and girls of to-day, who are having a hard struggle, might wonder if, without winning, the League work, after all, is worth while. The editor has been through every day of all



"A COUNTRY ROAD IN FRANCE." BY FREDERICK B. KUGELMAN, AGE 13. (GOLD EADGE.)

These League years will live on the work of every active member, and he can assure any doubters, if such there be, that the League work *is* worth while. Letters from those who have followed their bent into the "grown-up" years have never failed to declare that their greatest benefit and impulse were found in League study; while hundreds upon hundreds of letters from those who perhaps never expected or even wished to make either art or literature a life work have bidden the League a sad good-by when they grew away from it, acknowledging their years of pleasure and of profit, through a study of the League pages and in competing, though perhaps without success, for the League prizes. In whatever walk of life they may be to-day, these are the young people who, persevering against defeat and finding profit even in failure, must in time win the great prize—success. To them, and to all other friends, new and old, the editors and publishers of ST. NICHOLAS extend a strong grip of encouragement and the heartiest of good wishes for a happy Christmas-tide.



PRIZE WINNERS' COMPETITION No. 72.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Gladys Nelson** (age 15), Sycamore Springs, Butler County, Kans.

Gold badges, **Gladys M. Adams** (age 15), 30 Tiney St., Medford, Mass., and **Julia S. Ball** (age 13), 1225 19th St., Watervliet, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Edith Louise Smith** (age 11), 1108 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa., and **Robert Strain**, 3d (age 12), 1101 Jefferson St., Wilmington, Del.

Prose. Gold badges, **Edna Anderson** (age 11), 815 N. Montana Ave., Helena, Mont.; **Ruth C. Wood** (age 14), Box 334, Ouray, Colo.; and **Alice Blaine Damrosch** (age 13), Augusta, Me.

Silver badges, **Dorothy Place** (age 13), Westwood, Mass.; **Arthur Albert Myers** (age 15), Hartford Mills, N. Y.; and **Philip Warren Thayer** (age 12), 35 Wilbraham Ave., Springfield, Mass.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Seth Harrison Gurnee** (age 16), 416 Tompkins Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gold badges, **Dudley T. Fisher, Jr.** (age 15), 363 W. 7th Ave., Columbus, O., and **Phyllis McVickar** (age 12), Morristown, N. J.

Silver badges, **Beatrix Buel** (age 16), 131 E. 16th St., N. Y. City, and **Marjorie Bridgman** (age 11), 42 Summit Ave., Salem, Mass.

Photography. Gold badges, **R. Parry Kennard** (age 15), Kenwood Farm, Auburn, N. Y., and **Frederick B. Kugelman** (age 13), 15 W. 52d St., N. Y. City.

Silver badges, **Fairfield Eager Raymond** (age 9), 523 Beacon St., Boston, Mass., and **Bertha Kessler** (age 15), Heycroft, West Didsbury, Manchester, Eng.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Bear," **Philip W. Allison** (age 16), 111 Madison St., St. Paul, Minn.; Second prize, "Deer," **Joseph M. Perkins** (age 15), 20 S. Common St., Lynn, Mass. Third prize, "Sea-gulls," **Sidney S. Morris** (age 15), Berwyn, Chester County, Pa.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Mary Angood** (age 16), 742 M. St., Philadelphia, Pa., and **Walter Dannenbaum** (age 13), 3339 N. 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badges, **Alfred Janowitz** (age 14), 387 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y., and **Lowry Biggers** (age 8), Old Orchard, St. Louis Co., Mo.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Elsa Schuh** (age 14), 15 St. Mark's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Mary E. Seeds** (age 15), 1415 9th St., Altoona, Pa.

Silver badges, **Martha G. Schreyer** (age 16), 747 Second Ave., N. Y. City, and **Harriet O'Donnell** (age 12), 214 N. Main St., Bellefonte, O.



"A LOG FIRE." BY R. PARRY KENNARD, (AGE 15), ST. PAUL, MINN.

A LOG FIRE.

BY GLADYS NELSON, (AGE 15).

(Copyright 1914.)

MERRILY crackle the blazing logs,
Bidding us all be gay;
While out in the wild December night,
Under the skies so gray,

It seems that we hear the Storm King cry,
While the north winds shrilly blow,
"Marshal, ye clouds, in the frozen north,
And cover the earth with snow!"

And bound are the streams in their strong ice-chains,
While the leafless forest sways;
But nearer we draw to the cheerful hearth—
How I love these fireside days!

For here we determine, in hopeful youth,
The triumphs of life to win;



"THE CHRISTMAS FIREPLACE." BY DUDLEY I. FISHER, JR.,
AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

And here by the fire I often dream
That my ship *Success* comes in.

I dream that I gather the sweet wild rose
That blooms by the pasture bars;
And I wander once more in the sweet June eve,
Under the silver stars.

The charred log breaks, and a ruddy light
Flickers, and then is dead;
And the snow falls silently, soft and white,
While the happy good nights are said.

A QUEER PET.

BY EDNA ANDERSON (AGE 11).
(Gold Badge.)

THE most unique pet I ever had, and at the same time the most beautiful, was a singing mouse. I first heard his singing in a deserted spot near a mossy stone—a few, sweet, birdlike chirps, then some long, melodious notes. I had heard it before, but I was unacquainted

with any bird that sang so late in the evening. Then I saw a flash of brown and white; something with long, graceful leaps bounded into a hole by the old rock.

The sweet song, the long, graceful leaps, made me curious to know this queer songster; and next day, taking a walk by the old rock, I met my small friend again. He was the most beautiful little creature I had ever seen—a fawn-colored mouse, with a snowy breast; his slender paws were incased, it seemed, in white-silk stockings. He was five inches in height, like a miniature kangaroo, graceful and full of life, and his eyes in color and expression were



"A COUNTRY ROAD." BY FAIRFIELD EAGER
RAYMOND, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A COUNTRY ROAD." BY BERTHA KESSLER, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

like those of a deer. The little fellow was so beautiful, so fragile, that he looked unreal. When he saw me he prepared for flight, but seeing I did not stir, he dropped the nuts he was carrying, and sitting on his slender hind paws, trilled out his sweet, brief lay. Then with those long airy bounds he half flew away, his tiny feet hardly touching a flower.

The beautiful little creature grew to be my pet. It was difficult to tame him, for he had many foes and doubtless counted me a giant enemy. I tamed him with raisins and bread, and in about three weeks my patience had a reward, for timidly, shyly, the little beauty ventured into my lap, allowing me to stroke and caress him. During the moonlit nights I could hear his short, melodious song through my window, but few ever

guessed that these notes were not made by a bird, but by a mole. He was right. He was a mole, and he was a night and kept up a regular orchestra with the crickets. You may be sure I hated to part with him when the time came for me to return to the city, and I often remember him now and wonder if he misses me as he sports amid the daisies and clover.



"MOLE" BY FREDERICK L. LEE, JR. (P. 156). "WILD-ANIMALS" BY FREDERICK L. LEE, JR. (P. 157).

A LOG FIRE.

BY GEORGE M. ALAMS (PAGE 155).

(G. M. Alams)

WITHOUT, the chill wind rose and fell
In cadence slow, with dreary moan;
While I, enrapt in firelight spell,
Was hearing tales the fire-brands tell
To me alone.

The firelight cast a ruddy gleam,
The great logs burned with cheery glow,
That made the room an island seem,
Encircled by a ceaseless stream
Of silent snow.

The fireplace wide, an ample frame
With endless panorama seemed;
For many pictures in the flame
(Though close-related, ne'er the same)
A moment gleamed.

The firelight dim and dimmer grew,
The shadows round grew long and deep,
The pictures faded out of view,
And I, while fainter glowed the yew,
Fell fast asleep.

TWO QUEER PETS.

BY ALICE FLAINE DANKOSCH (PAGE 155).

(Alice Flaïne Dankosch)

I HAVE a little friend with whom I spend two or three weeks every summer. She is a queer child, rather silent—in fact, her best friends are her dolls, which she treats like real children.

When Bertha—that is my friend's name—left the city for the summer, she rather neglected her dolls for a three-legged dog, a blind cat, and two feeble kittens. These were the joke of the family at the time of one of my visits, so on my next visit almost my first question

was, "How are the pets, and are there any new ones?" "Yes, there are two more pets that Bertha would like you to see, and she will show them to you to-morrow," answered her mother. But nothing more would she tell me, saying that I would see them for myself. The next morning I ran downstairs with Bertha to see her feed her first new pet. I expected to see her go to the stables, but instead she went to the back yard, toward some freshly upturned mole-tracks. Here she called softly until there was a movement in the earth, and an old mole came out of a small hole near by, and fed himself from her hand, sunned himself, and disappeared.

I was enthusiastic over her taming what I believed an untamable animal, and asked if the other pet was as tame. She answered rather sadly that she could not tame it, but, just the same, it was very interesting. So after breakfast I followed her to the sea-shore, to a deep pool in the rocks, where flapped a large, fat, pink jelly-fish, which seemed very contented with its surroundings, although Bertha was afraid that he would like to be set free. She patted him, and wished me to, but I begged to be excused.

During my visit I made many trips to Chuckie, the mole, and Pinkie, the jelly-fish, but several days after I had returned home, I received a tear-stained little letter, saying that Chuckie had been killed by the three-legged dog, and Pinkie had escaped at high tide. I never see a mole-track or a jelly-fish now without thinking of Chuckie and Pinkie.



"JELLY-FISH" BY ALICE FLAINE DANKOSCH (P. 155). "SEA-GULLS" BY ALICE FLAINE DANKOSCH (P. 156).



"SEA-GULLS" BY ALICE FLAINE DANKOSCH (P. 156). "WILD-ANIMALS" BY FREDERICK L. LEE, JR. (P. 157).

A QUEER PET.

BY RUTH C. WOOD (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

THE cheerful fireplace, piled high with wood for Christmas eve, filled the low-ceiled, old-fashioned room with dancing elves and mystic shadows. No wonder a little girl thought the big chintz-covered chair in front of it an ideal place to wait for Santa Claus.

Lois was just closing her big blue eyes when a

"Nonsense!" the Pet retorted. "Here, a lump of sugar may sweeten your temper."

He suddenly turned away, however, and without giving Lois the sugar, ran away, singing:

"I've got to go or I'll be late;
League editors cannot wait."

"Now I wonder what he meant by that," Lois said sleepily, opening her eyes.

A QUEER PET.

BY ARTHUR ALBERT

MYERS (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

DURING the early part of the Revolutionary War my great - great - grandfather, William Mack, was commissioned as a second lieutenant to Washington, and sent, in command of a small body of men, to a fort on the border-line of New York and Pennsylvania.

While there he was presented with a pig, to which he became greatly attached. This pig lived and thrived, and when the beech-nuts and acorns were ripe, Master Silas, as he was called, grew to be very, very large.

Every night, of course, a sentinel had to guard the fort against all newcomers. One morning a sentinel was found dead, shot through the heart! The next night another sentinel was treated in a like manner. This tried grandfather's patience, and he decided to turn into a sentinel. So that night he stood as sentinel at the entrance of the fort. Master Silas, who would not lose sight of his master if he could help it, lay asleep on the ground in front of the gate.



"A COUNTRY ROAD" BY ANNA C. BUCHANAN, AGE 13 (HONOR MEMBER.)

cheery voice exclaimed, "Merry Christmas!" There stood Santa Claus, red suit, white beard, bag of toys, and all!

He dropped something in the little girl's lap, saying, "There is the real, live pet you wanted," and was gone in an instant.

"Well, how do you like me?" a sharp voice asked.

Looking down, Lois saw a tiny animal made entirely of loaf-sugar, and resembling the little wooden dogs you buy at toy-shops for five cents.

"Oh, I don't like you at all!" Lois cried.

"Well! you *are* polite, miss!" the strange animal remarked sarcastically. "And why don't you like me? I am handsome, uncommon, and very sweet. Moreover," he added impressively, "I am tremendously international."

"I don't understand," Lois said, perplexed.

"Of course you don't. Finely educated people never are understood," the Pet answered calmly.

"You should say *extremely* intelligent," Lois said, —adding, "only *you* should n't."

"Oh, well, I'm only here to amuse you, anyway," the Pet remarked consolingly. "How many letters in 'beautiful'?"

"Nine," Lois promptly answered.

"You are mistaken; for if you take away three letters you won't have any left."

"Why, there are six letters left!" Lois exclaimed.

"Well, do they spell 'any'?" the Pet demanded.

"Of course not; but that's an old one, anyway," Lois answered.

"My dear," the Pet began, "you never heard exactly that before; and if you want friends, never say that you have heard what some one wants to tell. Now why am I like a loafer?" he next asked.

"I think you are one," Lois replied.



"A COUNTRY ROAD IN ENGLAND." BY HERMAN B. BUTLER, JR., AGE 14.

About twelve o'clock there came up the well-beaten path another pig about the size of Master Silas. Now, as the farmers in that vicinity allowed their pigs to run loose in the forest, grandfather thought little of it. Master Silas jumped up and waddled toward the newcomer.

When he reached the pig he gave an odd squeal and ran back to the gate.

He acted so strangely that grandfather leveled his gun and shot the pig. When he went to get his prize, he found an Indian.

This sly gentleman had hidden under a pig's hide, and cunningly crawled along the ground to get nearer his victim.

This is how grandfather's queer pet saved the life of his master.

THE LOG FIRE.

BY BETTA S. FAIRBANKS (13).

(Copyright 1905.)

WHEN the sunlit days grow shorter,
And the leaves begin to fall;
When the trees with rustling branches
Cast their shadows over all;

Then I sit before the fire,
With my chin upon my hand,
And I watch the glowing embers
Like wee soldiers in a band.

Long I gaze into its brightness,
Seeing things both strange and weird—
Kings and castles, dwarfs and fairies,
Mountains by volcanoes seared.

But the best is when the embers
Part and show a manger bare
Ah, but look within the manger:
'T is the Christ-Child nestling there,

And above his bed so lowly
Hover angels, watch to keep,

Watching, guarding, lest some person
Should disturb him in his sleep.

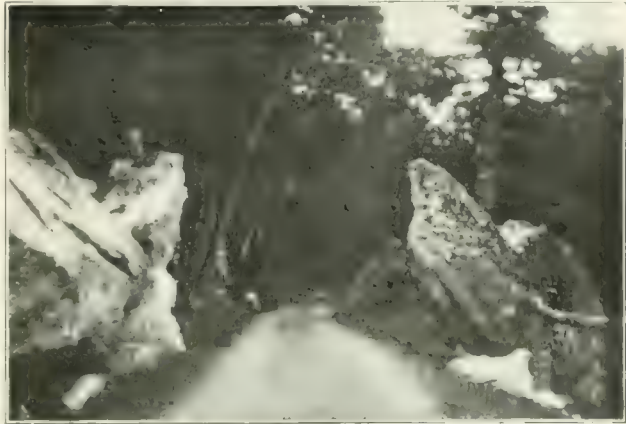
Slowly fades away the picture,
And I leave the fire bright;
But his face, all wreathed with glory,
Is before me all the night.

OUR QUEER PETS.

BY DOROTHY HAYLEY (14).

(Copyright 1905.)

OPPOSITE my home there is rather an odd establishment—a goat-farm. The proprietor, Mr. Bayley, has given his seventy-five goats the run of a hundred acres,



"A GOAT IN THE PASTURE." BY J. M. HAYMAN, JR. (15).

and it is a very charming sight to see the pretty creatures feeding on the hillsides, wandering over the pastures, and resting under the picturesque pines.

One day Mr. Bayley asked me to come and see something very cunning that he had. It was a tiny brown-and-white Swiss goat, only a day old, and I named it Basel, after the beautiful city in Switzerland where my music-teacher was born.

Basel grew rapidly, and I, as his grandmother, determined to educate him properly. At about that time my cousin Adelaide visited me, and selected a little white goat, Daisy, for her pet.

The next morning school began for the two favorites. Adelaide and I fastened ribbons around their necks, and tried to lead them about the farm.

Did you ever try to lead a goat? We pulled, coaxed, and commanded, but to no avail. Only a heart-rending "Ma-a-a-a!" from Basel and Daisy, and an answering yell from the anxious mothers in the barn, rewarded our efforts. Finally I thought of a plan.

We carried the little ones in our arms quite a distance away, and then turned them toward the barn. Away they scampered, and we had some trouble in keeping up to them.

We were rather discouraged, however, to find the next lay that the other goats had chewed off their ribbons.

But at the close of a week, after much drilling, Basel and Daisy could lie down, shake hands, and say their prayers fairly well. Then we decided that an exhibition for the mothers of our pets would be an appropriate ending for our course of instruction.

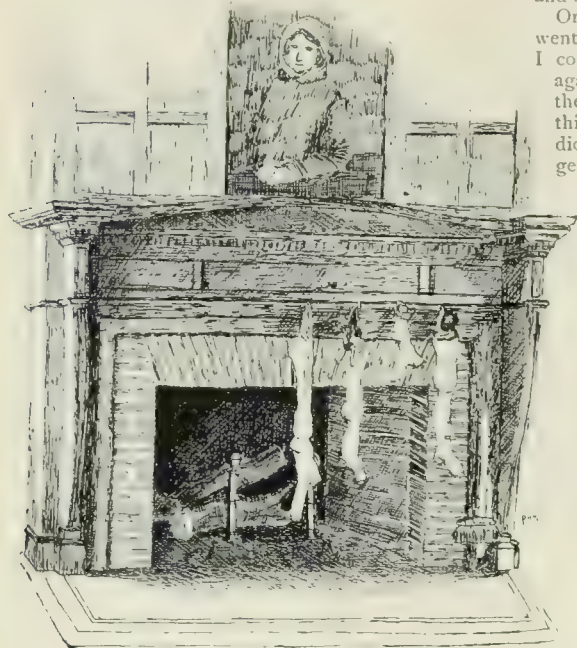
By a great deal of coaxing we succeeded in tying the mothers to trees near an old pump, back of the barn,



"THE HOUSE OF THE GOAT." BY S. G. L. (16).

which was to be the stage for our pets to perform on. As soon as the exhibition commenced, the proud mammas gave such violent applause in the form of "Ma-a-a-as!" that the pupils joined in the chorus, and Adelaide and I laughed until, as the little boy said, "There was n't any laugh left."

Soon after this the goats were let out to pasture, and I fear when they return, late in the autumn, they will be too large for pets.



"THE CHRISTMAS FIREPLACE." BY PHYLIS MCVICAR, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

A LOG FIRE.

BY ROBERT SIRAIN, 3D (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

THESE cold December evenings
A log fire 's just the thing;
You sit around its embers,
And laugh and talk and sing.

You look for heads and figures
In the glowing coals so red—
But fires *must* come to ashes,
And boys *must* go to bed.

A QUEER PET.

BY PHILIP WARREN THAYER (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

I WANTED to go fishing, but my mother said the water was too deep, and there were n't any fish in the pond, anyway. You know how mothers are. She said, however, that if it would give me any satisfaction she would walk past the pond with me. I thought it would; so we went.

On the sandy bank at one side of the pond we discovered a large turtle sunning itself with three or four babies. My mother said one of the little ones would make a good pet. I knew in a second which one I

wanted, and, stranger yet, I knew just as quickly what his name was. It was 'Rastus. It could n't have been anything else. He was the most intelligent-looking one in the lot, and was about as large as an old-fashioned copper cent. We took him home and fed him angle-worms and small flies. A week later we took him with us to the country. In the yard I built a pen for him, in which I sank a shallow dish filled with water, and fed him the same as before. He was not a hearty eater, and seemed to prefer to take food when alone.

One morning, after about two weeks had passed, I went out to feed him, as usual, and found he was gone. I could not find him anywhere, and never saw him again. There was a large, marshy place just below the house, and I hope he found it. I do not like to think of any other possibility. And yet, even if he did, he was so small and so young, how could he get along without his mother or me!

A LOG FIRE.

BY EDITH LOUISE SMITH (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

WHEN autumn 's past, and winter 's come,
The days grow long and chill;
The snow has covered all the earth,
There 's skating on the rill.

That is the time we love the fire
To warm and light the room;
To sit and watch the flick'ring flames
That chase away the gloom.

The storm may rage around the house,
But you are safe and warm;
You do not mind the sobbing wind,
The voice of the fierce storm;

For you are close beside the fire,
And you can have no fear;
The snow falls thick without the house
But all within is cheer.

And so we 'll always love the fire
When winter days are come;
And we will always learn each day
To love our little home.

A QUEER PET.

BY NANNIE CLARK BARR (AGE 14).

(Honor Member.)

A QUEER pet she is, indeed, and a dangerous one; yet I love her, and she, I am sure, loves me, for as I sit and watch her, all silver and gold, she laughs back at me and throws me a kiss on the wind.

It is of my own dear river I speak. Perhaps she is yours, too, if you live on the Mississippi, away from the grimy smoke of great cities. She coils her supple form right regally about my home, glorious in her broad immensity, delicately perfect in each dimpled ripple, grandly strong in the amber swells of her flood, or calm and still, deep green on the wave crests, deep violet in the hollows, as she speaks in her silent language of the immensity of her life and the greater immensity of her immortality.

And yet she is my pet. This empress-river, constant through the unsullied ages since first she hollowed out her path, yet full of ever-changing moods and fancies, fawns at my feet and tells me she loves me.

But I fear her. For sometimes she looks up at me, stern and iron-gray, with the white foam flecking her

lips, snarling defiance to the storm; and then it is I fear she may become my conqueror, and I shall go down to her, and in her fierce love she shall clasp me in her mighty arms forever.

and I forget that she has frowned; and as I sit on her bluffs and write this to you, who, perhaps, have never seen her, she is still my pet, and throws me a kiss on the wind.

A LOG FIRE.

BY ELLIOT L. L. L.

Now by the nice log fire we sit,
And mother reads us stories;
So happy I am when the room is filled
With many, many glories.

Of its bright light we'll never tire.

A QUEER PET.

BY ROBERT L. L. L.

He was a cunning little chap, that pet beaver of ours. We caught him when a mere baby and brought him to our camp in the Black Hills.

We had often wondered if beavers were taught to build dams, or if it were their natural instinct.

One night we set some bread by the fire to rise, then undressed and went to bed to dream of home. In the middle of the night we were awakened by strange noises, but were too sleepy to get up and see what was the matter. The next morning, much to our sorrow, we found out the cause of our disturbed slumbers, and that beavers naturally know how to build dams. The bread dough rose so high that it flowed over the pan in a nice little stream on to the floor. Mr. Beaver, with true beaver instinct, had collected rocks, shoes, kindling-wood, and various other articles and made a dam to stop that runaway dough from traveling any farther.

We rescued our belongings, but it was several days before they were fit to put on. But if we were not satisfied with his first dam, all we had to do was to look into his majesty's bright eyes to know that *he* was.

When we broke camp, we put baby beaver back where we first found him; and as that was several years ago, I suppose he is now telling his great-grandchildren how he first taught men to make a dam.



A QUEER PET.

BY MARY L. L. L.

We have a very queer and interesting pet. It is a Chinese dancing mouse.

He is kept in a middle-sized aquarium half filled with bran, with a cup of hempseed and water in the middle.

His body is about an inch and a half long. His color is black and white, and he has a very long nose and small eyes. He sleeps nearly all day, but when night comes he spins around so fast that you can hardly tell his head from his tail.

First he will make a large circle all around the aquarium, and then a very small circle. He dances all night and goes to sleep when morning comes.

Altogether, this mouse is a very queer pet.

THE LOG FIRE.

BY MARY L. L. L.

(H. M. L.)

Low hangs the mist, the weeping mist,
on hill and dale and wold;
The frost has touched the autumn
bloom, the autumn winds are cold;
The summer days are dead long since,
the year is growing old.

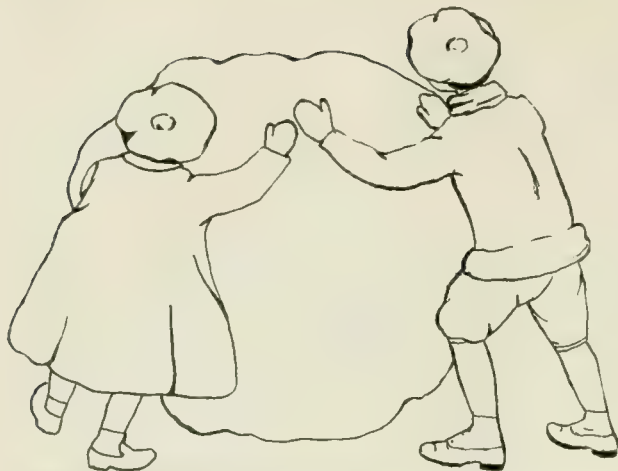
The year is aging, but the young have
youth and heart's desire,
So reck we not of sobbing wind that
ever rises higher.
Come, shut the wailing night-wind out,
and gather round the fire!

Come, gather in the ingle-nook and
watch the red blaze grow
From smallest spark that lights the
brush in crevices below
To rosy flames that laugh and hiss and
beckon as they go.

The rain is falling,—but within, the
cheery blaze roars higher;
What more, on such a night as this,
can youthful hearts desire?
So bar the door and pile the logs and
gather round the fire.



"THE LOG FIRE." BY MARY L. L. L. (H. M. L.)



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER" BY BEATRIX BULL, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

A LOG FIRE.

BY HÉLÈNE MABEL SAWYER (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

HE lies a fallen monarch at my feet,
Taken by man a captive in the strife,
While o'er his form the creeping red flames meet,
And spring aloft in glowing, noisy life.

Somewhere amidst a thousand other trees
He lived his peaceful life and reigned as king;
Among his branches crept the wand'ring breeze,
There also came the feathered folk to sing.

Brightly the sun shone on his waving crest,
To quench his thirst the clouds shed many a tear,
While by his parent Nature he was dressed
In all the changing brilliance of the year.

Perhaps upon the turf beneath his shade,
Armed with his trusty bow, with bated breath,
Rested the dusky brave, while down the glade
Came the unconscious victim to his death.

Such was his life; then came th' all-conq'ring hand
Of man, and 'neath its mighty strokes he fell.
Resistless pow'r encompassed all the land,
The tow'ring mountain and the wooded dell.

And as I gaze upon its shrunken form,
I see a gust of embers high upcast;
And, as 't were struggling in a mighty storm,
The log is rent apart, its life is past.

A QUEER PET.

BY JOHN C. HADDOCK, JR. (AGE 11).

BUGGINS was a peanut-bug from Brazil, and was a very queer-looking thing too, as he looked just like a peanut.

He was not a bit cross, and one of his favorite pastimes was to try to bite my finger as I drew it around the top of the tea-table.

One day a cross old lady came to stay a month, so I gave her my room. When she went to bed that night she screamed and then fainted, for on the pillow was

Buggins, who slept with me nights and had not heard of the change.

The old lady left in the morning.

THE FARMER'S LOG FIRE.

BY MARION CLEVELAND (AGE 10).

ALL through the crisp December days
He keeps his fire a-going,
And often when he wakes at morn
He finds that it is snowing.

And how good it seems to his children
To stand before that fire,
And to feel the warmth it gives them
As the mounting flames leap higher.

They think of fun they soon will have
On their bob-sled called "Flyer";
And as they think of that happy time
They are by his great log-fire.

A QUEER PET.

(A True Story.)

BY MARY BERDAN BUCKINGHAM (AGE 13).

ALTHOUGH to some it would seem that this story does not come under the head of "A Queer Pet," I think it does; for it was a pet, and the thing I am going to tell about it is certainly very queer.

One day two little sisters, who were very fond of pets, heard that a parrot was for sale at some place in town, and they decided to buy it.

So after going to see it, and finding everything satisfactory, they brought it home in a cage. The bird was a bright green in color, but the man had told them it was too young to talk yet. The next day they tried to teach it something, but it obstinately refused to learn. Days went by, and yet it learned nothing, in spite of all the efforts the girls had made, and at last they gave it up.

After a while, during which time the parrot was left to its own devices, it began to act queerly, and at last its owners decided it was sick; and Mrs. —, the girls' mother, said she thought it probably needed a bath, and that she would undertake the job.

So that afternoon she took the parrot and started to give it a most vigorous scrubbing, when, to her amazement, the green rubbed off entirely, and she found that she was washing a crow! No wonder it would not talk, and that it acted very peculiarly, with a thick layer of paint over it! Do you think so?

A LOG FIRE.

BY HELEN COPELAND COOMBS (AGE 14).

(Honor Member.)

SNAPPING, crackling, hissing,
While the wind outside is wailing,
Sometimes roaring, sometimes shrieking,
Sometimes moaning long and low:
A log fire is a living thing,
Of many moods and changes,
Until the embers fall apart
And give their dying glow.

Laughing, dancing, glancing,
Making strange, fantastic figures;
Half concealing, half revealing,
All the corners of the room;

Sometimes leaping, sometimes crawling,
Playing tag among the shadows,
Till it drives away in triumph
The winter twilight's gloom.

Talking, sighing, whispering,
Telling secrets of the forest,
Where the gnarled and lofty branches
Used to greet the early day;
Purring, murmuring, crooning
All their long-forgotten sagas,
Till at last the Fire Spirit
Leaves the ashes cold and gray.

THE LOG FIRE.

BY FRANCES L. ROSS (AGE 14).

OUTSIDE the snow has fallen deep,
And clothes the earth in white;
Each tree and bush its burden bears
Beneath the cold starlight.

The cold north wind blows strong and loud;
Its shrieks have grown still higher;
But inside all is snug and warm
Beside the great log fire.

The flames leap up right merrily,
And in them we can see
Strange pictures of the days gone by
And days that are to be.

Gray castles rise before our eyes,
And round them ladies fair
And knights of old, so true and bold,
Who live to do and dare.

And then we see ourselves when we,
Some future day, shall fight
And conquer sin and wickedness,
And help to make wrong right.

But, ah, we are not yet full-grown!
School-days are not yet o'er;
And so we spring up from the fire
To dream our dreams no more.

AROUND A LOG FIRE.

BY ISOBEL DEBORAH WEAVER
(AGE 10).

'T is Christmas eve;
The fire 's piled high
With Yule-logs blazing merrily.

The Christmas-tree
Is loaded down
With Christmas presents bought in town.

The children dance,
And gaily sing
What Santa Claus to them will bring.

The grown folks sit
Around the fire,
And as the flames rise high'r and high'r,

They talk of when
They, too, were young,
And by the fire their stockings hung.

A LOG FIRE.

BY LILLIAN HILL (AGE 10).

WE all sat round the big log fire,
Jany and Bobby and I,
While mother sang songs and played on the lyre,
While father sat smoking near by.

We all sat round the fire and thought
Of the summer-time and spring,
And of the beauty and good they brought
To any and every thing.

We all sat there and listened to mother,
And were thankful for everything:
For sister and brother and one another,
And summer and winter and spring.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

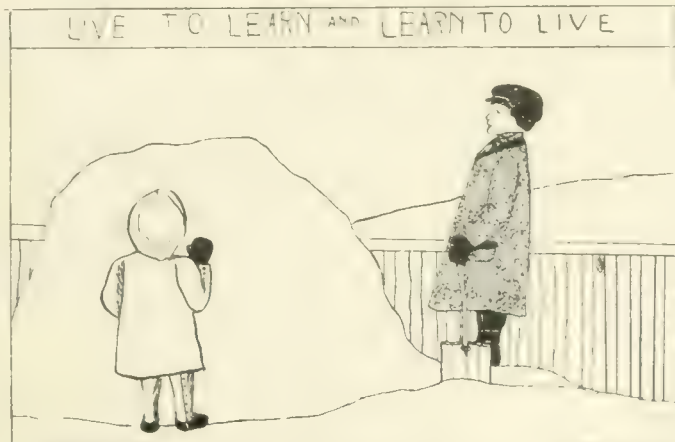
ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a member of the St. Nicholas League, and I have a picture of a lake for a winter scene photograph. The picture was taken at a place called Stone Park. We were having lunch by the roadside when this bear came up and ate the food and then he came back and ate the scraps. The picture shows him cleaning out a can of chicken.

Yours most sincerely,

FRANK W. ALLEN (AGE 10).

(The photograph is shown on page 175.)



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY MARJORIE BRIDGMAN, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

FLINT, MICHIGAN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If you only knew or could imagine what joy you brought to one girl to-day, you would feel repaid, I think, for the bother of sending my beautiful badge and five dollars.

I have worked hard on several competitions in two years, but have n't even seen my name on the honor-roll until August. Then I was just crazy — now I am still more so. Will you answer this question beneath my letter? May I try, and have the right to try for the Cash Prize? Thanking you so very much, I will remain,

Ever your interested reader,
JOYCE M. SLOCUM

Yes, you are allowed to compete for a Cash Prize after winning any of the "Wild Animal" awards. — EDITOR.

OTHER valued letters have been received from Phyllis Sargent, Michael R. H. Murray, Jean L. Holcombe, Elizabeth C. Solis, Sergeant P. Wild, Muriel Bush, Benita Rosalind Guggenheim, Helen H. Newby, Helen Stieren Schorneck, Mary E. S. Root, Caro B. Sarmiento, Eleanor Johnson, Theobald Forstall, Helen Semple, Ethel Hastings, Harriet D. Day, Eleanor L. Halpin, Marjory Ward, Harriet E. Fitts, Katharine A. Robertson, Ida Klein, Margaret Reeve, Mary Louise Chancellor, Gladys L'Estrange Moore, Dorothy Norwood, Mary E. Askew, Maria Cardenal, J. Frances Mitchell, Joseph S. G. Bolton, Harold Fowler Gerrard.



"A HEATING FOR DECEMBER." BY EDWIN G. CRAM, AGE 16.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

- No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.
No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Adrienne Kenyon
Olive Mudie-Cooke
Claire Lawall
Sibyl Kent Stone
Marion Marjorie Macy
Anna C. Heffern
Ruth W. Tulman
Eileen Briggs
Jean Russell
Rose M. Norton
Susan Warren Wilbur
Aileen Hyland
Alice Cone
Elizabeth Toof
Mildred Seitz
Erma Bertha Minson
Ralph P. Blackledge
Katie Sargent
Clifford Lindsey
Miriam Alexander
Benjamin Webb
Wheeler
Mary E. Swenson
Clement R. Wood
Maud Dudley Shackelford
Elsie F. Weil
Maude H. Brisse
Hazel L. Raybold
Mary Yeula Westcott
Florence Hanawalt
Marjorie R. Peck

VERSE 2.

Lucile Delight Woodling
Anna Eveleth Holman
Gracie Connor
Helen Margaret Lewis
Edith Barber
Yandell Boatner
Katharine Norton
Lois M. Cunningham
Frances Hodges
Ruth A. Dittman
Grace Leslie Johnston
Alma Liechty
Harriet Inman McKee
Lillie Menary
Corona Williams
Elliot Q. Adams
Mary Elizabeth Mair
Elizabeth V. R. Limont
Marjory Caroline Todd
Horace G. Stewart
Alice Lorraine Andrews
Anna H. Denniston
Olive Winifred Leighton

Olive L. Jenkins
Louisa F. Spear
Elizabeth Morrison
Dorothy Nicoll
Dagmar Leggett
Helen Leslie Follansbee
Jessie Barker Coit
Marguerite Weed
Marie Todd
Mary Bingham Latta
Marcia L. Henry
Jessie Bogen
Pauline Dexter
Irene E. Esch
Eleanor Johnston
Margaret Brooke
Helen Everitt
Elizabeth Curtiss
Marjorie C. Paddock
Beatrice Washburne

PROSE 1.

Marion DeLemater
Freeman
Adele Blauvelt
Eleanor Margaret Warden
Tanetta E. Vanderpool
Margaret Whitney Dow
Frances Bailey
Frances Bradley
Cornelia Ellenwood
Phyllis M. Clarke
Mercie Williamson
Ruth Eyre Egan
Helen Newbold Spiller
Margaret E. Webb
Kathryn Sprague
DeWolf
Madeline F. H. White
Anna Eunice Moffett
Frank M. Child
Alice H. Miller
Katharine A. Page
Clara Shanafelt
Laura Houghteling
Gertrude Earnshaw
Helen Everett Bye
Margaret Stevens
Marie A. Pierson
Girard Baker
E. S. Park
Henriette Kyler Pease
Helen Louise Stevens
Helen Hinman
Anna Lorraine Washburne
Eleanor Hissey

Freda Eisenberg
Forest Kiester
Helen Adams
Elizabeth Schwartz
Flora Wiggins
Alice Craigie Martin
Ruth D. Crandall
Robertina Winans
Elizabeth Lewis
Norah L. Robinson
Lois Hubbard
Dorothy Draper
Corinne Benoit
Catharine H. Straker
Frances C. Jeffery
Irene Bowen
Thoda Cockcroft
Theodora Vinal
Grace Gates
Elizabeth Atherton

PROSE 2.

Edith Pine
Marianna Lippincott
Hardenia R. Fletcher
Bertha Torchiani
Gertrude E. Mair
Margaret Schaeffer
Gladys Alison
George Warren Brett
Josephine Whitbeck
Lloyd Frier
Louise V. Prussing
Mary d'Antignac
Lilienthal
Laurence Siegfried
Robert James Malone
Richard M. Anderson
Mildred H. Cook
Genevieve M. Edmonds
Dorothy Williams
M. Gertrude Moore
Earl R. K. Daniels
Katharine Jean Middleton
Mabel Geary
Arthur H. Napier
Lorna Keill
Ellen Low Mills
Ben S. Adams
Alice S. Hopson
Eva Horner
Paul Daniels
H. Grant Hodgkins
Eleanor Forwood
Stella G. McGehee
Beulah Elizabeth Amidon
Genevieve Torrey
Loretto Lamar Chapell
Elizabeth Kinney

Margaret Hyland
Hortense Cravens
Eleanor R. Cook
Mabel G. Memminger
Therese Born
Daisy E. Brettell
William Deane
Anna S. Ward
Josephine Sturgis
Edith Minaker
Ruth C. Jones
Henrietta Brownell
Margaret Elizabeth Allen
Constance Barclay
Edna M. Hatch
Frances Randolph
Josephine Matienzozy Roman
Virginia Livingston Hunt
Hadassah Backus
Leila H. Duncan
Jean C. Freeman
Cammilla Ringhouse
Thomas Golding
Julia Grant Moore
Gabrielle Elliot
John Halpin Wright
Frances Hyland

DRAWINGS 1.

M. C. Kinney
Robert Edmand Jones
Ella Elizabeth Preston
Charlotte Waugh
Gladys L'E. Moore
Una Logan
E. L. Kastler
Mary S. Schaeffer
Beatrice Andrews
Elizabeth Otis
Samuel Davis Otis
William W. Westring, Jr.
Mildred D. Yenawine
Mildred H. Whitney
Ruth Cutler
Elsie Margaret Hunter
Burr Cook
Ethel Irwin
Mildred G. Burrage
Joseph O'Neil
Esther F. Aird
Eleanor Frances Welsh
Alice Humphrey
Dorothy T. Horne
Clem Dickey
Flora Sheen
Vera Marie Demens
May Thomas

DRAWINGS 2.

Hall Funke
Dorothy Willy
William Robert Wilson
Marguerite B. Albert
Jessie Louise Taylor
Emily W. Browne
Bertha Gage Stone
Mary M. Price
Marguerite F. Strathy
Ben Roth
Genevieve Ledgerwood
Edith M. Crombie
Harry Leopold
May Baker
Beth May
Albert Hart
Martha Oathout
Elizabeth Robinson
Lawrence E. Birdsall
Rita Wood
Winifred C. Hamilton
Mary Pemberton
Nourse
Helen Parfitt
Marie Atkinson
Anne Furman Goldsmith
Fay Pettit
Rita Ward
Matilde Kroehle
Orrell Barnes
Josephine Holloway
Katharine E. Butler
Celestine C. Waldron
Aline Jean Macdonald
Mary Cornelia Mallett
Grace Cutter Stone
Margaret Reed
Howard Wallingford
Georgina Wood
Laura L. Ramsay
May W. Ball
Abe S. Behrman
Willie Lord
Katharine L. Havens
Penelope Barker Noyes
Arthur F. Grube
William M. Robson
Samuel Hodges
Dorothy Eaton
Ruth Allen
Marjorie Pope
Amy O. Bradley
Dorothy Llewellyn
Rose T. Briggs
Beatrice Eugenie Carleton
Mary Adams
Constance I. How
Washington C. Huyler
Nelly B. Lewis
Rebecca M. Hart
Sophie L. Mott
Helen Funke
Kathleen Buchanan
Charlotte H. Knapp
Raymond E. Cox
Marjory S. Ward
Leonard Jacob
Frances G. Jackson
Dorothy G. Hamilton
Louise Daries
May Piorkowsky
Ray McCallum
Gay H. Reboul
Katherine McLaren
Elma Joffron
Charlotte St. G. Nourse
Fred B. Downing
Josephine Bell
Katharine Dodge
Minnie B. Davidson
Harwell Ellis
Ruth Brockington
Katherine Read
Ellen W. Wise
Ethel Messervy

Lloyd Parsons
Katharine Stilwell
Evelyn Buchanan
Mildred Emerson Williams
Sarah M. Bradley
Marion P. Van Buren
Richard Allen
Virginia Sanford
McKee
Leland H. Lyon
Eugene L. Walter
Carl B. Timberlake

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Marian C. Rowe
Irene Merscreau
Arthur H. Wilson
Mildred Eastey
Ada B. Boyce
Katharine D. Williams
Florence Rutherford T. Smith
Ruth Seeley
Phyllis B. Mudie-Cooke
Frederic C. Smith
Edmund S. McCawley
Hazel E. Blake
Morris D. Douglas
Samuel Dowse Robinsons
Arthur M. McClure
Natalie Ott
Elizabeth H. Webster
J. Parsons Greenleaf
Elsie Wormser
Edith F. Cornell
Gertrude Harrison
Richard M. Cox
F. Foster
Mary Gertrude Brownell
Helen L. K. Porter
Margaret Shuman
Pearl Pignol
Houston Woodward
Marguerite K. Mayo
Harriet Binghamam
W. J. Hickmott, Jr.
Isadore Douglas
Spencer Mastick
Bertha D. Reimer
Florence Short
Carol S. Williams
Marion Paulding Murdock
Katharine Ordway
Christine R. McCordie
Ignacis Bauer
Margaret A. Dole
Katharine S. Williams
Clarence E. Simonson
Eleanor Hill
Louisa M. Tilton
Mildred Ashley
Charles R. Kingsley
Harold Williamson
H. Ernest Bell
Rosamund L. Bigelow
Leila M. Nielson
Gertrude M. Howland
Helen L. Richards
Dorothy V. Gresham
J. Alfred Lynd
Edna Chapman
Virginia C. Merritt
Allyn R. Jennings
Mary C. Smith
Randolph G. Adams
Tom Lamoreaux
Harvey F. Stevenson
Ruth H. Matz
Josephine Duke
Robert V. Adams, Jr.
Caroline B. Schenck
Lucy T. Dawson
Cecilia Brewster
Agnes Sanger Clafin
Mollie Brooks

Angie Wangenheim
Flora M. Sturdee
Hazel Sherman
May L. Jones Smith
S. K. Jordan, Richard
Ruth Gates
Pauline M. Miller
Clara H. B. Stanton
Arthur F. White
Harold C. Smith
Lawrence H. Smith
S. Parker Murray, Jr.

Susan I. Appleton
Kathryn J. Johnson
Jessie S. Davis
Gertrude Wood
Nancy C. Green
Elizabeth Phillips
Lena Becker
Norma J. Mueller
Eileen W. Watson
Lillian L. Smith
Kathleen C. Cates
Ruth M. Vail
Dorothy Gray Powers
Clara L. H. Williams

Elizabeth Spahr
Agnes R. Lane
Beatrice Heinemann
Margaret A. Brinkley
Janet Ruth Rankin
Dorothy Carr
Lance S. Plant
Lester F. Lacy
Margaret Spahr
Arthur J. Goldsmith

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 75.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second gold badge.

Competition No. 75 will close December 20 (for foreign members December 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for March.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Mountain" or "Mountains."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "The Story of a Word" (giving the history of its origin and meaning).

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Midwinter Hills."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects: "Study of a Child" and a Heading or Tail-piece for March.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle - answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.



CHRISTMAS JOY.

"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER" BY EVERARD A. MEEVOY.
AGE 14

Subjects. A silver badge will be given for the best list of subjects.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home*: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin, if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Beth Peters Dean
Clara M. Plummer, Jr.
Mary J. Fletcher
Edward Stafford
Marian Van Santvoord
Lester

Ingemar M. Jones
Frank C. Bunting
Eugene Myers
Horace E. Allen
Frederick C. Gains
Victor Gillois
Edna Behre
Mary B. Hazard
Arthur E. Seaman
Katherine Andrews
Frederica Goring
Charles Rauch
A. B. Richmond
Neville Sturge
Dwight S. Fuller
Felix Biegel
Isabella Puffer
Theodore Longenecker
Dorothy Cross
Winifred Ver Nooy
Cornelia Bowdish
Wing
Florence L. Jones
F. Leroy Newcomb
Marjorie Carpenter
Elizabeth R. Martin
Lydia A. Rafter
Gertrude Palmer
Elsie S. Church
Miriam Cragin
Harold S. Seaman

PUZZLES.

Marianna Kroehle
William Ellis Keyser
Marguerite Agnes
Prosper Rich
Morton L. Mitchell
Gertrude F. Hussey
Marie E. Townsend

Anna E. Greenleaf
John Little
Dorothy Wormser
Anne W. Brewster
Elsie Dwight Marsh
Charles M. Holt
Floyd Clarkson
Madison Parker Dyer
Thomas Turnbull, 3d.
Jane Shoemaker
Nancy
Hunter Jeffress Finch
Ruth Day
Alice Selma Willis
Margaret Griffith

PUZZLES.

John L. Simmons
Enid Hatley
Elizabeth Paul Berry
E. Adelaide Hahn
Alice D. Keat
Doris Hackbusch
Mary E. Dunbar
Gertrude J. Reinheimer
Sara L. Goston
W. S. Moushy
Katharine King
Helen Carter
Harriet B. Hyde
Bessie Kennedy

LEAGUE NOTES, ETC.

MISS DOROTHEA D'APONTE WILLIAMS, of Shepherd's Bush, London, England, should send a better address, as letters forwarded to the above have been returned, undelivered.

In answer to a request for suggestions for a novel entertainment suitable to high-school students, we could do no better than to refer our correspondent and other readers to page 156 and following pages of this number. A really remarkable series of Christmas tableaux is there given,—tableaux that may be produced without scenery and with only such costumes as may easily be made in the house. A feature of the entertainment might be the reading of the quaint old English verse which is printed with each tableau; or other appropriate quotations or selections might be read while the curtain is up.

Charlotte E. Clay may obtain a book of ST. NICHOLAS plays for her entertainment this winter, by sending a request, and agreeing to return the book when the entertainment is over.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 843. Merwyn Linton, Secretary; six members. Address, 311 N. Myers St., Joplin, Mo.

No. 844. "Just the Girls." Ruth Hayner, President; Edith Ross, Secretary; six members. Address, 542 Main St., Stevens Point, Wis. (No. 844 would like to correspond with foreign chapters.)

No. 845. "South Dakota Chapter." Paul F. Sherman, President; Gratian Fitz Gibbons, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 315 N. Summit Ave., Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

No. 846. George Keating, President; fourteen members. Address, 342 W. 31st St., New York City.

No. 847. Lorraine Grimm, President; Esther Bienfang, Secretary; six members. Address, Jefferson, Wis.

No. 848. "Six Jolly Good Timers." Aileen Monahan, Secretary; six members. Address, 808 11th St., Greeley, Colo.

No. 849. "Die Lustigen Madchen." Edna L. Moore, President; Bertha G. Stone, Secretary; seven members. Address, 7 Central St., Somerville, Mass.

BOOKS AND READING.

A LITERARY DIARY.

THERE are the quiet and methodical boys and girls who like to keep things in order as well as their noisier brothers and sisters. Both sorts have their work to do in the world, and each sort should respect the good qualities of the other — which is the Christmas spirit, by the way. The quieter ones may be glad of the suggestion that they keep a little diary in which to jot down references to books and articles appropriate to certain seasons or holidays. The pleasure of celebrating red-letter days is greatly increased by the knowledge of their past history, and this we find either in books or in the magazine articles clever writers have composed with much study. This holiday season is an excellent time to make a beginning.

FORGET THE PRINT.

A WISE teacher says, "In reading one ought to be as little conscious of the printed page as possible. If one can read a description in Scott, and see the picture as if it were a painting or an actual scene, without consciousness of the printed page, he does his best reading." If it be found that an author does not succeed in giving you food for your imagination, he is likely to be a poor story-teller, though he may have other qualities that are valuable. The great writers are usually distinguished by their power of setting the reader's mind to the active making of images, though they may do this in some other way than by long descriptions.

READING AND COMPARING.

IT adds greatly to the interest of a book to compare one's impressions with those of a friend; but this is usually done in a careless way — it may be in a brief conversation. Both the value and the interest of the comparison would be increased by making notes during your reading of some book, and then letting a friend read the same book and make notes without seeing yours. When the written accounts are brought together, both readers will profit by the comparison. But, in order that you and your friend may not take widely different points of view, it would be best to agree upon a few headings

under which to group the notes you make. For instance, you might each tell what incidents pleased you both; the order in which you rank the main characters; qualities in which the book excels; those in which it is lacking; what book it reminds you of; and so on.

AUTHORS' TWO SIDES.

MOST of us mean to be acquainted with the great writers of the English language, at least, and it is only fair to them and to ourselves to begin our acquaintance as pleasantly as possible. For that reason it is wise to ask advice of some older person who is fond of the author we mean to read. Often an author will have written in several differing styles. Some writings we may like; others may offend us, and prevent us from inquiring further.

No author has written always well; and there is trash published under all great names. Remember, too, that there are books to tell us which reading is best, and what are the best works of any author.

POEM BY KING CANUTE.

WHATEVER we may not know about the early history of England, we are all likely to remember King Canute and his rebuke to his courtiers, as told in Thackeray's ballad. Henry Morley in his "Sketch of English Literature" gives a poem that is said to have been composed by this king while rowing by a monastery on the banks of the river. Here is a part of it:

"Merrily sang the monks in Ely
While King Canute rowed by;
Row, young men, near the shore
And hear the song of the monks."

This little song is said to have been remembered for many generations afterward, and to have been sung by the English people for a hundred years after the Norman Conquest.

BLIND TO GOOD BOOKS.

THE "New York Tribune" not long ago began its literary supplement with an editorial paragraph speaking of the attitude of young people toward great writers. "Experience is everything to the born reader of books," the editorial critic

remarks; "but it will do nothing for the person born with his senses sealed where books are concerned"; and he then expresses a fear that the number of such unfortunate beings is larger than is supposed. Are there young people who can never come to know the delight a great book brings to a book-lover?—who do not feel a glow of affection toward some of the shabby-coated old friends that live on the bookshelves of their own rooms? We should not expect to find such among readers of ST. NICHOLAS at least, wherever else they may be found.

A FREE- MASONRY.

WHERE there are so many good reasons for becoming acquainted with the best English literature, it seems hardly necessary to suggest yet another. Nevertheless, readers will tell you that one of the greatest advantages coming to them from fellowship with great authors is the sort of freemasonry that unites those who have read and enjoyed the same books. There are few ways of coming to an understanding so quickly or so satisfactorily as through the sympathy springing from similar tastes in reading. By the books we like we may know one another; but in order to enter into the charmed circle of lovers of literature we must be upon familiar terms with the few great books that have furnished entertainment and delight to whole generations of readers. Knowing the ordinary juvenile books can bring little beside short-lived amusement; but through the aristocracy of literature, the books that are truly noble, we acquire the friendship of their authors and the authors' friends.

A QUESTION TO BE ANSWERED.

A LETTER recently received asks what we think of Edna Lyall's books "for girls between 13 and 16 years." We should be glad to reply if we could, but have nothing to help us to decide the question, beyond a general principle. We believe that novel-reading belongs to more mature years than those given, and that while there are a few novels entirely suitable even for young readers, there are other forms of literature that should be preferred. Persons of mature age may judge of novels for themselves; but until there has been some experience of life there is danger of learning false standards from the methods necessary in novel-writing. This will be evident to any thoughtful boy or girl upon

comparing fact with fiction. It seems to us that nearly all the lists of books sent in by children show that they are reading far forward of their age. Thus one girl names in her brief list: "John Halifax," "Tale of Two Cities," and "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood." No doubt all are good and they are certainly interesting—but—well, how different they are!

LITTLE TIME FOR READING.

MR. SIDNEY LEE, an Englishman especially noted for his studies in connection with Shakespeare and his works, suggests that the worst effect of reading poor books is to destroy the taste for really good and useful reading, for the mind may develop tastes in reading that will destroy the judgment. Unless there is some little difficulty in reading a book, it is rare that that book is worth your time. If the author's thoughts do not cause the reader to think for himself, they are hardly worth entertaining. Mr. Lee believes that one who goes through life "turning a deaf ear to the voice of great literature" must have aims that are of the "earth earthy." "The past is a sealed book to him who lives solely in the present, solely for himself." He also says, with great wisdom, that those who have the least spare time for reading ought for that very reason to expend that time only in becoming acquainted with the best literature. /

READING NOT A TASK.

NO doubt most of you are familiar with the story told of Edison when, as a boy, he first began to read—that he resolved to go through the books in a library in regular order. Indeed, the story was printed in ST. NICHOLAS some years ago, and its absurdly funny side perhaps makes us forget how much pluck is indicated by young Edison's resolution. But the anecdote is recalled here because some girls and boys are quite as foolish in a different way. They decide to undertake a course of reading as a serious duty, fail to keep it up, and then resolve "not to bother any more about it." There is no need to make a painful task of reading. It is enough to take it as it comes, selecting the best and enjoying its superiority. There is no law compelling us to read even all the classics. The wisest advisers bid young people to be led largely by their tastes, provided those tastes have been formed under wholesome conditions.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

THROUGH an oversight, the words "M. J. E. Bulloz, Editeur," were not printed with the legend under the picture, "A Little School-girl of France," by Pascau, which formed the frontispiece of the November number. We beg to express to M. Bulloz our apologies for the unintentional omission.

WARREN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICK: I don't believe there were ever such nice stories as appear in ST. NICHOLAS. I have taken you ever since I can remember. I was very much interested in "Denise" and "Ned Toodles," as I have a dear little pony of my own. His name is Thomas Donald. He is about twenty years old. He is such a little mischief. When we first got him we kept him in the livery-stable. When there was no one around, he slipped off his bridle, went to the oat-box and, opening it with his mouth, he proceeded to eat his fill. One St. Patrick's Day my sister Mary got a lot of green cheese-cloth and trimmed the little fellow all up, and the 1st of May he was loaded down with flowers. We don't know when his birthday is, so we had it the 4th of July. I trimmed him with flags and red, white, and blue ribbons and then I got on his back (I was dressed in white, with a red, white, and blue sash), and rode around near the farm. We live on a farm in summer. I forgot to say that Tom was a Shetland pony. I wish you a long life, dear ST. NICHOLAS, and remain,
Your faithful reader,

RACHEL TALBOTT (age 11).

CARTHAGE, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you, so I thought I would.

I am the only one in my grade at school who takes you, and when the number comes each month it is a great favorite I can tell you, and is passed about for a week. Sometimes the teacher reads aloud one of the articles.

My uncle used to take you when he was a little boy, and I have five old bound volumes.

We made a little desk from "The Practical Boy" this spring and it is as pretty as it can be.

Of all the stories you have had since I have taken you, I like "The Shark Boy" and "Elinor Arden, Royalist," the best.

Hoping you will have some more stories like "Elinor Arden, Royalist," I am,

Your interested reader,

RUTH DULY CRANDALL.

NAPLES, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American boy seven years old, and I live up by Vesuvius.

Vesuvius is in eruption, and we are not afraid, because there is an observatory that has electrical instruments which go in the ground, and so we know three days before if there is any danger. We watch the lava rolling down the mountain and the flames as they go up in the air. It looks as if the mountain was breathing.

This is my first letter to ST. NICHOLAS.

Your friend,

CHARLES INGALLS MORTON.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you six or seven years, and you grow more dear to me every month, it seems. I am much interested in "The Riddle-Box"

and "Books and Reading." I am a member of the League and have been on the Roll of Honor twice, and hope some day to win a gold or silver badge. I am very proud of my League badge, that all League girls and boys may be proud of! And I feel that the League has been a great help to me, both in my school work and for enjoyment. I wish all girls could belong. I am trying harder every day to "Live to Learn and Learn to Live." I am 13 years old and live in Palo Alto, California.

Your loving reader,

REBECCA EDITH HILLES.

MUNICH, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though it is now nearly nineteen years since I first began to look forward to the first of each month as being the earliest date at which you might arrive, yet I have never once written to tell you how much enjoyment you have often brought me. Five of the nineteen years have been spent in Germany and Italy, and the bit of fresh American life and thought which you carried between your covers was very welcome to an American girl, who, in spite of admiring and greatly enjoying the art and music which one finds in these Old World countries, yet misses the energetic, wide-awake life of her own country, and has been often very homesick.

Wishing you a very long life, and great success in the future, believe me always your grateful reader and well-wisher,

GERTRUDE MCCrackan.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and love you very much. My home is in Santa Clara, California, but I have been traveling in Europe for nearly six months. I enjoyed the article in the September number about architecture; I wish you would have another. I enjoyed Rome the most of all the European cities I have seen. St. Peter's is grand; such vastness is hard to conceive, and the great mosaics in the dome are wonderful. Paris was very delightful, and the buildings there are beautiful. I visited the battle-field of Waterloo. There is a great mound in the center, with a lion on the top. There are over two hundred and twenty steps to the top, and the view is very fine. All the ground of the mound was carried to the top on the backs of women, who earned six cents a day.

I saw many other beautiful and wonderful things. I was so sorry to hear of Mrs. Dodge's death. She was my favorite author. I am sure children will mourn her death all over the world.

Wishing you the greatest success in the future, I remain,

Your interested reader,

MARGARET BEATTIE (age 12).

INTERESTING letters, which we would gladly print did space permit, have also been received from Susan Tal-
mage, Ellie Wood Page, E. W. Machado, Oliver S. Powell, Elizabeth Black, Hattie Bernice Ellis, Edgar A. Y. Bright, Ruth and Josephine Van Buren, Agnes L. Neuer, Edna R. Meyle, Herbert Dean, Amy Leak, Theresa R. Robbins, Dorothy Meggison, Constance Remington, Fanny Post, Ruth Brockington, Laura Griswold, Margaret MacMartin, Helen Shaw, Emma C. Boyd, Margaret Davis, Katharine H. Redding, Ethel L. Sullivan, Freda Goldson, Leona Bercu.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

WORDS ARE: 1. Pagoda. 2. Archer. 3. Gemlike. 4. Onion. 5. Donnet. 6. Artist.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Goldsmith's third row. Traveller. 1. Gate. 2. Ogre. 3. Lead. 4. Dove. 5. Seen. 6. Male. 7. Isle. 8. Then. 9. Here.

NOVEL REHEARINGS. Garfield. 1. Ago, one, gone. 2. Paul. E-den, Alden. 3. G-rain, s-ing, raining. 4. A-fire, f-arm, firearm. 5. T-in, D-ane, inane. 6. T-en, d-roll, enroll. 7. P-lan, s-term, lantern. 8. O-de, a-part, depart.

HEMANS ACROSTIC. Mary Chilton. Cross-words: 1. truMpet. 2. coAst. 3. fiRst. 4. aYe. 5. welCome. 6. tHe. 7. white. 8. EngLish. 9. waTer. 10. woOd. 11. piNes.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "He that is giddy think the world turns round."

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from J. Welles Baxter—Jo and I—"Duluth"—Eugenie A. Steiner—Doris, Jean, and Esther—Alil and Adi—Martha G. Schreyer—Gladys L. Carroll—"Chuck"—Elizabeth D. Lord—Harriet O'Donnell—Dorothy Rutherford—Nessie and Freddie—Mary E. Seeds—Agnes Cole—Elsa Schuh.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from G. E. Stephens, 1—H. C. Stevens, 1—R. M. Willever, 1—A. M. Sutes, 1—L. A. Stetson, 1—Willie O. Dickinson, 3—M. Brauer, 1—Edna Meyle, 5—Ruth Porter, 4—P. Powers, 1—L. Biggers, 1—Benj. Mahler, 4—Elizabeth Palmer Loper, 7—Adele M. Beatty, 5—Florence Lowenhaupt, 6—Mary E. Askew, 2—H. Rubenson, 1—W. G. Rice, Jr., 3—C. I. Stewart, 1—Florence Alvarez, 7.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Doubly syncopate an angel and leave a fish. Answer, ch-er-ub, chub.

In like manner

1. Syncopate honestly, and leave a month.
2. Syncopate frantic revels, and leave crude metals.
3. Syncopate to chaffer, and leave robust.
4. Syncopate moving with ease and celerity, and leave a famous river.
5. Syncopate to walk lame, and leave a cavity.
6. Syncopate a severe trial or test, and leave spoken.
7. Syncopate to stagger, and leave a ridge.
8. Syncopate certain fruit plentiful in autumn, and leave mimics.
9. Syncopate a dried grape, and leave a shower.
10. Syncopate to play in water, and leave a little valley.

The initials of the new words will spell the name of a great English philanthropist and prison reformer.

ALFRED JANOWITZ.

CURTAILINGS AND ADDITIONS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. TRIPLY curtail anything which yields a large income, add T and Y, and make the science of plants.
2. Triply curtail to equip, add N and T, and make a statement of facts.
3. Triply curtail a large pleasure-coach, add O and W, and make melted suit.

DOUBLE REHEARINGS AND CUTTAILINGS. Thanksgiving. 1. En-treats, tear. 2. Ac-hiev-es, hive. 3. Co-nsta-nt, ants. 4. An-noun-ce, noun. 5. Un-kind-ly, kind. 6. Un-sign-ed, sign. 7. Chang-ing, gain. 8. A-wood-en, seed. 9. De-sev-er, vice. 10. Ep-idem-ic, idem. 11. Co-ncei-ve, nice. 12. Sa-vage-ly, gave.

CHARADE. Knee-go-she-eight, negotiate.

CONNECTED OCTAGONS. Left-hand Octagon: 1. Cat. 2. Cream. 3. Aerie. 4. Taint. 5. Met. Right-hand Octagon: 1. Met. 2. Mamie. 3. Empty. 4. Title. 5. Eye.

HOLLOW DIAMONDS. From 1 to 3, Rabel; 1 to 3, Rose. 1 to 3, Ebro; 2 to 5, Etna; 3 to 5, Elba; 3 to 6, Erie; 4 to 7, Ohio; 4 to 8, Olga; 5 to 8, Asia; 5 to 9, Aden; 6 to 9, Eden; 7 to 10, Tunis; 7 to 11, Oder; 8 to 11, Amur; 8 to 12, Aral; 9 to 12, Noel; 9 to 13, Neva; 10 to 13, St. Petersburg; 11 to 14, Lynn; 12 to 15, Lima; 13 to 15, Arica; 14 to 16, Nile; 15 to 17, Ave.

4. Triply curtail the sea-dove, add A and B, and make a small drum.
 5. Triply curtail a heavy woolen cloth, add O and N, and make a tropical fruit.
 6. Triply curtail a Spanish lady who has charge of young ladies, add C and E, and make to draw out.
 7. Triply curtail an evening party, add R twice, and make a powder often used in the making of dentifrice.
 8. Triply curtail a genus of plants which includes the clover, add T and Y, and make adorned with fretwork.
 9. Triply curtail a bar between a door and a window above it, add E and P, and make a surgical operation on the skull.
 10. Triply curtail a fabric woven so as to resemble knitted goods, add G and H, and make correct.
 11. Triply curtail fine woolen fabrics, add E and N, and make fur used by royalty.
 12. Triply curtail pertaining to the air, add C and N, and make mother-of-pearl.
 13. Triply curtail a kind of open carriage, add O and T, and make the claw of a bird of prey.
 14. Triply curtail an eight-sided figure, add O and V, and make having eight leaves to a sheet.
 15. Triply curtail an ancient Greek theater, add E and N, and make a knot.
- When the fifteen new words have been rightly formed, their initials will spell the name of a famous American victory gained December 26, 1776.

MARY ANGOOD.



ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the eleven objects shown in the picture may be described by a word of five letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a famous man who was born on Christmas day, many years ago.

V. D.

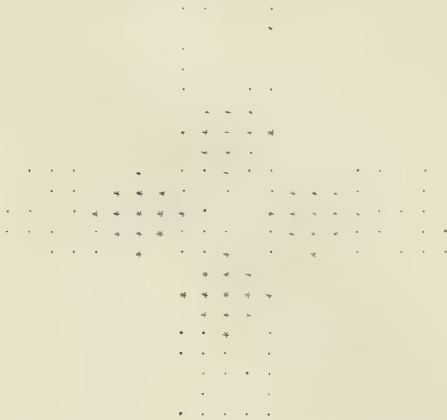
CHARADE.

My *first* you 'll find will always be, I think,
A Scotch expression when combined with "hoot";
My *second* is a very common drink
Found everywhere; a consonant to boot.
My *third* 's where almost every beast is found,
No matter what its race or kind may be;
When at my *third* the tiger's graceful bound
Is watched; while *fourth* and I look on with glee.
My *whole* was tortured for his hidden gold,
But to this day his secret is untold.

FREDERIC GREGORY HARTSWICK.

SQUARES AND DIAMONDS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



- I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A blessing asked before a meal.
2. An angle in a wall. 3. To adjust. 4. To jump about.
5. A vestibule. Upper Diamond: 1. In ST. NICHOLAS.
2. An insect. 3. The Latin word for earth. 4. Before.
5. In ST. NICHOLAS.
II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A tumbler. 2. A spear.
3. To cancel. 4. A short oar. 5. Disposes of for money.
Left-hand Diamond: 1. In ST. NICHOLAS. 2. Knot.
3. The seventh sign of the zodiac. 4. Age. 5. In
ST. NICHOLAS.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Rubbish. 2. An East Indian coin. 3. A month. 4. A large net, one edge of which is provided with sinkers, and the other with floats. 5. A feminine name.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To squander. 2. A performer. 3. An English measure of weight. 4. Pertaining to tones. 5. Upright. Right-hand Diamond: 1. In ST. NICHOLAS. 2. A common beverage. 3. A masculine name. 4. A tune. 5. In ST. NICHOLAS.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A narrow strip of leather. 2. A family. 3. A pin or bolt, headed or clinched at both ends. 4. The white poplar. 5. A name borne by a famous ruler of Russia. Lower Diamond: 1. In ST. NICHOLAS. 2. Huge. 3. A large organ of the body. 4. A jewel. 5. In CENTURY.

WALTER DANNENBAUM.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, their initials will spell the surname of a famous writer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Part of a wagon. 2. Common vehicles. 3. A large country. 4. To tease. 5. Large woody growths. 6. Islands. 7. To go in. 8. Circles.

LOWRY BIGGERS (AGE 8).

ADDITIONS.

FIRST, take what steals in summer hours
The sweetness from the fragrant flowers.
Next, add an O, and if exclaimed,
An interjection has been named.
Third, add an A, — here, large and strong,
A serpent drags its length along.
Then add an R; in search of food,
A wild hog roots in yonder wood.
Last, add a D — without a flaw
It feels the hammer and the saw.

LESLIE REES.

A HOLIDAY PUZZLE.

WHEN the first letters of each of the nine words are arranged in proper order, they will spell a holiday.

Take the four letters which spell the name of the goddess of the rainbow; change one letter, rearrange, and form father; change one letter of this new word, rearrange, and form withered; change a letter, rearrange, and make 160 square rods; change a letter, rearrange, and make a weed; change and rearrange, and make a companion; change and rearrange, and make twenty quires, change and rearrange, and make responsibility; change and rearrange, and make to perceive by the ear.

IRENE J. GRAHAM (League Member).



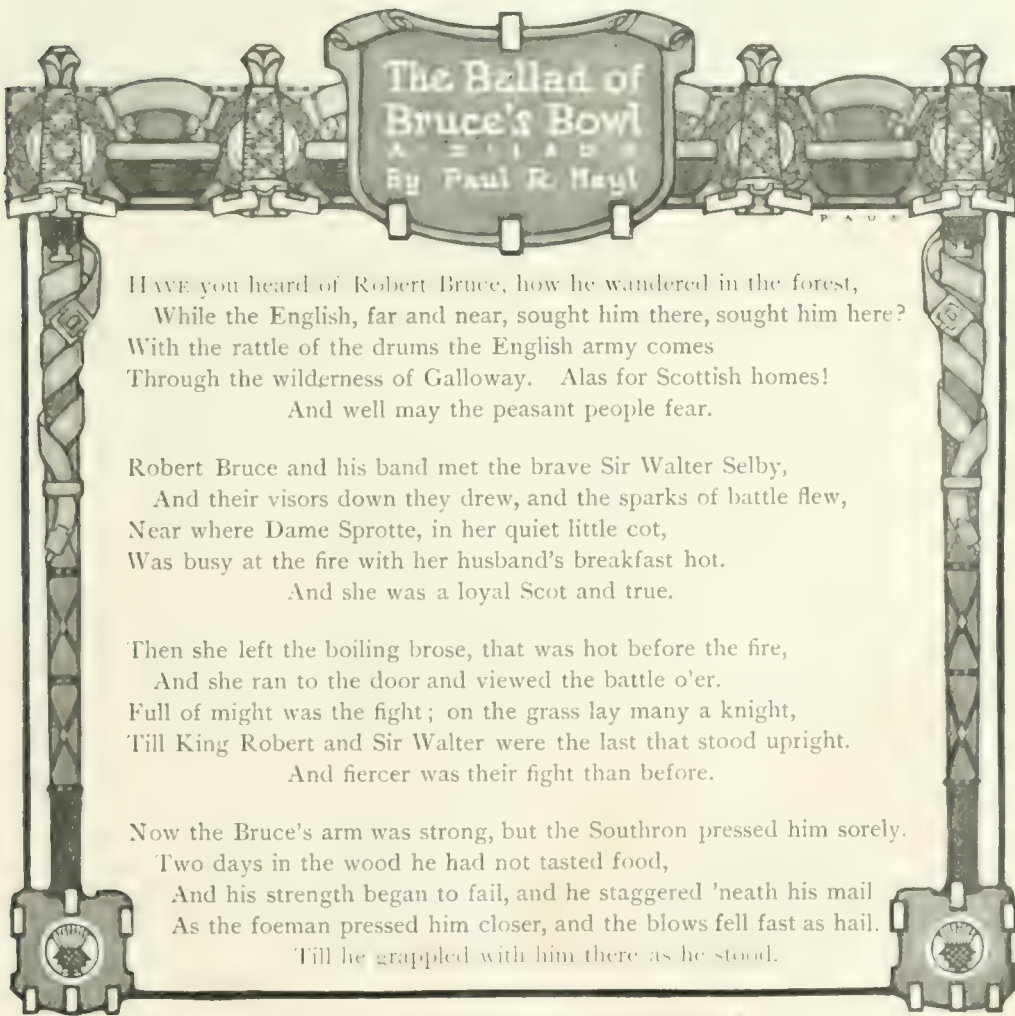
And a lady of thy family
Shall present him butter brose
In Robert the Bruce's bowl

ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 3.



The Ballad of Bruce's Bowl

A BALLAD
By Paul R. Heyl

HAVE you heard of Robert Bruce, how he wandered in the forest,
While the English, far and near, sought him there, sought him here?
With the rattle of the drums the English army comes
Through the wilderness of Galloway. Alas for Scottish homes!
And well may the peasant people fear.

Robert Bruce and his band met the brave Sir Walter Selby,
And their visors down they drew, and the sparks of battle flew,
Near where Dame Sprotte, in her quiet little cot,
Was busy at the fire with her husband's breakfast hot.
And she was a loyal Scot and true.

Then she left the boiling brose, that was hot before the fire,
And she ran to the door and viewed the battle o'er.
Full of might was the fight; on the grass lay many a knight,
Till King Robert and Sir Walter were the last that stood upright.
And fiercer was their fight than before.

Now the Bruce's arm was strong, but the Southron pressed him sorely.
Two days in the wood he had not tasted food,
And his strength began to fail, and he staggered 'neath his mail
As the foeman pressed him closer, and the blows fell fast as hail.
Till he grappled with him there as he stood.



"KING ROBERT AND SIR WALTER WERE THE LAST THAT STOOD UPRIGHT."

Then out ran the dame from the doorway of the cottage,
 And she seized Sir Walter there by a straying lock of hair
 With a right good twist of her hale and hearty fist;
 And the Englishman fell backward ere the cause of it he wist,
 And he yielded him a prisoner in fair.

Then they laid aside their arms, and they entered in the cottage.
 And the king began to say, "Despise it he who may,
 He is surely in the wrong, for Sir Walter's arm is strong.
 But wère I not a-famished he would not have fought so long
 'Gainst Robert the Bruce this day."

"I am honored," said the knight, "to have fought the Scottish leader."
 "Nay, nay," said the dame. "He shall have his proper name.
 King shall he be, and acknowledged so by thee,
 Or I cast into thy face this boiling brose that thou dost see,
 An' thou yet deny his claim."

"Nay, hold," said the Bruce, "for thy king is sorely hungered.
 Waste not good cheer on our valiant foeman here.
 Thou shalt not lack fee: here 's a golden coin for thee;
 And this our gallant prisoner let him partake with me
 On thy good oak table near."





THE BALLAD OF BEGGIE'S BOWL.

Then the dame filled a bowl, and she laid one spoon beside it.
 "For my king," she said; "'t is an honor on my head.
 But I feed no foe, and least of all, I trow,
 He who fought my king so lustily a little while ago
 Shall ever in my house be fed."

"Thou art loyal," said the king, "and thus do I reward it.
 This land so fine, thou knowest it is mine.
 Run around as large a space as thy flying foot may trace
 While I eat thy savory breakfast, and thereafter, by my grace,
 That land shall thence be thine."

Then she locked fast the spoons, and stood ready in the doorway
 For the prize to try, with excitement in her eye.
 Then the laugh did ring: "'T is a great and novel thing!
 'T is the fleetness of a woman 'gainst the hunger of a king.
 So speed thy foot and fly!"

She ran like a deer, but she halted at the turning,
 Looked back on her track ere she took the other way,
 And she cried, "Beware!" to the king and Selby there
 (For they took alternate spoonfuls of the hot and homely fare),
 "Fair play, my liege, fair play!"



"'T IS THE FLEETNESS OF A WOMAN 'GAINST THE HUNGER OF A KING."

She has rounded the mount, and now she nears the cottage.
 She has no eye for the treasure that is by,
 Gold and silver lie at hand on the fallen English band;
 She would never strip the slain, but she soon can win her land.
 So onward she still doth fly.

Sir Walter and the king still were seated at the table
 When came the dame to the threshold of the door.
 Said the king: "Among the many thou art sure as true as any,
 Thou shalt hold this land forever, free of paying plack or penny,
 Both now and evermore."

"Only this: when perchance there cometh king of Scotland
 Any day this way, thus shall he take his toll:
 He shall halt in the close where the battle first arose,
 And a lady of thy family shall present him butter brose,
 In Robert the Bruce's bowl."

Now here 's to Robert Bruce and the gallant band that follow:
 May his ear never hear again the roll of English drum;
 May they beat a retreat for the marching English feet;
 May the proud and haughty Southron know the taste of a defeat,
 And the Bruce to his own throne come!

MISS DOROTHEA'S RECITAL.

BY ELIZABETH PRICE.

"DEAR MISS DOROTHEA: Enclosed find check in payment for Mamie's lessons to date. I will not engage another term for her, as, to be quite frank, we have decided to put her under Miss Dickinson's instruction for a while. I assure you this is not because of any dissatisfaction with you; but a child enjoys variety, and as most of Mamie's young friends are in Miss Dickinson's classes, she naturally desires to follow them.

"Trusting this will be satisfactory, and will not in any way inconvenience you, I am,

"Yours sincerely,

"MARION BRIDGES."

Miss Dorothea read it through. "I would n't have thought it of Marion," she said aloud; "she knows my circumstances better than most people, because her father managed my property before I lost it. And Mamie has made excellent progress, if I do say it.

"But there, Dorothea Downs, you are not to get crusty and faultfinding. Miss Dickinson is young, and fresh from the conservatory, and it would be strange if she had n't learned things worth knowing of which you never dreamed.

"I don't blame people for wanting the very best for their children. Of course it is a little hard to be set aside, here where I was the unquestioned musical authority for so long; and I don't quite see how I am to manage on such a very tiny income." The brave voice broke and a tear splashed on the square piano Miss Downs was dusting. She wiped it off carefully, then suddenly knelt and laid her cheek lovingly against the yellowing keys.

"We've had happy times together, have n't we?" she asked shakily. "But we're growing old and we've both gone out of fashion. There does n't seem to be any place where we are really needed any more."

The patient lips quivered and the sweet face worked convulsively, but the weakness was soon conquered. "Never mind. We have always been cared for, and I have faith to believe we always will be, precious old compan-

ion," and Miss Dorothea dropped a soft kiss on the keys, which tinkled to the pressure as if in reply.

"Where 's Miss Dor?" called a girlish voice through the open window.

"Right here, deary. Good morning. Honeysuckles? Yes, and welcome. What are you decorating for? Some entertainment going on?"

"Yes, Miss Dor, and nobody in Greenville has such coral honeysuckles as yours. I just had to have some. You know Miss Dickinson is going to give her first pupils' recital this evening, and I'm helping the girls decorate her studio.

"Yes, I am to play. She invited me out of compliment to my chums who are her pupils, I suppose. Only think of playing to little old Greenville on a really, truly grand piano! Is n't it exciting?"

"It will be very interesting, deary. I wish you great success." Miss Downs looked pale and tired, and Alice took the scissors from her with gentle force. "Let me cut them — do," she pleaded. "You sit down there and tell me which branches I may have. "You're coming to the recital, are n't you?"

Miss Downs's slender shoulders straightened with quiet dignity. "I was n't invited, deary," she said.

"Oh, Miss Dor, that was a dreadful mistake! I know Miss Dickinson would want you, and I simply cannot be refused. Why, you taught me my notes and the names of the keys, and you have n't heard me play since I went away to school two years ago."

"True, deary. You'll have to come up and play for me some day when you're not too busy."

"I'll come any time you say. Just tell me when I won't be interrupting you."

Miss Downs's pale face reddened. "I am at leisure — almost any time," she stammered. Alice fixed her eyes on the honeysuckles.

"It shall be soon, then," she promised gayly.

Miss Downs scanned the graceful figure, the pure girlish face with its wealth of waving hair, and the dimpled, busy hands. "They have n't spoiled you at boarding-school, have they, deary?" she asked with a kind smile.

"Mercy, I hope not! They've been trying

dropping into a hammock. "I have something important to talk about.

"Mama, I went to see dear old Miss Dor this morning.

"When I got there the front door was open, and I slipped up quietly, thinking I'd rush in



to do the reverse, but I don't know how well they've succeeded. I'm coming up soon for a long, lovely visit, remember. Good-by," and with a kiss Alice was gone.

The girls who were decorating Miss Dickinson's studio separated as the noon whistles blew, and Alice Robbins hurried home. "Oh, mama, I'm so glad you are alone," she exclaimed,

and surprise her with a hug and kiss like I used to do. She was kneeling beside her piano, her face on the keys, her eyes shut, and tears streaming down.

"Of course I slipped away, and went elsewhere for some roses, and on my way back I stopped again. I chattered thoughtlessly on about the recital and Miss Dickinson and her

big class, never thinking what it meant to Miss Dor. I could shake myself this minute to think how stupid I was. Presently Miss Dor got so pale she frightened me, though she never let on—just kept as brave as could be. You may be sure I let the subject drop then.

"When I got back among the girls I asked unconcernedly about Miss Dor's class, and several of them laughed or shrugged their shoulders, and said things about her not being up-to-date, and such nonsense. So I've put all the evidence together, and I am sure that sweet old darling is in trouble. I positively don't believe she's got a scholar to her name!"

"Oh, daughter, you must be mistaken. Miss Dorothea has always had a large class," and Mrs. Robbins looked anxious.

"But Miss Dickinson has n't always been here, and you know, mama, how people in a small town flock after new things. Since Judge McDowell has moved out from the city, people seem to think they have to follow his example just as far as they possibly can. His older daughters have been studying at the conservatory where Miss Dickinson graduated, and everybody takes it for granted they'll study with her now, and that gives her an influence at once, because the McDowells are extremely rich."

"Not a girl I know is taking of Miss Dor, though I mean to begin straight away if you are willing, and I know you are."

"This is a serious matter, daughter, though I hope you are mistaken. Greenville owes too much to Miss Downs to let her be neglected."

"That's what I thought, and I've made a little plan that I believe will bring things around. Let's give Miss Dor a recital of her own?" and Alice nodded mysteriously.

"We'll call it an alumnæ recital, and only pupils of long ago shall take part. There are you and Mrs. Bridges and Mrs. Townsend, and Mr. Thomas and Professor Hedges and Miss Mathews—oh, there'll be oceans of program. And you'll all play things she taught you, and show people what her thorough instruction has meant, and how it has lasted.

"It must be on her birthday, which will give a good excuse for the festivities; and we can have it here, and have a gorgeous time."

Mrs. Robbins looked thoughtful. "It seems as if it might be attempted, daughter. We shall see."

Two weeks later Miss Downs received another missive. Slowly she opened it and read:

"Your teacher, Miss Dor, has been given by the Alumni of Miss Dor's 'Dorothy' Music Class—"

So far she read; then gasped and rubbed her eyes. And then Alice burst in and clasped her in her arms.

"It's a really, truly one, darling Miss Dor—a birthday surprise from your old pupils, who love you; and it's to-night,—we would n't let you know until the birthday itself,—and it's at our house, and you're to come to supper and wear your very same beautiful bombazine you used to wear at concerts and things; and everybody sends bushels of love and wishes you many happy returns!"

Greenville, once reminded of its obligation, handsomely acknowledged it. The spacious parlors were crowded, the porch was full, and even the lawn held appreciative listeners, as one by one the musicians who owed their entire musical education to Miss Dorothea played the favorite pieces she had taught them.

Then Miss Downs herself, looking like a picture with her shining eyes and smiling lips, went to the piano amid deafening applause; and when she had finished and turned away, there were loving hands held out on every side and murmured words that made her happy for days.

The speeches were almost the best of all. Professor Hedges proposed the toast, "Our Pioneer Musician," and then responded to it in gallant style, followed by Mr. Thomas, who fairly outdid himself, and Mr. Robbins, who made the hit of the evening.

It was late when the company broke up. They gathered about Miss Dor with congratulations and good wishes, until somebody thrust a fat purse into her hand, saying, "A birthday gift from your loving friends," when they melted away as if by magic, leaving her to sob out her joy on Mrs. Robbins's shoulder, while Alice sniffed sympathetically by.

But the end was not even then. So pleased was Judge McDowell with the evening's pro-

gram that he engaged Miss Dor to take entire charge of his family's musical training.

"I don't care for furbelows," he said. "Teach

tage nestles in a bower of coral honeysuckle, you'd see a sweet, white-haired teacher sitting at her old piano, her arm about the last and young-



Guiding awkward little fingers

them to make their music mean something, as yours does, and I'll gladly pay you conservatory prices."

If you should visit Greenville, and should follow the long street to where a tiny old cot-

est of the McDowell pupils,—or, perhaps, some one else from those the McDowell influence has secured,—guiding awkward little fingers in tuneful tasks, or counting happily through some dear, old-fashioned melody.

N. E. W. S.

NORTH are icebergs, white bears, seals,
Eskimos with blubber for meals,
Odd sea-birds with wings like fins,
Bold explorers with food in tins,
Dogs that draw the sledges light,
Six months day and six months night,
Bright auroras, "sun-dogs" queer,
Wintry snow through all the year.

East are tea-plants, silkworms, spice,
Elephants huge, wide fields of rice,
Chinamen wearing long, slim queues,
Porcelain vases of richest hues,
Bamboo houses, fans, and screens,
Dragon-kites and palanquins,
Fuji-yama, shining clear,
Rumbling earthquakes all the year.

West, the prairies wide as seas,
Towering cliffs and monster trees,
Lofty cataracts, cañons deep,
Ranches raising cattle and sheep,
Mines of gold and silver ore,
Corn and wheat in endless store,
Mountain-ranges, snowy-capped,
Silent Indians, blanket-wrapped.

South are groves where oranges grow,
The cotton-bolls are the only snow,
Season of drouth and season of rain,
Waving ranks of sugar-cane,
Tropical forests where monkeys swing,
Where jeweled birds are on the wing,
Endless summer, desert sands,
Sluggish rivers through fertile lands.

North, East, West, South, — the world is wide,
Full of wonders on every side.

Tudor Jenks.



M. TH. FAULTON A VISIT TO THE "N. E. W. S. CHILDREN, CHILDREN, DO IT CALLED ABOUT, CROSSING THE TRACK."

THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

CHAPTER V.

CHUB EATON INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

Roy had stayed to speak to Mr. Buckman after the geometry class had been dismissed, and so, when he reached the entrance of the hall on his way out, he found the broad granite steps well lined with boys. Nearly a week had passed since the hazing episode and the beginning of the present ostracism, and during that period Roy had become, if not used to it, at least in a measure inured. The smaller boys—the juniors—were the worst, and they, Roy felt certain, were being constantly egged on by Horace Burlen and his chums, of whom Otto Ferris was apparently the closest. Horace himself refrained from active animosity. When he met Roy he pretended to consider the latter beneath notice, and did no more than sneer as he turned his head away. But Otto never allowed an opportunity to be mean escape him. And to-day, an opportunity presenting itself, he seized upon it.

Roy, looking straight ahead, passed down the steps, trying hard to forget that well-nigh every eye was fixed upon him. He had reached the last step but one, and the ordeal was almost over, when Otto saw his chance. The next instant Roy had measured his length on the gravel path below, and his books and papers lay scattered about him. He scrambled to his feet with blazing cheeks and eyes, and strode toward Otto. The latter, too, got to his feet, but showed no overmastering desire to meet the other. Instead, he retreated a step and began to look anxious.

"You tripped me up," charged Roy, angrily.

"Who tripped you up?" asked Otto. "You fell over my foot. You ought to look where you're going!"

Some of the older boys, their sympathies aroused by Roy's fall, moved between the two. The youngsters gave vocal support to Otto

until commanded to "cut it out." Roy attempted to push by one of the boys, but was restrained.

"Run along, Porter," counseled the peacemaker. "It was a shabby trick, but you won't do any good by scrapping."

"Supposing you keep out of it," suggested Roy, angrily.

"Now don't you get fresh," answered the other, warmly. "You can't scrap here, so run along as I told you. I dare say you only got what was coming to you."

"He deserved it—the sneak!" cried Otto, who, divided from the enemy by strong defenses, had recovered his bravery. Roy heard, and threw discretion to the winds. He ducked under the arm of the boy in front of him, and had almost reached Otto when he was caught and dragged back. Otto, standing his ground because he could not retreat, looked vastly relieved. Roy struggled in the grasp of his captors.

"You let me go!" he cried. "It's none of your affair. Why don't you let him look after himself, you bullies?"

"That 'll do for you, freshie," responded one of the older boys named Fernald. "Don't you call names or you 'll get in trouble."

"You 'd better do as he says," counseled a quiet voice at Roy's side. "There would n't be any satisfaction in licking Ferris, anyway; he's just a coward. Come along and pick up your books."

There was something quietly compelling in the voice, and Roy, ceasing to struggle, looked about, panting, into the round, good-humored face of a boy of about his own age.

"Come on," said the boy, softly. And Roy went.

Together they rescued the scattered books and papers, while on the steps discussion broke out stormily; Otto was being curtly "called down" by some of the older boys and volubly defended by most of the youngsters.

When the books were once more under his arms, Roy thanked his new friend, and, without a glance toward the group on the steps, turned toward the dormitory. When he had gone a few steps he became aware of the fact that the round-faced boy was beside him, and looked about in surprise.

"I'm going your way," said the other,

"Did n't need me, I guess. Bacon is the regular quarter, you know."

"Yes, but I don't see why they need to play him all through the first game. Well, here we are. Get a sweater or something on and meet me down here."

They had paused on the landing outside the Junior Dormitory, and Roy hesitated. Then



"TAK' ALONG, FORTY," CONSULTED THE TEAMMATE.

smilingly. "Going to get my sweater on and go out in the canoe awhile. Do you paddle?"

"No, I never tried it," answered Roy.

"Well, never too late to learn," responded his companion, cheerfully. "Come and take a lesson. It's a dandy day for a paddle."

"Thanks, but I've got to study a bit."

"Oh, leave that until to-night. No practice, is there?"

"No; most of the fellows went to Maitland with the first eleven."

"Maitland will beat us this time, probably. We always lose the first two or three games. Why did n't they take you along?"

"You live here, do you?" he asked.

"Yes, I have a corner bed by the window; and last year, when they wanted to put me upstairs, I kicked. So they let me stay; told me I could be useful keeping an eye on the kids. You'll come, eh?"

"Well, I—I guess so. It's good of you to ask me."

"Not a bit. I hate to go alone; that's all."

He turned smilingly into the dormitory, and Roy went on upstairs, got rid of his books, and scrambled into his red sweater. It was n't necessary to pass School Hall on the way down to the river, and Roy was glad of it.

He felt that in losing his temper and slanging the older fellows on the steps he had also lost ground. Instead of making friends, he had possibly made one or two new enemies. Then the realization that the boy beside him was showing himself more of a friend than any other fellow in school, with the possible exception of Jack Rogers, brought comfort, and in a sudden flush of gratitude he blurted:

"It was mighty nice of you to take my part, and I'm awfully much obliged."

"Shucks! that was n't anything. I'm always for the under dog, anyhow—if you don't mind being called a dog."

"No," answered Roy. Then he added a trifle bitterly, "I guess some of them call me worse than that."

"Oh, they'll get over it," was the cheerful reply. "Just you pay no attention to 'em, mind your own affairs, and look as though you did n't give a rap."

"That's what Laurence said," replied Roy, thoughtfully.

"Sensible chap, Laurence," said the other, smilingly. "Who might he be?"

"My brother. He's in Harvard."

"Oh, yes; I remember some one said your brother was 'Larry' Porter, the Harvard football man. I guess that's how you happen to put up such a dandy game yourself, eh?"

"I don't think I've done very well," answered Roy. "But—it has n't been all my fault."

"Nonsense! You've played like an old stager; every fellow says that."

"Really?" asked Roy, eagerly.

"Of course! I've heard lots of the fellows say that Bacon will have to do better than he ever has done to keep his place. And I know what you mean about it's not being all your fault. But I guess the chaps on your squad will behave themselves after the dressing down Jack gave them the other day."

"Were you there?"

"No; I don't very often watch practice. I don't care very much for foot-ball, myself. Base-ball's my game. No; I was n't there, but Sid Welch was telling me about it. Sid's a very communicative kid."

"He's trying to make the team," said Roy,

smiling. "He asked me one day if drinking vinegar would make him thinner."

"He's a funny little chump," laughed the other. "Not a bad sort, either. He has the bed next to mine, and he and I are pretty good chums. By the way, you did n't tell me what it was your brother said."

"Oh—why—he said once that if I wanted to get on I must keep a stiff upper lip and mind my own affairs. And—and he said, 'When you're down on your luck or up against a bigger fellow, grin as hard as you can grin.'"

"Good for him!" cried the other; "I'd like to meet him. That's what I say, too. No use in looking glum because you're put out at the plate; just smile and keep your mouth shut, and likely as not you'll make good the next time. Besides, if the other chap sees you looking worried, it makes him feel bigger. Yes; that's good advice, all right. By the way, I know your name, but I guess you don't know mine—it's 'Chub' Eaton."

"Are you a senior?"

"Same as you—second senior. Of course, I was n't christened Chub—my real name's Tom; but the fellows began calling me Chub the first year I was here, because I was rather fat then, and I did n't mind. So it stuck. Well, here's the canoe. Just give me a hand, and we'll put her over the end of the float."

The boat-house was deserted, but out in mid-stream were a pair-oar and a row-boat, the latter well filled. Roy helped in the launching, and soon they were afloat.

"It's an awfully handsome canoe, is n't it?" asked Roy.

"Pretty fair. I thought the color would fetch you; it's just a match for your sweater. Got the paddle? Well, try your hand at it. Just stick it in and push it back; you'll get the hang after a bit. We'll get around the island, so as to catch the breeze."

It was a glorious afternoon. September was drawing to a close, and there was already a taste of October in the fresh breeze as soon as they had swung the crimson craft around the lower end of Fox Island. Toward the latter the owner of the craft waved his paddle.

"That's where we have fun April recess," he said. "If you know what's good, you'll

stay here instead of going home. We camped out there for almost a week, and have more fun than you can shake a stick at.—Take it easier, or you 'll get sore muscles. That 's better."

Roy obeyed directions and soon discovered that paddling, if done the right way, is good fun. Before the autumn was gone he had attained to quite a degree of proficiency, and was never happier than when out in the canoe. But today his muscles, in spite of training, soon began to ache, and he was glad when the boy at the stern suggested that they let the craft drift for

with a good-humored face from which a pair of bright, alert brown eyes sparkled. His hair was brown, too—a brown that just escaped being red, but which did not in the least remind Roy of Harry's vivid tresses. Chub looked to be in the fittest physical condition, and the coat of tan that covered his face and hands made Roy seem almost pale in comparison. Chub had an easy, self-assured way of doing things that Roy could n't help admiring, and he was a born leader. These same qualities were possessed by Roy to a lesser extent, and that, as the friendship grew and ripened between the two, they never had a falling out worthy of the name proves that each must have had a well-developed sense of fairness and generosity. As I have said, their conversation touched on all sorts of subjects, and finally it got around to Horace Burlen.

"Horace has the whole school under his thumb," explained Chub. "You see, in the first place, he is Emmy's nephew, and the fellows have an idea that that makes a difference with Emmy. I don't believe it does, for Emmy's mighty fair; and besides, I've seen him wade into Horace good and hard. But he's school leader, all right. The juniors do just about whatever he tells 'em to, and are scared to death for fear he will eat 'em up. It's awfully funny, the way he bosses things. I don't believe there are half a dozen fellows in school who would n't jump into the river if Horace told them to. And the worst of it is, you know, he is n't the best fellow in the world to be leader."

"How about you?" asked Roy. "You're not one of his slaves, are you?"

"Me? Bless you, no! Horace and I had our little scrap two years ago, and since then he has given me up for lost. Same way with Jack Rogers. Jack's the only chap that can make Horace stand around. Jack could have taken the lead himself if he'd wanted to, but the only thing he thinks of is foot-ball. Horace hates him like poison, but he makes believe he likes him. You see, Horace was up for captain this year, and would have got it, too, if Johnny King had n't made a lot of the team promise last fall to vote for Jack. It was n't exactly fair, I guess; but Johnny knew



"OF COURSE I WASN'T CHRISTENED CHUB. MY REAL NAME IS LOU."

a while. Presently, Roy having turned around very cautiously, they were taking their ease in the bottom of the canoe, the water *lap-lapping* against the smooth crimson sides. They talked of all sorts of things, as boys will at first meeting, and as they talked Roy had his first good chance to look his newly found friend over.

Chub Eaton was sixteen, although he looked fully a year older. He was somewhat thick-set, but not so much so as to be either slow or awkward. He was undeniably good-looking,

that Horace would never do for foot-ball captain. So that 's the reason Horace has it in for him."

"Well, he will never get me to lick his boots for him," said Roy, decisively.

Chub looked at him smilingly a moment.

"No; I don't believe he will. But you 'll have a hard row to hoe for a while, for Horace can make it mighty unpleasant for a chap if he wants to."

"He 's done it already," answered Roy.

"Oh, that 's nothing," was the cheerful reply. "Wait till he gets to going. He can be mighty tasty when he tries. And he can be fairly decent, too. He is n't a coward like Otto Ferris, you see; he 's got a lot of good stuff in him, only it does n't very often get out."

"He 's a second senior, is n't he?"

"Yes; he 's been here six years already, too. He is n't much on study, and Emmy gets ripping mad with him sometimes. Two years ago he did n't pass, and Emmy told him he 'd keep him in the Second Middle for six years if he did n't do better work. So Horace buckled down that time and moved up.—Well, say we paddle back. You stay where you are if you 're tired; I can make it against this little old tide."

But Roy declared he was n't tired, and took his paddle again. As they neared the ool landing, the row-boat came drifting down from the end of the island, the half-dozen lads inside of it shouting and laughing loudly. Suddenly Roy started to his feet.

"Sit down!" cried Chub, sharply.

Roy sat down, not so much on account of the command as because he had started the canoe to rocking, and it was a choice between doing that and falling into the river.

"Their boat 's upset!" he cried back.

"So I see," answered Chub. "But it is n't necessary to upset this one too. Besides, they can all swim like fishes."

Nevertheless he bent to his paddle, and, with Roy making ineffectual efforts to help him, fairly shot the craft over the water. But in a moment it was evident that their aid was not required, for the boys in the water, laughing over their mishap, were swimming toward the beach and pushing the capsized boat before them. Chub headed the canoe toward the landing.

"You see," he explained, "no fellow is allowed to get into a boat here until he can swim; and so, barring a swift current, there is n't much danger. That 's Sid in front. He 's a regular fish in the water, and it 's even money that he upset the thing on purpose. He 'd better not let Emmy know about it, though. By the way, how about you? Can you swim? I forgot to ask you."

"Yes, I can swim pretty well."

"All right. I took it for granted you could. You look like a chap that can do things. Do you play base-ball?"

"No; that is— Of course I can catch a ball if it 's coming my way."

"Good! Why not come out for the nine in the spring? I know you can start quick and run like a streak. I saw you make that touchdown, yesterday. You 'd better try."

"Well," answered Roy, as they lifted the canoe from the water and bore it into the boat-house, "maybe I will. Only I don't think the captain would be very glad to see me."

"Don't you worry about the captain," laughed Chub. "He 's too glad to get material to be fussy."

"Who is captain?" asked Roy.

"I am," said Chub. "That 's how I know so much about him!"

CHAPTER VI.

METHUSELAH HAS A SORE THROAT.

FOOT-BALL practice was hard and steady the next week, for Maitland had trounced Ferry Hill, 17 to 0; and as Maitland was only a high school, albeit a rather large one, the disgrace rankled. Jack Rogers was n't the sort of chap to wear his heart on his sleeve, and so far as his countenance went, none would have guessed him to be badly discouraged. But he was, and Roy, for one, knew it. And I think Jack knew that he knew it, for once in a lull of the signal practice he looked up to find Roy's eyes on him sympathetically, and he smiled back with a dubious shake of his head that spoke volumes. Things were n't going very well, and that was a fact. The loss of Horace Burlen during that first month of practice meant a good deal, for Horace was a steady

center and an experienced one. To a lesser extent, the absence of Pryor and Warren, Horace's friends in exile, retarded the development of the team. By the end of the second week of practice a provisional eleven had been formed, for Mr. Cobb believed in getting the men together as soon as possible, having learned from experience that team-work is not a thing that can be instilled in a mere week or two of practice. Whitcomb was playing center on the first squad in Horace's absence. Roy was at quarter on the second, with a slow-moving young giant named Forrest in front of him. But Forrest was good-natured as well as slow, and in consequence he and Roy got on very well, although they never exchanged unnecessary remarks. The back field had learned that Jack Rogers would not stand any nonsense, and if they had any desire to make things uncomfortable for the quarter-back, they did n't indulge it on the foot-ball field. The second stood up very well in those days before the first, in spite of the fact that sometimes there were n't enough candidates to fill the places of injured players. With only forty-odd fellows to draw from, it was remarkable that Ferry Hill turned out the teams that it did.

Meanwhile life was growing easier for Roy. Even the younger boys had begun to tire of showing their contempt, while the fact that Chub Eaton had "taken up" the new boy went a long way with the school in general. Chub was not popular in the closest sense of the word; he was far too indifferent for that; but every fellow who knew him at all liked him—with the possible exception of Horace—and his position of base-ball captain made him a person of importance. Consequently, when the school observed that Chub had selected Roy for a friend, it marveled for a few days, and then began to wonder whether there might not be, after all, extenuating circumstances in the new boy's favor. And, besides this, Roy's work on the gridiron had been from the first of the sort to command respect, no matter how unwilling. And it was about this time that another friend was restored to him.

Roy had come across Harry but once or twice since she had passed him in the campus, and each time he had been very careful to

avoid her. But one morning he ran plump into her in the corridor of School Hall—so plump, in fact, that he knocked the book she was carrying from her hand. Of course there was nothing to do but stoop and rescue it from the floor, and when that was done it was too late to escape. As he handed the book back to her, he looked straight into the blue eyes and said, "Good morning, Miss Harriet." Strange to say, he was not immediately annihilated. Instead, the blue eyes smiled at him with a most friendly gleam, and—

"Good morning," said Harry. Then, "Only I ought n't to answer you for calling me 'Miss Harriet'; you know I hate Harriet."

"Excuse me, I meant Miss *Harry*," answered Roy, a trifle stiffly. It was hard to forget that cut direct.

"That 's better," she said. "You—you have n't been down to inquire after the health of the rabbit since you rescued him."

"No, but I hope he 's all right?"

"Yes, but Methuselah is awfully sick."

"He 's the parrot, is n't he?" asked Roy. "What 's wrong with the old sinner?"

"He has a dreadful sore throat." I 've tied it up with a cloth soaked in turpentine half a dozen times, but he just won't let it be."

"Are you sure it 's sore throat," asked Roy.

"Yes, his voice is almost gone. Why, he can scarcely talk above a whisper!"

Roy thought to himself that that was n't such a catastrophe as Harry intimated, but he was careful not to suggest such a thing to her. Instead he looked properly regretful.

"Don't you want to see him?" asked Harry, in the manner of one conferring an unusual favor. Roy declared that he did, and Harry led the way toward the barn, her red hair radiant in the morning sunlight. On the way they passed two of the boys, who observed them with open-eyed surprise. Harry's favor was not easy to win, and, being won, was something to prize, since she stood near the throne and was popularly believed to be able to command favors for her friends.

Methuselah certainly did look ill. He was perched on the edge of his soap-box domicile, viewing the world with pessimistic eyes, when Harry conducted the visitor into the inclosure

and sent the pigeons whirling into air. Harry went to him and stroked his head.

"Poor old 'Thuselah!" she murmured. "Did he have a sore throat? Well, it was a shame. But you 're a naughty bird for scratching off the bandage I put on. What have you done with it? You have n't—" she looked about the box and the ground, and then viewed the bird sternly—"you have n't eaten it?"

Methuselah cocked his eyes at her in a world-weary way that seemed to say, "Well, what if I have? I might as well die one day as another." But Roy discovered the bedraggled length of linen a little way off and restored it to Harry.

"I 'm so glad!" said the girl, with a sigh of relief. "I did n't know but he might have, you know. Why, once he actually ate a whole ounce of turnip-seeds!"

"Did it hurt him?" asked Roy, interestedly.

"N-no, I don't believe so, but I was awfully afraid it would. John, the gardener, said he 'd have appendicitis. But, then, John was mad because he needed the seeds."

Methuselah had closed his eyes and now looked as though resolved to die at once and get it over with. But at that moment Snip trotted out from the barn, where he had been hunting for rats, and hailed Roy as a long-lost friend. Perhaps the incident saved the bird's life. At least it caused him to alter his mind about dying at once, for he blinked his eyes open, watched the performance for a moment, and then broke out in a hoarse croak with:

"Stop your swearing! Stop your swearing! Stop your swearing! Stop your swearing!"

It was such a pathetic apology for a voice that Roy had to laugh even at the risk of wounding Harry's feelings. But Harry, too, found it amusing, and joined her laugh with his. Whereupon Methuselah mocked them sarcastically in tones that suggested the indelicacy of laughing at a dying friend.

"I think," said Harry, "he 'd like you to scratch his head."

Roy looked doubtfully at the bird, and the bird looked suspiciously at Roy. But when the latter had summoned up sufficient courage to allow of the experiment, Methuselah closed his

eyes and bent his head in evident appreciation and enjoyment.

"I don't believe you 're nearly so sick as you 're making out," said Roy. "I believe you 're an old bluffer."

And the bird actually chuckled!

Harry dosed the bandage with turpentine again, and once more tied it around Methuselah's neck.

"Now don't you dare scratch it off again," she commanded, shaking her finger at him.

"Well, I never—" began the bird. But



"'POOR OLD 'THUSELAH!' SHE MURMURED."

weariness overcame him in the middle of the sentence, and he closed his beady eyes again and nodded sleepily.

"I don't believe he slept very well last night," confided Harry in a whisper.

"Maybe he was cold," suggested Roy.

"I 've thought of that. I don't usually move them indoors until later," said Harry, thoughtfully; "but the weather is so cold this fall that I think I 'll put them in to-day. Maybe he 's been sleeping in a draft. Mama says that will almost always give you a sore throat."

They walked back to the cottage together, and on the way Harry was unusually quiet. Finally, when Roy had pleaded a recitation, she unburdened her mind and conscience.

"I—I 'm sorry about the other day," she said suddenly.

Roy looked around in surprise.

"I mean when I did n't speak to you one

morning," explained Harry, bravely. Her cheeks were furiously red, and Roy found himself sharing her embarrassment.

"Oh, that 's all right," he muttered.

"No, it is n't all right," contradicted Harry. "It was a mean thing to do, and I was sorry right away. Only you did n't look, and so—so I—I did n't call you. I—I wish you had looked. It was all Horace's fault. He said—"

"Yes, I guess I know what he said," interrupted Roy. "But supposing what he said is so?"

"I should n't care—much," was the answer; "but I know it is n't so. Is it?"

Roy dropped his eyes and hesitated. Then—

"No," he muttered. "It is n't so, Harry."

"I knew it!" she cried triumphantly. "I told him afterward I knew it! And he said girls were n't proper persons to judge of such things, and I don't see what that 's got to do with my knowing—what I know; do you?"

Roy had to acknowledge that he did n't.

"And you 're not cross with me, are you?" she demanded anxiously.

"Not a bit," he said.

"That 's nice. I don't like folks I like to not like— Oh, dear me! I 'm all balled up. Only I must n't say, 'balled up.' I meant that I was—confused. Anyway, I 'm going to tell all the boys that it is n't so; that you did n't squeal—I mean *tell*—on Horace and the others. And I think it was a mean trick to play on you. Why, you might have caught your death of cold."

"Or a sore throat, like Methuselah," said Roy, smiling.

"Or you might have been drowned? But I 'm going to tell the boys that—"

"I 'd rather you did n't, please, Harry."

Harry, who was becoming quite enthusiastic and excited, opened her eyes very wide.

"Not tell?" she cried. "Why not?"

"Well," answered Roy, hesitatingly, "I—I 'd rather you did n't."

"No reason!" said Harry, scornfully.

"If they think I 'd do such a thing," muttered Roy, "they can just keep on thinking so. I guess I can stand it."

Harry looked puzzled for a moment. She was trying to get at this point of view. Then her face lighted.

"Splendid!" she cried. "You 're going to be a martyr and be misunderstood, like—like somebody in a book I was reading! And some day, long after you 're gone,"—Harry looked vaguely about, as though searching for the place Roy was to go to,— "folks will discover that you 're innocent, and they 'll be very, very sorry, and erect a white marble shaft to your memory!" She ended, much out of breath, but still enthusiastic, to find Roy laughing.

"I 'm not hankering for any martyr business, Harry. It is n't that, exactly. I don't know just what it is; but if you won't say anything about it, I 'll be so much obliged."

"Well, then, I won't," promised Harry, regretfully. "Only I do wish you were going to be a martyr."

"I shall be if I don't hurry," answered Roy. "I have 'math.' with Mr. Buckman in about half a minute."

"Pooh! No one 's afraid of Buck!" said Harry, scornfully. "Cobby 's the one to look out for; he 's awfully strict." Roy was already making for School Hall. "You 'll come and make a professional visit on Methuselah again soon, won't you?"

"Yes," called Roy.

"And you 'll play tennis with me some day, too?"

"I don't play very well."

"Never mind," answered Harry; "I 'll teach you. Good-by!"

TALKING THROUGH THE HAT;

OR,

THE MANNERS OF KOREA.

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH.



THE not uncommon saying, "You are talking through your hat!"
Must have come from old Korea, where they're quite adept in that.
All the head-gear's telescopic in the ancient Hermit-land,
And may be shot up at pleasure when you meet a noble grand.
For a commoner it's lowered; even then 't is not so small,
For it's three feet in diameter and seven inches tall.

Say you're walking of a morning in an old Korean street,
And a grandly hatted gentleman you happen for to meet;
Should his covering be yellow, with a kind of toadstool brim,
You may know he is in mourning, and may straight condole with him.
His may be a recent sorrow, or persistence of an old;
But in tones of buff and amber his bereavement will be told.

Turn a corner and, advancing, you may see a smiling face,
Topped by hat bedecked with jewels or set off with beaded lace.
If the trimming's long and ample and is tied beneath the chin,
You may ask a loan of money and the favor hope to win.
Such adornment means prosperity and great success in life;
Or the stranger may be happy and have chosen well his wife.

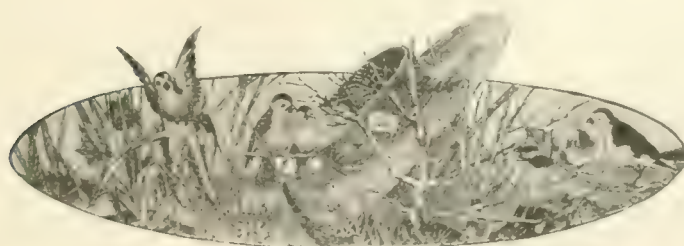
Should the morning be uncertain and the wind a wavering one,
With a mass of gathering shadows and capricious gleams of sun,



From the hats of certain persons skirts of paper may depend,
 For to serve them as umbrellas, should a sudden storm descend.
 The Korean Weather Bureau thus is organized, you see,
 And may be by all consulted, safe from any form of fee.

If you 're bidden to a party in the Land of Morning Calm,
 You may proudly bear the missive in your hat of braided palm.
 Thus your status in society is settled once for all,
 And you 're sure to be invited if Dame Grundy gives a ball.
 Hats may also serve as bill-boards, and upon them you may post
 Such a bit of news or gossip as may interest you most.

In Korea, then, the head-gear 's the essential thing in life;
 But a man may not assume one till he 's sought him out a wife.
 Hats accompany betrothal, as with marriage goes a ring,
 And the safely plighted lover hymns of joy may fitly sing.
 Scorn a woman in Korea, and the sex your scorn repays,
 For with ribboned pigtail hanging, you go hatless all your days.





Flapjack.

By Carter Hamilton.

HE turned one clean half-somersault from nowhere, and landed plunk on his back at my feet. I said, "Flapjacks!" That 's how he got his name. He was only an Indian's cur, the forlornest little waif of a lost puppy, with the most beautiful dogs' eyes I have ever seen. He scrambled to his feet and used his eyes—that settled it for us. Without further introduction, we offered him the remains of our dinner. He accepted it with three gulps and then stood wagging his poor little tail, asking for more.

We were camping and trailing out in the Wind River Mountains—Brandt and I—back of the Shoshone Indian Reservation, and we had halted for dinner in a small cañon in the shade of the rock wall from whose summit Flapjack had tried his little acrobatic stunt. Whether he came from an Indian encampment near by, which we had not seen, or was just plain lost and fending for himself alone in the wilderness, we did not know. He told us about fending for one's self while he ate his dinner, an' that it was "an *awful*" hard life and sometimes "*very* discouraging." After dinner he told us that our scraps were the very best food he had ever eaten; that our outfit, our horses and mule, the finest he had ever seen; that we ourselves were gods, wise and very great; that he loved the ground we trod on, and only asked to stay with us forever. So he stayed.

Jinny, the mule, returned his compliments unopened, and told him what she thought of him by showing the under side of her off hind hoof and putting back her ears. But then, Jinny

was the only aristocratic person in camp, in her own opinion, and you may take that for what it is worth. She did n't prejudice us against Flapjack. Still, Brandt and I happened not to share Jinny's opinion of herself. Brandt was in the habit of remarking on seventeen separate and several occasions each day that "even fer a mule, Jinny is the low-downdest one I ever set eyes on."

At the sight of her hoof, Flapjack made a ludicrous little duck with his head and came back to us, volubly explaining that, "Of course, the mule being *yours*, don't you know? she simply must be the very finest, sweetest-tempered animal in the world, don't you know? and altogether above reproach, don't you know?" That won us completely.

And he never once reproached her for anything she did—even when she kicked him into the river. He treated her with distant courtesy always, without so much as a *yap* in her direction. And it was n't because he was afraid of mules, either—Brandt and I will deny that imputation against his valor to our dying day. Let a strange mule or horse get in among ours, and Flapjack was a very lion of ferocity until he had *yapped* him out of sight.

"Think we 'd better look for their camp?" I asked, putting the dishes into Jinny's pack.

"What, the purp's Injuns? Not *much*!" answered Brandt. "If they have n't seen us, let 'em alone. An' if they have—why, we 've got to wait proper introductions. I move we *hike*."

So we hiked, and Flapjack hiked with us.

We kept on our trail, if such it could be

called: a trail which probably no white man but ourselves had ever set foot upon. We were bound for a little lake that we knew, crammed with the most innocent fish on earth. No; I am not going to tell you where. There are some things you must find out for yourself, if you are game for it, just as we did; otherwise, you don't deserve to know.

After some ten days we arrived, without either adventure or misadventure, at our happy fishing-ground, and made camp on a little precipice at whose foot a deep, dark pool lured monster and luscious rarities.

In spite of his hard journey, little Flapjack had improved amazingly as to health, not as to manners: for from the first day we knew him, he had better manners than any other dog I ever met. If you flung him a crust, he so appreciated it—it was the very nicest crust, the daintiest morsel, one could have; just as everything we did was simply perfect in his eyes. And he was n't servile about it, either. He simply *approved* of everything we did, and told us so in an eloquent, dumb way of his own.

We made camp for a two weeks' stay; felled a tree for backlog, and fixed things generally to be comfortable, all under his supervising eye. And when it was done, and the friendship fire lighted, he lay down before it as one of us and said, "This is *home*."

So we fished and were happy; and we fished some more and were happier; and we fished more and more and were happier and happier every day. Do you understand that feeling? If you have known Wyoming camp-fires, you do.

Sometimes we tramped to distant shores of the lake, "so 's not to git our own fish too edicated," Brandt explained, though generally we fished at our camp from a fallen forest monarch lying out over our deep hole. We used much craft and almost any kind of bait, and drew up monsters I do not dare to describe in cold print. Brandt used to say, "Them fish is so blame' innercent, y' could ketch um with a shoe-button on a button-hook, if y' had it handy"—which I did n't. And thus we lived one blessed week of glorious days between heavenly sleeps—that is, until the day of the Great Catch.

"Somethin' comin'," said Brandt one day, as

he looked at the Great Catch laid in a row in front of our tent.

"Supper!" I yelled.

"I don't mean that. I mean *somethin'*," replied Brandt, meditatively. "Jevver notice that whenever y' strike the Great Catch somethin' comes right bang top of it to take y' down? Every time an' *every* time it 's so. That 's what I mean. I bet it 's Injuns—seem to sense it that way—Injuns."

"I seem to sense it that we 've got to clean those fish before it gets dark, *and* fry them, *and* eat them," I said. "Do we pack the water up or the fish down?"

"Water up, I *guess*," said Brandt, proudly looking on the Great Catch. "A blame' sight less to pack, er I 'm a sinner. Hang um on a string an' souse um off the log, after."

So Brandt with one canvas bucket and the agate kettle, and I with the other bucket and the coffee-pot, meandered down our little trail to the water's edge, and dipped our household supply. We were gone, all told, twenty minutes. Brandt was in the lead, Flapjack at my heel, for he superintended all the camp operations, meal-time being his great opportunity.

There were two high rock-steps at the end of our path that brought us up to our level. Flapjack ran around through the brush by a trail of his own to meet us at the top. Brandt stepped over; I followed.

"*Jumpin' giraffes!*" Brandt exclaimed.

At that instant I saw our last fish disappear into a great red mouth in one end of a brush-pile, and the mouth said, "*Woof!*"

At the word Brandt's canvas bucket hurtled through the air and landed *quush!* on a big, "silver-tip" grizzly's nose.

The grizzly said, "*Woofsh-spshts!*" very loud.

The bucket was Flapjack's cue to go on with his part, and he did. He went after the bucket with a wild "*Yee-ap!*" and a flying leap, and landed somewhere in the neighborhood of the spot just vacated by the bucket.

The grizzly emitted something between a shriek and a groan, bounded up like a rubber-ball, cleared the top level at one jump, and disappeared into the brush squealing, with Flapjack *yee-ap-yapping* at his heels!

We heard the bushes crackle and crash while old Silver Tip ran and squealed. We heard little Flapjack *yee-ap-yapping* his views on bear

Proud of himself? Well, rather! So were we, and we told him so. He went from one to the other of us, offering his congratulations on



"THE GRIZZLY DISAPPEARED INTO THE BRUSH SQUEALING, WITH FLAPJACK YEE-AP-YAPPING AT HIS HEELS!"

in general and big ones in particular. The echoes ceased and the sounds grew fainter, and fainter—and fainter—and were swallowed up by the great silences.

"Well, I never!" groaned Brandt at last, looking ruefully at the revolver in his hand. "*Such* a chance spoilt by a purp—a plain, stump-tail Injun purp!"

"Plucky, though, was n't it?"

"Plucky! If y' call it plucky to run after a thing when y' don't know what it is an' jest throw yerself at its head till y' find out! But he won out, all the same!" added Brandt. "Yes, siree, he *won out*—on sheer pluck! What 'd I tell y'? 'T was n't Injuns, but it sure was something—the whole catch o' fish is gone—we 'll have pork fer supper."

"I 'm thinking of Flapjack," I said. "'Fraid he 's done for by this, poor little fellow."

"Oh, he 'll be back to supper," replied Brandt, confidently; and an hour later, tongue lolling, tail erect, Flapjack sauntered into camp.

our having such a speedy dog in camp with us: "Bears? Pooh! What are grizzly bears? You don't have to be such a very brave dog to drive *them* off! Pooh! Do it again any time you say!"—that sort of talk, you know. For a few minutes we were just a bit afraid he was looking down on us for a couple of softies—we had n't jumped at a grizzly and boxed its ears! But no; he was much too fine a gentleman for that. We had fed him when he was hungry, and we were just as good as he was—oh, every whit!—even if we had n't driven old Silver Tip across the landscape squealing like a pig! He made us feel perfectly at ease with him, and when supper-time came he quietly laid aside his glory with a "let 's forget it" air and ate with us like an equal and the camp-fire brother that he was.

"Silver Tip 'll be back to-morrow," I remarked.

"*No-py*," replied Brandt. "Don't you guess it. This time to-morrow mornin' he 'll strike

Vallastone Park, an' this time to-morrow night he 'll be over in Montana visitin' his aunt in the country. If y' want *him* you 'll have to take an express-train—an' y' won't ketch him then. He 'll hike over three States 'fore he stops. I know bears—they ain't coyotes. Flappie, what d' ye think about it?"

Flapjack replied that he agreed with Brandt absolutely, that he, too, knew bears "tremendous well," and he did a great deal of tail-wagging to prove it.

So I took their word for it—two against one—and smoked in silence, pondering the great event. For it was an event to me at that time—my first sight of Silver Tip in his native wilderness. Those were the early days of Wyoming camp-fires for me, and I had then seen very little of the larger game.

But even though two against one they were wrong, and in this wise it all happened five days later.

We had gone to our second pool three miles

his. So he stayed out and I went back to camp, personally conducted by Flapjack, a string of lesser whales in my hand.

And I almost ran into Silver Tip before I saw him—for Silver Tip was in the tent! He had already munched the camera and a few other trifles of like sort, and was at the moment supping on my last film (all the views of the trip!), which hung out of his mouth and curled about like a live ribbon while he clawed it.

Silver Tip said, "*Wo-o-of!*" and struck out with his paw—at the film, probably, though I thought he was striking at me. Anyhow, he struck out—I saw that. I struck out with the fish in my hand, and hit him *swat* on the side of the head! That started it—he knew what I was.

I dropped the fish I was carrying and jumped, pulling my six-shooter. With one bound he was out of the tent after me. The next instant I found myself playing hide-and-seek with him around a big tree, to the tune of "*Woof-woof!*" and "*Wag-wag-wag-wag!*" from Flapjack.



up-shore, and had made a good catch—mine was very good. It was my turn to do chores, and Brandt was after "one great whale." I have noticed that Brandt always is after "one great whale" whenever my catch is better than

I am not sure but at this stage of the game Silver Tip thought he was as much pursued as pursuing, and that if I had given him time and a fair chance, he would have changed his mind about me, and decided I was n't worth it. But

I did n't. Something kept saying in my ear, "Shoot! Shoot!"

I had a dim sort of realization that I could n't shoot over my head or behind my back or

chance. I fired and struck him amidships. Bruin turned and snapped viciously at his wound. On that, Flapjack nipped his ear. I fired a second time, but only grazed him.



"AS I TURNED TO SHOOT HE ROSE TO HIS FEET ALMOST OVER ME."

under my feet, and take flying leaps at the same time about a tree. So I bolted for the next tree, meaning to turn there and shoot. As I did so, Flapjack dashed from behind Bruin and nipped him in the flank. That distraction gave me one extra second and my

He rushed me then so that I bolted to the next tree, then across the open space to the third. I gained time by this; I knew what I was going to do, and Bruin did n't. I say time—it was probably three seconds. As he came at me, Flapjack dashed back and forth

between us, yapping and pirouetting just out of reach. Bruin felt annoyed, dropped me to settle Flapjack, and I fired my third shot. It ripped along his muzzle, and bedded itself in his jaw. The roar he gave frightened me so that it literally fired my revolver! That bullet became part of the landscape.

"Two shots more!" flashed across my mind; "and two more *such* shots and it's pussy-in-the-corner till I die."

Bruin was crazy, now, with rage and pain. Self-control was not one of his virtues. For two seconds Flapjack held the field. I repeated my triangle trick in that two seconds and with a quick start, ran between two trees, bolted for the open, and turned.

But I had miscalculated the bear's distance, or his speed. As I turned to shoot he rose to his feet almost over me, a mountain of sudden death.

And then little Flapjack did his great act—took one wild, flying leap plump into Bruin's chest, and fell flat on his own back. He recovered in a second—but a second too late. The mountain dropped on all-fours; a huge paw swung out, and little Flapjack went through the air like a shuttlecock.

That one second saved my life. The bear, with head down, faced me. I fired. The shot took him clean between the eyes. His great hulk lurched forward and literally fell on my feet.

I have no idea how long I stood there afterward, stock-still, turned to stone. I seemed to be waiting for Flapjack to do his act again—

take a flying leap and sing, "*Yee-ap-yap!*" I listened and listened for the "*yee-ap-yap,*" but heard only a muffled *thud, thud, thud, thud*—my own heart. I wondered why, and why, and *why* he did n't come to congratulate me on the victory—*our* victory. Around me lay the soft silence of the forest, at my feet the huge prowler that had just meant death.

Then, on a sudden, I heard a piteous little moan, and I came to myself—and I understood everything.

I found him at the foot of a giant pine, twenty feet away.

I fell on my knees beside him.

"Flapjack, little dog!" I cried out.

And his beautiful, pain-filled eyes looked into mine and said, "If you're all right, that's all I care for!" and his little tongue feebly lapped my hand.

"Oh, dear little dog," I said; "you have given your life for mine. Bravest, truest heart in all the world! You saved your friend; do you know it? You won out!"

He tried to rise, but he was past rising ever again.

"Good-by, brave heart!" I said.

If, some day, you should find a promontory by a lonely Wyoming lake; find a giant pine-tree and a pile of stone beneath; find on the great trunk a smooth-cut slab, and read the burnt-in letters,

FLAPJACK, AUG. 9, 1897.

don't laugh, please; you'll know what it means.



A GOOD FAIRY.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Of all good fairies round the house,
Good Nature is the sweetest;
And where she fans her airy wings
The moments fly the fleetest.

And other fairies, making cheer,
With her are gaily present;
They shine like sunbeams in the place,
And make mere living pleasant.

The smiles she gives are rosy light
Shed softly on the wearer;

They make a plain face something fair,
And make a fair face fairer.

Before them dark Suspicion flies,
And Envy follows after,
And Jealousy forgets itself,
And Gloom is lost in laughter.

Were there great genius or great power,
Great wealth, great beauty offered,
Let pass these fays, dear heart, but keep
All the Good Nature proffered!



THE RANSOM OF BILLY.

BY W. J. B. MOSES.

ARTHUR was a very little boy and Billy's brother. He was also brother to the twins, both girls, who were older than Billy. Billy was a very lively boy with a most wonderful imagination, but Arthur believed every word that Billy said. Mrs. Norton, who was the mother of the twins and of Billy and of Arthur, and who was a widow, lived in a tiny frame-house, just back of the magnificent stone stable of Judge Corad, whose stately mansion crowned the hill. Billy's mother was often provoked by his mischief; but, except when she was very, very tired with the washing which formed her chief source of income, she knew that there was really no harm in him.

On the day when Billy picked up a strap from the road at the foot of Judge Corad's hitching-post and was pursued to the door of his own dwelling by the irate coachman who happened to want the strap, she was tired and out of humor, and she added her own prophecies of awful things that would befall Billy if he continued to take things he was not sure did not belong to some one else.

Billy, whose imagination was set working by the reproaches of his mother and of the stableman, went into hiding in a secret cave constructed in the closet of the upstairs part of the house, where Miss Simpson, a sewing-girl and Mrs. Norton's one lodger, kept her scanty supply of coal. Here, then, Billy darkly ensconced himself as he imagined that the officers of the law, under the orders of the powerful Judge Corad, would soon come in search of him to carry him away to years of captivity. And from the depths of his retreat he conveyed instructions in sepulchral whispers through the keyhole to the woe-laden Arthur concerning the necessity of secrecy, even in the event of torture, and concerning also supplies of food and water to be conveyed to him if he should be put in prison. Billy fell asleep, and so played his part longer than he would otherwise have done.

It was in December, and the night came quickly. Just as the darkness began to gather and as Arthur's heart swelled to bursting with utter misery, he bethought himself, and inquired of his mother whether there were not some way in which Billy's fate could be averted. The good lady, utterly unaware of the horror that dwelt in the soul of the little one, and equally unconscious of the melodramatic actions of Billy and of his whereabouts, felt that it would not be wise to spoil a good lesson by saying that Billy would not be troubled by the officers at all; and so she told Arthur that perhaps if some one were to go and pay Judge Corad for the strap Billy had taken, he would let him off. But she ended with a question as to where the money was to come from, which implied that she herself could not furnish it.

Now Arthur's ideas of the value of money were somewhat vague, but for some months he had been gradually accumulating a hoard for Christmas. This money consisted of a dime, a nickel, and five copper cents, and was the source of many very happy dreams. With it he meant to buy presents for all the family, for the first time in his life. Miss Simpson, from whom as payment for errands and other little services this money had been derived, had assured him that it was sufficient, and had even assisted him in deciding how it might be spent to advantage: the ten cents for a present for his mother, the nickel for a present for Billy, two of the copper cents for a present for each of the twins, and the fifth left over for himself, though in his own mind Arthur had determined to buy something for Miss Simpson with it.

II.

JUDGE CORAD, a very tall, black-bearded man, was seated in his library. He had just put aside the papers with which he had been busy when a servant, entering, announced:

"A boy to see you, sir."

The great and awful being (as he seemed to Arthur) rose to his feet and looked down, blinking a little,—for the servant had turned on the electric lights,—at the little boy who stood before him.

"Well, sir, and what can I do for you?" he asked in a great, gruff voice which he meant to be kind. The judge loved all little children, and about this boy there was something of woe that struck him to the heart.

Arthur made several unsuccessful attempts at speech, and then, suddenly unclasping his tiny hand, thrust into the smooth palm of the judge certain small coins.

"Why, what 's this for?" asked the man.

"It 's to pay for Billy—what he stole," stammered the boy.

"Who is Billy? And what did he steal?"

"Billy 's my bruvver. He stole a strap 'long-side your hitching-post; I don't b'lieve he knew it b'longed to you. We lives in the house back of your stable."

"Oh-h," said the judge, beginning to understand; "and did Billy give you the money to give to me?"

"No; it is my money to buy Chris'mus presents wif. Is there enough money?"

"Yes," said the judge, slowly; "more than enough. So you were going to buy Christmas presents, were you? And whom were you going to buy them for?"

"One for muvver wif the ten cents; one for Billy wif the five cents; one for the twins wif the two cents apiece; and one for Miss Simpson wif the other one cent."

Much to Arthur's surprise, but not to his consternation,—for the touch of the great man had kindness in it,—the judge stooped down, and gathering him up in his arms, sat down in the big chair with him. Then he rang a bell, and when a servant came in answer, said:

"Ask Miss Corad to come here."

When the servant had gone the man turned his attention again to the boy in his lap.

"But if you pay all this money for Billy maybe you will not have any more to buy gifts with?"

The little fellow shook his head and his lips trembled. All the bright dreams of the past

months seemed to flash before him and to go out in darkness.

"Which one of them all would you rather give a present to if you had some money left?"

"My muvver, because she works so hard and never has anything nice."

"And what would you get her?"

"A nice pink handk'ch'f what looks like silk but you can buy for ten cents, 'cause she has n't got anything pretty at all."



"'WELL, SIR, AND WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?' HE ASKED IN A GREAT, GRUFF VOICE WHICH HE MEANT TO BE KIND."

Just then Arthur was conscious that a beautiful young woman was standing beside them. Judge Corad explained something to her in very long words, and she smiled down at the little boy.

"Well," said the judge, taking ten cents and handing it back to Arthur. "The other money will be enough to pay for the strap

Billy took. When you go home you can tell him it is all settled. But there are five days yet before Christmas, and I should n't wonder if you might be able to earn a little more money in that time. I have been looking for a little boy of about your size to sort over some magazines and pile them up for me. Now if you would like to work for about an hour every day, I should n't wonder if you could earn as much money as you had before, or maybe a little more. Will you do it?"

"Yes," said Arthur. His heart was very light now. What a beautiful room that library was! He wondered why it had seemed so dark and gloomy when he first came in. What a pleasant man the judge was! He wondered why he had ever been afraid of him. Miss Corad, too, was certainly the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

"Well, then," said the judge, "it's a bargain. Suppose you come up to-morrow, about ten o'clock. I won't be home myself, but my little girl here will,"—Arthur wondered why he called her his little girl,— "and she will show you what to do. And I say," he added as the little fellow was about to go, "let's make a secret of it, will you? Don't tell your folks that you are earning money, and then my little girl and I will go and help you buy the presents, and we'll surprise them all. What do you say? Will you do it?"

"Yes," said Arthur. A surprise had been a part of his plan with Miss Simpson, too.

III.

THE great department-stores were certainly very wonderful. Arthur had seen much of their wonder before through the windows, but he had never been inside, and he had never expected to buy his Christmas presents in them. Miss Simpson had planned to buy from much smaller and, as far as Arthur's experience went, better-known stores of the neighborhood. The holiday goods which these little stores displayed were perhaps tawdry and mean, but they had seemed quite wonderful in his eyes. Now, hustled and jostled by a surging crowd of men, women, and other children, clinging in desperation, now to Miss Corad's hand and now to her skirt, his

little mind was bewildered, and his sensations were rather those of one who is making a martyr of himself for the good of those whom he loves, than of a child sight-seeing in a fairy-land of toys. There were so many beautiful, beautiful things; so many things that he would have gone into ecstasies over, could he have considered them one at a time; so many things that he knew would rejoice the heart of Billy and of his mother and of the twins, that he lost all appreciation of them and could not feel that they were real.

Miss Corad was buying a great deal, and from time to time she asked Arthur questions concerning this and that, wondered if Billy would like a certain muffler, or if his mother would like a dress from a certain piece of cloth; but the little boy's answers had begun to grow so vague that she at last contented herself with her own judgment. Arthur knew that she was buying his gifts for him, and he had a dull sense of being wronged; for he could not tell, in the number of other things which she bought, just what had been purchased with the money he had earned from Judge Corad, nor could he tell for whom the things were intended.

He was very tired and very bewildered when they were through at last, and glad to get out into the dusk of the Christmas eve. It was pleasantly cold out of doors, and the stars were beginning to shine up in the sky and to light up the snow in a very Christmasy way. Besides, the numerous bundles which were carried out and put in the carriage had an air of delightful mystery about them; and once Miss Corad and he were out of the great bustle of the store, he could feel a certain sense of proprietorship in some of them. What they contained he was not very sure, but he knew that there were one or two things which had been strangely left out. The pink handkerchief for his mother was one of these. Miss Corad had told him that pink would not be becoming to so old a woman; and although Arthur had felt his heart swell with pain, he had found no words in which to plead his case, and Miss Corad, mistaking his silence for consent, had purchased something else instead.

There was one thing, by the way, which Arthur had coveted for more than a month, and

that was a sled. He had not dared to hope for one for himself, but he had hoped that, in some way or other, one might be given to Billy. Timid little boy as he was, he had ventured to suggest such a thing to Miss Corad; but she had been strangely deaf to his hints, indeed had hardly heard what he said, and had not at all understood the longing that was in his heart. If she had known about the glorious coasting on a certain hill; if she had known how many hours Arthur had stood watching the flying sleds, with the wild hope that some generous boy might some time offer to give him just one ride! But as it was, she did not understand at all.

IV.

It was quite dark, and all of the family were at home and ready for supper except Arthur; and Mrs. Norton was almost beginning to feel anxious about him. Billy suggested that he had been kidnapped and held for a reward of five million dollars, but this suggestion did not frighten Mrs. Norton much. She was more inclined to believe, with the twins, that he was over on the hill watching the boys slide. When at last the simple supper was all prepared, and she was just on the point of sending Billy out in search of the missing one, a great tramping was heard in the hall, and before any one had time to wonder what it was, the door was flung open and Arthur appeared in the doorway, with Judge Corad, Miss Corad, and a couple of servants, all loaded with bundles and baskets.

Mrs. Norton, Billy, and the twins stared in open-mouthed astonishment, while Judge Corad, who had shouted, "A merry Christmas!" when he opened the door, now advanced into the room, piled his packages on the table, and began to explain that they were presents from



"MISS CORAD AND HER FATHER WERE ON THE POINT OF TAKING THEIR DEPARTURE, WHEN THE DOOR OPENED AND MISS SIMPSON APPEARED."

Arthur, who had been working for him to earn money for a week past. Mrs. Norton scarcely understood what he was saying, for she stood dumb and did not answer a word. The judge fell silent, too, feeling somehow that it was all rather awkward and lacking in the enthusiasm and joy which he had expected.

Mrs. Norton now understood dimly that at last her own home was receiving the bounty of

the Christmas spirit which sometimes prompts the rich to give gifts lavishly to the poor, and she felt a struggle between her pride, which would have refused them, and her mother-love, which told her that for the sake of her children she had no right to do so. She began at last, in a rather lame fashion, to thank the judge and Miss Corad, and at their suggestion and with their assistance to unpack the baskets and open the packages. There were many things there which Arthur and Miss Corad had not purchased personally, for there were hams and two turkeys, coffee and tea and sugar, a sack of flour, apples and oranges, candy and nuts and raisins, and all sorts of groceries and provisions; then there were dresses and shawls for Mrs. Norton and the twins, besides other useful articles. But there was nothing purely ornamental for Mrs. Norton, nor was there a doll in the whole great heap of presents for either of the twins. Billy and Arthur were provided for, in much the same fashion, with warm clothes—overcoats, shoes, mufflers, neckties, mittens, and even books; but, of course, as Arthur knew, there was no sled.

Probably the twins were the most grateful and the least dazed of all the family, and they alone were able to make the little exclamations concerning the usefulness of the gifts and the goodness of the givers. Mrs. Norton tried to say something, too, but without very much success; and Billy and Arthur confined their remarks mainly to each other.

The confusion of unwrapping bundles, which lasted perhaps fifteen minutes, came to an end; and Miss Corad and her father were on the point of taking their departure, when the door opened again and Miss Simpson, thin-featured

and looking a little bit grim, appeared. In her arms she held five packages, the largest of which was very evidently a cheap boys' sled.

"Here are just a few little things for your Christmas," she said. "This is for Arthur," and she stripped the brown paper from the sled and put it on the floor.

"O-oh!"

With a cry of delight the little boy sprang forward and clasped the sled in both arms.

"And this is for Billy."

It was only a cheap jack-knife, but the glow on Billy's cheeks attested that in his case, too, the sewing-girl had known his heart's desire.

For the twins there were two wonderful dolls, dressed by Miss Simpson herself from scraps of very fine goods indeed; and for Mrs. Norton there was a brilliant pink handkerchief and a little, gold-washed brooch which delighted the eyes of Arthur and Billy.

The judge and his daughter stood in wondering admiration at the reception accorded to Miss Simpson's simple and inexpensive gifts; but they had the good sense not to be envious.

"How well you know what to give!" said Miss Corad, slipping one arm about the girl's waist. "Your gifts are better than all of ours."

Then, all at once, Miss Simpson began to cry, and she was followed by Mrs. Norton, and she by Miss Corad; and then they all began to laugh and to laugh and to cry together; and the twins and the boys and Judge Corad laughed, too, though none of them knew why. And as they laughed, and as their eyes were wet with tears, the icy barrier that had stood throughout the evening between the rich givers of gifts and the poor receivers of them was melted, and Christmas joy flooded all their hearts.

A QUESTION IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ark was made of gopher-wood;
 In it were gophers two.
 If you were to go for a gopher, would
 A gopher go for you?

Clara Bradway Creveling.

BETTY BARDEEN: HER SPELLING.

WHEN Mr. Bardeen sat down at the breakfast-table that morning he saw Betty's report-card tilted against his glass of water.

"Better sign it with your eyes shut, daddy," said Betty, with a gay little laugh. "Spelling's horrible, as usual!"

"What's that?" asked grandmother, glancing over her spectacles.

"Betty's school report for the month," answered Mr. Bardeen, handing it over.

"Oh!" grandmother exclaimed in a relieved tone as she studied the card. "You were joking. Spelling is marked 'P,' and that's 'perfect.'"

A laugh went up from the whole table. "Think of Betty perfect in spelling!" cried thirteen-year-old Ted. "Guess grandma believes in miracles!" added eleven-year-old Alice. And little Betty herself enjoyed the joke as much as any one.

"I'm 'fraid times have changed since you went to school, grandma," she said. "'P' stands for 'poor' now'days!"

Grandmother laid down the card and looked at Betty's mother as if she were going to cry. "Marian," she said, "a child of yours marked 'poor' in spelling! A daughter of my daughter! Why, Betty," she went on solemnly, "you are nine years old! When your mother was your age, she spelled the whole school down — great, tall boys and all."

"I know that, grandma dear!" Betty admitted, with dimples in her pink cheeks and twinkles in her blue eyes. "I've heard it over an' over, but it does n't do a bit of good! Daddy says I'm just uncorr'gible on spelling!"

"The idea!" said grandmother. "Well! I think I see what my work is to be this winter."

Grandmother had come to pay a long visit, but she did not wait one hour about that spelling. The first thing she did was to make Betty promise to bring home the lesson for next day; and, true to her word, Betty danced in at four o'clock and thrust a twisted roll of paper into grandmother's hand.

"There are the words, grandma!" she cried.

"I copied them from the board for you." And then she began to play with the dog.

Grandmother unrolled the long, narrow slip of paper. The first word she saw at the top was "G-u-s-s-i-p."

"Gussip!" she exclaimed. "Betty Bardeen, do you spell 'gossip' with a 'u'?"

"'Course not!" apologized Betty, with her arms around 'Prince's' shaggy neck. "I meant g-a-s-s-i-p!"

"Gassip!" pronounced grandmother, sternly.

"Oh, yes, g-e-s-s-i-p!" corrected Betty, brightly.

"Gessip!"

"G-i-s-s-i-p, then!"

"Gissip!"

"Not g-o-s-s-i-p?" ventured Betty at that, very faintly.

"Mercy! — mercy! — mercy!" cried grandmother. "It all comes of their outlandish methods of teaching nowadays!" And then she began her work with Betty.

Every night after school, and every morning before school, they spelled the lesson over and over. Betty loved her grandmother dearly, and was ready to do anything — even this foolish spelling — to please her; but the bother was that, after getting the letters of a word right ten, or even twenty, times, she was just as likely to get it all wrong again the next minute!

One day they had a very hard lesson, full of geography names, and Betty and grandmother worked at it all the evening. The next noon Betty came in to luncheon with a shining face.

"Guess you're proud of me now, grandma!" she began. "I'membered every word — even Trinidad! And I'm the only one in the class that got it right."

"Spell it now," commanded grandmother.

"T-r-i-n-r-a-i-d-a-d!" spelled Betty — and such a shout as Ted and Alice gave! Even daddy and mama laughed, too; they could n't help it! Only grandmother looked solemn.

"You told me to 'member that 'r-a-i,' grandma," said Betty, blankly.

"I know; but, darling, that was in 'Valparaiso,'" answered grandmother, and Ted and Alice laughed again.

It was too much! Poor little Betty dropped her face into her hands, and sobbed out: "Oh, dear, what shall I do? I must spell, an' I can't—I must, an' I can't! Oh, dear!"

about a certain careless little girl, the only one in the class who had misspelled the easy word "Trinidad" that morning. She did not speak Betty's name, but every one knew whom she meant; and she went on to say that this same little girl was bright enough in her other studies, but so heedless about her spelling that it

looked as if her class would have to leave her behind, all because she would not try.

Betty was very miserable. She looked for her nice little handkerchief,—the one her grandmother had given her, with a "B" in the corner,—and secretly wiped her eyes.

Then the geography class was called, and the very first question asked was, "What is the chief seaport of Chile?"

Not one of the class knew. Betty stopped crying as she heard one after another give the wrong answer. When the last one had failed, she lifted up her head. "Valparaiso!" she called out.

"That's right, Betty," said her teacher, kindly. "If you could only spell it, too," she added, shaking her head.

"V-a-l-p-a-r-a-i-s-o!" promptly answered the excited Betty.

"Good!" cried the teacher, clapping her hands right out in school. "Why, Betty Bardeen, —good!" And Betty sat up straight, the proudest, happiest little girl in the room.



"Not g-o-s-s-i-p?" ventured Betty

"Don't laugh, Alice," said her mother. "Be quiet, Ted! There, Betty; never mind!"

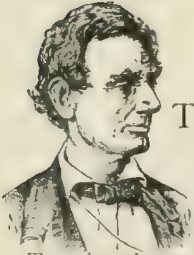
But grandmother said wisely: "Don't worry, Marian. She'll learn to spell now. This is the first time she ever really cared whether she got a word right or not."

Betty wiped her eyes and went back to school with a long face, and the first thing her teacher did was to make a talk before the whole room

"I'll just show people that I can spell!" she said to herself that afternoon as she studied the words of the next day's lesson.

When the time came for her to recite them in the evening, grandmother laughed out with delight. "Every one right, you precious child!" she cried, giving her a hug. "Now, Betty, we'll never, never have 'Spelling, poor' on that report-card again, will we?"

Grace Ethelwyn Cody.



THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY HELEN NICOLAY.

THIS instalment tells how Lincoln was saved from being a blacksmith and how he became a lawyer; of his election to the Illinois State legislature and of the novel methods he used to win voters to his side; and it sets forth the rugged, unswerving honesty of Lincoln's character.—EDITOR.

III.

LAWYER LINCOLN.

UNLUCKY as Lincoln's attempt at store-keeping had been, it served one good purpose. Indeed, in a way it may be said to have determined his whole future career. He had had a hard struggle to decide between becoming a blacksmith or a lawyer; and when chance seemed to offer a middle course, and he tried to be a merchant, the wish to study law had certainly not faded from his mind.

During the time the store was running its downward course from bad to worse, he devoted a large part of his too abundant leisure to reading and study of various kinds. People who knew him then have told how he would lie for hours under a great oak-tree that grew just outside the store door, poring over his book, and "grinding around with the shade" as it shifted from north to east.

Lincoln's habit of reading was still further encouraged by his being appointed postmaster of New Salem on May 7, 1833, an office he held for about three years—until New Salem grew too small to have a post-office of its own, and the mail was sent to a neighboring town. The office was so insignificant that according to popular fable it had no fixed abiding-place, Lincoln being supposed to carry it about with him in his hat! It was, however, large enough to bring him a certain amount of consideration, and, what pleased him still better, plenty of newspapers to read—newspapers that just then were full of the exciting debates of Clay and Webster, and other great men in Congress.

The rate of postage on letters was still twenty-five cents, and small as the earnings of the office undoubtedly were, a little change found its way

now and then into his hands. In the scarcity of money on the frontier, this had an importance hard for us to realize. A portion of this money, of course, belonged to the government. That he used only what was rightfully his own we could be very sure even if a sequel to this post-office experience were not known which shows his scrupulous honesty where government funds were concerned. Years later, after he had become a practising lawyer in Springfield, an agent of the Post-office Department called upon him in his office one day to collect a balance due from the New Salem post-office, amounting to about seventeen dollars. A shade of perplexity passed over his face, and a friend, sitting by, offered to lend him the money if he did not at the moment have it with him. Without answering, Lincoln rose, and going to a little trunk that stood by the wall, opened it and took out the exact sum, carefully done up in a small package. "I never use any man's money but my own," he quietly remarked, after the agent had gone.

Soon after he was raised to the dignity of postmaster another piece of good fortune came in his way. Sangamon County covered a territory some forty miles long by fifty wide, and almost every citizen in it seemed intent on buying or selling land, laying out new roads, or locating some future city. John Calhoun, the county surveyor, therefore, found himself with far more work than he could personally attend to, and had to appoint deputies to assist him. Learning the high esteem in which Lincoln was held by the people of New Salem, he wisely concluded to make him a deputy, although they differed in politics. It was a flattering offer, and Lincoln accepted gladly. Of course he knew almost nothing about surveying, but

he got a compass and chain, and, as he tells us, "studied Flint and Gibson a little, and went at it." The surveyor, who was a man of talent and education, not only gave Lincoln the appointment, but, it is said, lent him the book in which to study the art. Lincoln carried the book to his friend Mentor Graham, and "went at it" to such purpose that in six weeks he was ready to begin the practice of his new profession. Like Washington, who, it will be remembered, followed the same calling in his youth, he became an excellent surveyor.

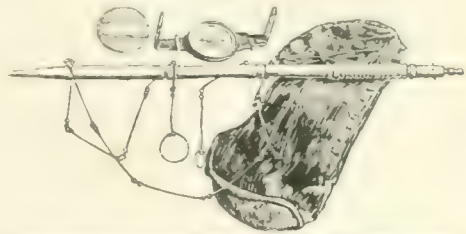
Lincoln's store had by this time "winked out," to use his own quaint phrase; and although the surveying and his post-office supplied his daily needs, they left absolutely nothing toward paying his "National Debt." Some of his creditors began to get uneasy, and in the latter part of 1834 a man named Van Bergen, who held one of the Lincoln-Berry notes, refusing to trust him any longer, had his horse, saddle, and surveying-instruments seized by the sheriff and sold at public auction, thus sweeping away the means by which, as he said, he "procured bread and kept soul and body together." Even in this strait his known honesty proved his salvation. Out of pure friendliness, James Short bought in the property and gave it back to the young surveyor, allowing him time to repay.

It took Lincoln seventeen years to get rid of his troublesome "National Debt," the last installment not being paid until after his return from his term of service in Congress at Washington; but it was these seventeen years of industry, rigid economy, and unflinching fidelity to his promises that earned for him the title of "honest old Abe," which proved of such inestimable value to himself and his country.

During all this time of trial and disappointment he never lost his courage, his steady, persevering industry, or his determination to succeed. He was not too proud to accept any honest employment that offered itself. He would go into the harvest-field and work there when other tasks were not pressing, or use his clerkly hand to straighten up a neglected ledger; and his lively humor, as well as his industry, made him a welcome guest at any farm-house in the county. Whatever he might


be doing, he was never too busy to help a neighbor. His strong arm was always at the service of the poor and needy.

Two years after his defeat for the legislature there was another election. His friends and acquaintances in the county had increased, and, since he had received such a flattering vote the first time, it was but natural that he should wish to try again. He began his campaign in April, giving himself full three months for electioneering. It was customary in those days for candidates to attend all manner of neighborhood gatherings—"raisings" of new cabins, horse-races, shooting-matches, auctions—anything that served to call the settlers together; and it was social popularity, quite as much as ability to discuss political questions, that carried weight with such assemblies. Lincoln, it is needless to say, was in his element. He might be called upon to act as judge in a horse-race, or to make a speech upon the Constitution! He



LINCOLN'S SURVEYING INSTRUMENTS AND CATTLE TAG.
In the possession of the Lincoln Monument Collection.

could do both. As a laughing peacemaker between two quarrelsome patriots he had no equal; and as contestant in an impromptu match at quoit-throwing, or lifting heavy weights, his native tact and strong arm served him equally well. Candidates also visited farms and outlying settlements, where they were sometimes unexpectedly called upon to show their mettle and muscle in more useful labor. One farmer has recorded how Lincoln "came to my house near Island Grove during harvest. There were some thirty men in the field. He got his dinner, and went out in the field where the men were at work. I gave him an introduction, and the boys said that they could not vote for a man unless he could make a hand. 'Well, boys,' said he, 'if that is all, I am sure of your votes.' He took hold of the cradle and

led the way all round the field with perfect ease. The boys were satisfied, and I don't think he lost a vote in the crowd." 

Sometimes two or more candidates would meet at such places, and short speeches would be called for and given, the harvesters throwing down their scythes meanwhile to listen, and enlivening the occasion with keen criticisms of the method and logic of the rival orators. Altogether the campaign was more spirited than that of two years before. Again there were thirteen candidates for the four places; but this time, when the election was over, it was found that only one man in the long list had received more votes than Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln's election to the legislature of Illinois in August, 1834, marks the end of the pioneer period of his life. He was done now with the wild carelessness of the woods, with the rough jollity of Clary's Grove, with odd jobs for his daily bread—with all the details of frontier poverty. He continued for years to be a very poor man, harassed by debts he was constantly laboring to pay, and sometimes absolutely without money: but from this time on he met and worked with men of wider knowledge and better-trained minds than those he had known in Gentryville and New Salem; while the simple social life of Vandalia, where he went to attend the sessions of the legislature, was more elegant than anything he had yet seen.

It must be frankly admitted that his success at this election was a most important event in his life. Another failure might have discouraged even his hopeful spirit, and sent him to the blacksmith-shop to make wagon-tires and shoe horses for the balance of his days. With this flattering vote to his credit, however, he could be very sure that he had made a wise choice between the forge and the lawyer's desk. At first he did not come into special notice in the legislature. He wore, according to the custom of the time, a decent suit of blue jeans, and was known simply as a rather quiet young man, good-natured and sensible. Soon people began to realize that he was a man to be reckoned with in the politics of the county and the State. He was reëlected in 1836, 1838, and 1840, and thus for eight years had a full share in shaping the public laws of Illinois. The Illinois legis-

lature may indeed be called the school wherein he learned that extraordinary skill and wisdom in statesmanship which he exhibited in later years. In 1838 and 1840 all the Whig members of the Illinois House of Representatives gave him their vote for Speaker, but, the Democrats being in a majority, could not elect him.

His campaign expenses were small enough to suit the most exacting. It is recorded that at one time some of the leading Whigs made up a purse of two hundred dollars to pay his personal expenses. After the election he returned the sum of \$199.25, with the request that it be given back to the subscribers. "I did not need the money," he explained. "I made the canvass on my own horse; my entertainment, being at the houses of friends, cost me nothing; and my only outlay was seventy-five cents for a barrel of cider, which some farm-hands insisted I should treat them to."

One act of his while a member of the legislature requires special mention because of the great events of his after-life. Even at that early date, nearly a quarter of a century before the beginning of the Civil War, slavery was proving a cause of much trouble and ill-will. "The abolitionists," as the people were called who wished the slaves to be free, and the "pro-slavery" men, who approved of keeping them in bondage, had already come to wordy war. Illinois was a free State, but many of its people preferred slavery, and took every opportunity of making their wishes known. In 1837 the legislature passed a set of resolutions "highly disapproving abolition societies." Lincoln and five others voted against it; but, not content with this, Lincoln also drew up a paper protesting against the passage of such a resolution and stating his views on slavery. They were not extreme views. Though declaring slavery to be an evil, he did not insist that the black people ought to be set free. But so strong was the popular feeling against anything approaching "abolitionism" that only one man out of the five who voted against the resolution had the courage to sign this protest with him. Lincoln was young, poor, and in need of all the good-will at his command. Nobody could have blamed him for leaving it unwritten; yet he felt the wrong of slavery so keenly that he could not keep

silent merely because the views he held happened to be unpopular; and this protest, signed by him and Dan Stone, has come down to us, the first notable public act in the great career that made his name immortal. ✓

During the eight years that he was in the legislature he had been working away at the law. Even before his first election his friend, John T. Stuart, who had been major of volunteers in the Black Hawk War while Lincoln was captain, and who, like Lincoln, had reenlisted in the Independent Spy Battalion, had given him hearty encouragement. Stuart was now prac-

efforts, about the time he went to Springfield to live. This change from New Salem, a village of fifteen or twenty houses, to a "city" of two thousand inhabitants, placed him once more in striking new relations as to dress, manners, and society. Yet, as in the case of his removal from his father's cabin to New Salem six years earlier, the change was not so startling as would at first appear. In spite of its larger population and its ambition as the new State capital, Springfield was as yet in many ways no great improvement upon New Salem. It had no public buildings, its streets and sidewalks were still unpaved, and business of all kinds was laboring under the burden of hard times.

As for himself, although he now owned a license to practise law, it was still a question how well he would succeed—whether his rugged mind and firm purpose could win him the livelihood he desired, or whether, after all, he would be forced to turn his strong muscles to account in earning his daily bread. Usually so hopeful, there were times when he was greatly depressed. His friend William Butler relates how, as they were riding together on horseback from Vandalia to Springfield at the close of a session of the legislature, Lincoln, in one of these gloomy moods, told him of the almost hopeless prospect that lay immediately before him. The session was over, his salary was all drawn, the money all spent; he had no work, and did not know where to turn to earn even a week's board. Butler bade him be of good cheer, and, kind, practical friend that he was, took him and his belongings to his own home, keeping him there for a time as his guest. His most intimate friend of those days, Joshua F. Speed, tells us that soon after riding into the new capital on a borrowed horse, with all his earthly possessions packed in a pair of saddlebags, Lincoln entered the store owned by Speed, the saddle-bags over his arm, to ask the price of a single bed with its necessary coverings and pillows. His question being answered, he remarked that very likely that was cheap enough, but, small as the price was, he was unable to pay it; adding that if Speed was willing to credit him until Christmas, and his experiment as a lawyer proved a success, he would pay then. "If I fail in this," he said sadly, "I do



THE BUILDING IN WHICH LINCOLN AND STUART HAD THEIR LAW OFFICE, SPRINGFIELD.

tising law in Springfield. After the campaign was over, Lincoln borrowed the necessary books of Stuart, and entered upon the study in good earnest. According to his own statement, "he studied with nobody. . . . In the autumn of 1836 he obtained a law license, and on April 15, 1837, removed to Springfield and commenced the practice, his old friend Stuart taking him into partnership."

Lincoln had already endeared himself to the people of Springfield by championing a project they had much at heart—the removal of the State capital from Vandalia to their own town. This was accomplished, largely through his

not know that I can ever pay you." Speed thought he had never seen such a sorrowful face. He suggested that instead of going into debt, Lincoln might share his own roomy quarters over the store, assuring him that if he chose to accept the offer, he would be very welcome.

"Where is your room?" Lincoln asked quickly.

"Upstairs," and the young merchant pointed to a flight of winding steps leading from the store to the room overhead.

Lincoln picked up the saddle-bags, went upstairs, set them down on the floor, and reappeared a moment later, beaming with pleasure.

"Well, Speed," he exclaimed, "I am moved!"

It is seldom that heartier, truer friendships come to a man than came to Lincoln in the course of his life. On the other hand, no one ever deserved better of his fellow-men than he did; and it is pleasant to know that such brotherly aid as Butler and Speed were able to give him, offered in all sincerity and accepted in a spirit that left no sense of galling obligation on either side, helped the young lawyer over present difficulties and made it possible for him to keep on in the career he had marked out for himself.

The lawyer who works his way up from a five-dollar fee in a suit before a justice of the peace, to a five-thousand-dollar fee before the Supreme Court of his State, has a long and hard path to climb. Lincoln climbed this path for twenty-five years, with industry, perseverance, patience—above all, with that self-control and keen sense of right and wrong which always clearly traced the dividing line between his duty to his client and his duty to society and truth. His perfect frankness of statement assured him the confidence of judge and jury in every argument. His habit of fully admitting the weak points in his case gained him their close attention to his strong ones, and when clients brought him questionable cases his advice was always not to bring suit.

"Yes," he once said to a man who offered him such a case; "there is no reasonable doubt but that I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless

children, and thereby gain for you six hundred dollars, which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to them as it does to you. I shall not take your case, but I will give you a little advice for nothing. You seem a sprightly, energetic man. I would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

He would have nothing to do with the "tricks" of the profession, though he met these readily enough when practised by others. He never knowingly undertook a case in which justice was on the side of his opponent. That same inconvenient honesty which prompted him, in his store-keeping days, to close the shop and go in search of a woman he had innocently defrauded of a few ounces of tea while weighing out her groceries, made it impossible for him to do his best with a poor case. "Swett," he once exclaimed, turning suddenly to his associate, "the man is guilty; you defend him—I can't," and gave up his share of a large fee.

After his death some notes were found, written in his own hand, that had evidently been intended for a little lecture or talk to law students. They set forth forcibly, in a few words, his idea of what a lawyer ought to be and to do. He earnestly commends diligence in study, and, after diligence, promptness in keeping up the work. "As a general rule, never take your whole fee in advance," he says, "nor any more than a small retainer. When fully paid beforehand you are more than a common mortal if you can feel the same interest in the case as if something were still in prospect for you as well as for your client." Speech-making should be practised and cultivated. "It is the lawyer's avenue to the public. However able and faithful he may be in other respects, people are slow to bring him business if he cannot make a speech. And yet, there is no more fatal error to young lawyers than relying too much on speech-making. If any one, upon his rare powers of speaking, shall claim an exception from the drudgery of the law, his case is a failure in advance." Discourage going to law. "Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser—in fees, expenses, and waste of



"WELL, BOYS," SAID HE, "IF THAT IS ALL, I AM SURE OF YOUR VOTES." HE TOOK HOLD OF THE CRADLE AND LED THE WAY ALL ROUND THE FIELD WITH PERFECT EASE."

time. As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough." "There is a vague popular belief that lawyers are necessarily dishonest. . . . Let no young man choosing the law for a calling for a moment yield to this popular belief. Resolve to be honest at all events; and if, in your own judgment, you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation rather than one in which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave."

While becoming a lawyer, Lincoln still remained a politician. In those early days in the West, the two occupations went hand in hand, almost of necessity. Laws had to be newly made to fit the needs of the new settlements, and therefore a large proportion of lawyers was sent to the State legislature. In the summer these same lawyers went about the State, practising before the circuit courts, Illinois being divided into what were called judicial circuits, each taking in several counties, and sometimes covering territory more than a hundred miles square. Springfield and the neighboring towns were in the eighth judicial circuit. Twice a year the circuit judge traveled from one county-seat to another, the lawyers who had business before the court following also. As newspapers were neither plentiful nor widely read, members of the legislature were often called upon, while on these journeys, to explain the laws they had helped to make during the previous winter, and thus became the political teachers of the people. They had to be well informed and watchful. When, like Mr. Lincoln, they were witty, and had a fund of interesting stories besides, they were sure of a welcome and a hearing in the court-room, or in the social gatherings that roused the various little towns during "court week" into a liveliness quite out of the common. The tavern would be crowded to its utmost—the judge having the best room, and the lawyers being put in what were left, late

comers being lucky to find even a sleeping-place on the floor. When not occupied in court, or preparing cases for the morrow, they would sit in the public room, or carry their chairs out on the sidewalk in front, exchanging stories and anecdotes, or pieces of political wisdom, while men from the town and surrounding farms, dropping in on one pretext or another, found excuse to linger and join in the talk. At meal-times the judge presided at the head of the long hotel table, on which the food was abundant if not always wholesome, and around which lawyers, jurors, witnesses, prisoners out on bail, and the men who drove the teams, gathered in friendly equality. Stories of what Mr. Lincoln did and said on the eighth judicial circuit are still quoted almost with the force of law; for in this close companionship men came to know each other thoroughly, and were judged at their true value professionally, as well as for their power to entertain.

It was only in worldly wealth that Lincoln was poor. He could hold his own with the best on the eighth judicial circuit, or anywhere else in the State. He made friends wherever he went. In politics, in daily conversation, in his work as a lawyer, his life was gradually broadening. Slowly but surely, too, his gifts as an attractive public speaker were becoming known. In 1837 he wrote and delivered before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield an able address on "Temperance." In December, 1839, Stephen A. Douglas, the most brilliant of the young Democrats then in Springfield, challenged the young Whigs of the town to a tournament of political speech-making, in which Lincoln bore a full and successful share.

The man who could not pay a week's board bill was again elected to the legislature, was invited to public banquets and toasted by name, became a popular speaker, moved in the best society of the new capital, and made, as his friends and neighbors declared, a brilliant marriage.

(To be continued)

THE ALPHABET'S CHRISTMAS TREE.



THE Alphabet a meeting held
As Christmas-time drew near,
And voted each a gift to bring
To please the children dear.

"They try so hard," the letters said,
"To learn us by our names;
We 'll give them presents, every one,
Of candy, balls, and games."

So Christmas eve they one and all
Came, bringing in high glee
Their presents large and presents small
To hang upon the tree.

A brought an apple, round and red,
And *B*, a bouncing ball;
While *C* a bag of candy gave—
Enough to feed them all.

D carried in his arms a doll
With shining, golden hair;
And *E*, a cotton elephant
Came bringing with great care.

F had a fan from far Japan,
And *G* a funny game;
H boldly rode a hobby-horse,
A racer of great fame.

I held an inkstand in his hand,
 "A useful thing," he said;
J waved on high a jumping-jack,
 All painted black and red.

K thought a kite the proper thing;
 A lamb *L* held aloft;
M's present was a little muff
 Of fur so warm and soft!

N proudly bore a Noah's Ark,
 Filled up with creatures queer;
O felt that yellow oranges
 Would bring the best of cheer.

"A purse," said *P*, "will look so well
 Up there upon the tree";
Q brought a quilt for dolly's crib —
 A thoughtful *Q* was he.

R gave a pretty ruby ring
 With sparkling deep-red glow;
S dragged along a brand-new sled
 To coast upon the snow.

Loudly upon a trumpet blew
 The valiant letter *T*;
U held a strange umbrella up,
 Unfurled for all to see.

A dainty vase *V*'s gift appeared,
 Of crystal glass so clear;
 "A whip," said lively *W*,
 "Is handy to have near."

But *X*'s present was so large
 He sent it by express,
 And what was in it no one knew,
 Although they tried to guess.

Y had a gaily painted yacht
 With every part complete;
Z bore a zither, "which," he said,
 "Would furnish music sweet."

How merrily the children danced
 Around the tree next day;
 While safe within the primer all
 The little letters lay!

Diantha W. Horne.

FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

BY AGNES MCCLELLAND DAULTON.

CHAPTER V.

SUE'S WIGWAM.

"YOUR wigwam 's perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Fanny Spencer, making room on the divan for Belle Wilkin and Mildred Warner.

"Gorgeous!" cried Avis Taylor, dropping among the scarlet pillows in the window-seat beside Kitty Norris; "and oh, Sue, you just belong in it, with that dark, proud face of yours."

"I never heard of a curly-haired, turn-up-nosed Indian in my life, Avis," laughed Sue, as she gave Martha Cutting the only chair and seated herself on the floor. "But for all that, I wish I had been born one. Anyway, I shall be as near one as I can. I've changed my

name to S-I-O-U-X, and I shall have it on my calling-cards. Won't that be stunning? If you write to me, don't forget to address me so. My! what a glorious life it must be! — ponies, tepees, beadwork, and all that, you know," she ended a little vaguely. "I should just love tearing along over the prairie on an unbroken mustang, chasing a buffalo or a cowboy, or something."

The girls of Monroe had fallen in love with Sue at first sight. She was so care-free, so pretty and enthusiastic, so jolly and good-natured, that they had lost their hearts to her completely. Her slang, her impetuosity, her very audacity, had made her only the more attractive to these girls, who had lived

all their quiet lives in a sleepy old town. It was with the greatest pleasure that they had accepted Sue's invitation to spend the afternoon with her at Cherry-lane and see for the first time her wigwam, and yet it was with dismay that

body else. When I was a little thing I always hated to have Martha see my Christmas presents, for by the time she got through with them you could n't see them with a microscope. She dwarfs everything she looks at. She goes



“SHE’LL SPOIL EVERYTHING,” FANNY SPENCER HAD WHISPERED.

they had found that Martha Cutting was included in the invitation, although Sue had never met her, for Martha had just returned from Dexter.

“She ’ll just spoil everything,” Fanny Spencer had whispered, as she and Kitty Norris, perched up in her leafy study in the old sweeting-tree, toiled over their geometry. “She will put on her high and mighty air and measure Sue with her little foot-rule, just as she does every-

through the world looking through the wrong end of the opera-glass; and, what ’s worse, she makes you look through it, too.”

“You mean she looks through the wrong end at your possessions. I’ve always noticed that anything concerning herself looms up full size. “Well,” laughed Kitty, “it will take more than her foot-rule to dwarf Sue Roberts. But, all the same, I wish Sue had n’t asked her.”

Sue found herself wishing so, too, though she

could n't quite tell why, for the pretty little blonde with the big blue eyes and rose-leaf complexion had been almost gushing in her greeting. But, someway, Sue wished, before many minutes were over, that she had n't put on the little beaded moccasins, nor let her hair hang down in two long braids, nor worn her scarlet duck suit with the many strings of beads around her neck. When she had dressed herself so gaily, she had only felt the fun of it all to her very finger-tips and she knew that the girls would enjoy it too. But now, in spite of the other girls' enthusiastic praise, when Martha's round eyes fell upon her she felt she was only a very silly girl, in a very silly masquerade, and she wished with all her heart she had worn her shirt-waist suit and her hair in a club.

"It must be lovely to live in the wilds like Mildred, tossing her hat on the ground and settling herself more comfortably. I never saw an Indian in my life, but they are awfully romantic." "I saw several once at Dexter," said Martha. "There was nothing remarkable about them except that they were marvelously dirty. I don't know," went on Martha, "that the Sioux hunt and killed buffalo; I thought they did work and hoed the corn."

"What an awful set of Indians you must have known, Miss Cutting!" protested Sue, good-naturedly. "Now, my ideal of an Indian is the real, true, noble red man—all courage and romance. You may be right and I wrong, since, like Mildred, I never saw one; but I like my imaginary ones better than your real ones."

"Yes, indeed; we all do. Just think of Hiawatha! The blanket on this divan is too beautiful to sit on, Sue," said Avis. "I'd hang it on the wall for a picture. What a dear your aunt was to send all these pretty things to you!"

"Was n't she a regular peach of an aunty!" said Sue, enthusiastically.

At this luckless speech Fanny flushed, for she saw Martha slightly raise her eyebrows, though her smile never changed. She was already passing judgment,—there could be no doubt of that,—and for the first time Sue's picturesque language grated on Fanny's ear. If Sue only would n't!

"Oh, dear," thought Fanny; "I'm beginning

to look through Martha's opera-glass, and I just won't!"

But Sue's personality was beginning to tell upon her critical guest. One could n't criticize all the time a girl who knew how to be so charming to her friends and who was so good to look at. The cool breeze came stealing through the window to lift the little curls that had escaped about Sue's piquant face, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks flushed as she laughed and chatted, and Martha, in spite of herself, was swept along in the gay rush of Sue's good-fellowship.

It was while she was serving the sandwiches and iced tea that Mandy had just brought up that Sue related her astonishing adventure with the pony-carriage.

"Of course, I looked like a perfect idiot," she said, as she finished her tale—she had withheld the rude word "native" lest it hurt her guests. "But that boy was simply horrid, while she was the most charming girl! Now does anybody know who they were?"

"Why, certainly," they all cried at once. "It was Virginia Clayton and her brother Thad."

"And you are a lucky young woman," laughed Kitty, "that they deigned to speak at all. It's a wonder they did n't run right over you with a haughty smile. They are the Claytons, with the biggest kind of a C. Martha is the only one of us who has ever met them."

"But who are they?" asked Sue, bewildered, not knowing how much was Kitty's mischief and how much truth. "I've never heard a soul mention them. The girl is a perfect dear, and not in the least stuck up."

"Well, you see," explained Martha, "they are the children of Dr. Howard Clayton, the scientist. They are very wealthy, their home is in New York, and they come out here to Kinikinnick, their beautiful country home, for a month or so every spring. This year Thad was very ill, so they have been here all summer. Mrs. Marshall, their aunt, lives there most of the time; and as my aunt in Dexter was an old school friend of hers, I went there with her to call. Mrs. Clayton is dead, and there are only the two children."

"Is n't Miss Clayton the loveliest girl!" broke in Sue. "I loved her the moment I saw her.

She is so sweet and simple, and yet has such a lot of style."

"She has been everywhere, and had so many opportunities," interposed Avis; "but she is n't half so pretty as you are, Sue."

"Thank you," laughed Sue, with a sweeping bow. "But don't make me biggity, for I can't hold a candle to her."

"She is exquisitely refined and ladylike," remarked Martha, pointedly. "I can't imagine her using a word of slang." Sue flushed, but Martha went on calmly: "Yet I don't really care for her. She is as cold as ice, and she has n't a spark of fun in her; but her brother—he is very clever, and his father's idol—was lovely to me."

"Why, Martha Cutting!" returned Belle Wilkin, helping herself to another sandwich. "Everybody says he's so cross. Look how he behaved to Sue! And he is a regular tyrant to Virginia—you told me so yourself."

"To his sister, perhaps," replied Martha, glancing out coyly from under her long lashes, and shrugging her shoulders. "But to me he was charming. He took me to see the rose-garden and the greenhouses, and said he was so sorry he was not strong enough for a game of tennis."

"Mortal good thing for you was n't it, Mattie?" chuckled Kitty, wickedly. "You don't know the racket from the net, do you?" For Martha hated games, and hated still more to be called "Mattie."

Sue, feeling there was something wrong with the atmosphere, sprang to her feet and made a sudden dive into her closet. "Oh, girls," she cried, "I've got something here I want to show you. If any one of you can identify it or prove property, she shall have—well, my prettiest pair of baby moccasins. Now, don't all speak at once," and Sue emerged with the pink sunbonnet perched on her head.

"Why, Martha Cutting," ejaculated Avis, "it is exactly like that blue one of yours! It is—why, of course, it is Virginia Clayton's golf-bonnet that you copied! Sue Roberts, where did you get it?"

"It certainly is like the one Miss Clayton wore on that afternoon I spent with her at Kinikinnick," admitted Martha, reluctantly.

"Then," gasped Sue—"oh, girls, then Virginia Clayton is my parsley-girl! Would n't that jar you!"

"Nonsense, Sue Roberts, nonsense!" expostulated Fanny and Belle.

"Why, Sue, you don't understand," protested Avis. "She is the most uppish girl you ever heard of. When we all went out to call on her, Mrs. Marshall asked that we excuse her, as she was engaged, if you please. Why, she never has a thing to do with us."

"Parsley-girl!" inquired Martha, in bewilderment. "Virginia Clayton a parsley-girl!"

"Do tell her all about it, Sue, and where *did* you get the bonnet!" begged Kitty Norris.

Then Sue told again the whole story of 'pretty greetings at their first home-coming Cherryfair, and then of the second visit finding of the bonnet, and of the girl who waved her hand to Peggy as she climbed him fence.

"Here is the bonnet and here are the cards," and Sue opened the drawer to her desk. "The cards are on plain white cards, you see, and have nothing to identify her."

"The fence is just this side of the apple-grove," mused Fanny. "It is—well, even if it is perfectly impossible to be exactly like Virginia Clayton would do anything friendly and dear and human—and yet

"And yet, Fan, we don't know a thing about her, really," argued Avis. "We just have each thought things and said them until we really believe them, and all the time she may be a darling of a girl. What do you think, Martha?"

"It is utterly impossible," replied Martha, decidedly. "The bonnet does look like Miss Clayton's. But what of that? Hundreds of girls have pink sunbonnets. We don't any of us know her handwriting, and all we do know is that a girl climbed a fence toward Kinikinnick. She never has taken any interest in our church. And how would she know Miss Roberts's name and the names of her sisters, and about the scarlet apron and the black eyes, and how could she have gotten all that stuff here from Kinikinnick, a quarter of a mile away? Why, it is perfectly ridiculous! I would n't be at all surprised if it was Nan Blodget or Cynthia Hall; you know they live in the same direction."

"That is so likely!" scoffed Kitty. "Imagine Nan Blodget with a bonnet like that, or Cynthia Hall writing verses! Try again, Martha. Was n't it Bridget O'Hara or old Farmer Dent?"

"Don't be absurd, Kitty!" returned Martha, haughtily. "You know you yourself don't believe Virginia Clayton has been spying around here."

"Spying!" retorted Sue, hotly. "Spying! Why, it was lovely kindness that she did! Why do you call that spying? I'm not a detective, or I should have found her long ago; but I firmly believe that when I do find my parsley-girl, it will be at Kinikinnick."

"And I am just as certain you will not," declared Martha, stubbornly. She had been very proud of the fact that she alone of the Monroe girls knew the Claytons, and she had no desire to share the honor.

But just at that moment Mandy threw open the door and said in a shrill whisper:

"There is another young lady, Miss Sue, an' I brought her right up. I guess you will be nee'd a' some more sandwidges, too, so you better give me the plate an' I'll get 'em."

And there, just behind Mandy, with cheeks flushed, her dark eyes on Sue, stood Virginia Clayton.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PARSLEY-GIRL.

"I AM so sorry—so very sorry," faltered Virginia; "I did not dream, from what the maid said, that you were having a party."

"I'm not," exclaimed Sue, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, as she went eagerly forward with both hands outstretched. "I'm just having a little afternoon with my friends, and I can't tell you how glad I am that Mandy brought you right up. We were just this moment talking of you—at least I was," she added, with a merry laugh. "I was protesting—but there you came just in the nick of time to claim—" and Sue snatched up the little pink bonnet.

"My golf-bonnet!" finished Virginia, smilingly, her face all rosy with blushes.

"Then you are—you are my parsley-girl! I never can tell you—but there, I sha'n't try! Please, may I kiss you?"

"Indeed you may," laughed Virginia, running straight into Sue's outstretched arms; "but what will your friends think of me?"

"Oh, they all know how I have been pining for my parsley-girl. And now you must allow me to introduce you. I think you have met Miss Cutting."

And before Virginia quite understood it all, she was sitting between Kitty and Avis, sipping her tea, and feeling herself delightfully at home.

Fanny was stifling with laughter at the sight of Martha's face. So this was the block of ice, the haughty aristocrat—this bright-faced, laughing girl! Of course, she was a bit shy at first; but Sue knew what she was about when she put her between Kitty and Avis,—Kitty brimming over with fun, and kindly, gentle Avis, whose tongue, like Tennyson's brook, ran on forever.

"Please, may n't we know?" she was begging now of Virginia. "How did you find out those things about Sue? How did you think of it all? It was just lovely of you! I really believe Sue cared more for her pot of parsley than for a whole hothouse full of orchids."

"Of course I did," declared Sue, stoutly. "It was like a friendly hand held out that day, and I loved every green leaf of it; and now that I have really found my parsley-girl—well, I'm not going to let her go again in a hurry."

Virginia turned a smiling face toward her, but, somehow, Sue imagined there were tears in the dark eyes; but the parsley-girl hastened to say, "Then perhaps I'll take you back to Staten Island with me."

"How lovely it must be to live on an island," broke in Fanny, feeling that for some reason Virginia would rather have the subject changed, "and to see the ocean!"

"It is," replied Virginia, simply. "Of course, I think there never was so beautiful a spot as my hilly island. The Kill von Kull enters the bay just in front of our house, and you can always see the lights of New York and the Jersey shore shining like jewels against the evening sky; and there are vessels passing all day long, from great square-riggers to tiny crafts with one wee sail that look like toys as they float past. Oh, it is ideal in summer; but when winter comes—ugh! how the wind howls across the bay!"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mildred. "Just think of living in such a fairyland as that, and then being buried here!"

"Not at all," protested Virginia, earnestly. "Ohio is beautiful, too. I always think when I come back to Kinikinnick that it has its own particular charm, and Aunt Sibyl likes Ohio much better than New York. I want to tell you," she went on, flushing, "how sorry I was

"Indeed we shall," said Avis, "and I know we shall all have lovely times together this summer."

"I hope your brother will soon grow stronger," said Sue.

"Oh, yes, thank you," replied Virginia, gratefully. "It is nice of you to ask after him, when he was so dreadful the other day. But I know you will like him so much when you are really acquainted. He is so irritable now because he has had to give up study and all hope of entering college next year. The doctor had told him that morning that he must not think of it, and he was struggling with his great disappointment."

"I am so sorry," said Sue, remorsefully; "I would n't have been so cross to him for anything if I had known that. I felt, when we were standing in the road, glaring at each other, you ought to have cried, 'Sic 'em, Prince!' I'm quite ashamed of myself."

"You don't need to be," laughed Virginia. "That battle did him a world of good.

He was so angry that he quite forgot his disappointment for a while, and he commissioned me to say he hoped you would come over soon and give him another round, as he had been in better spirits ever since."

"Tell him I will come often if that will do him any good, and be a real Susan Pepperpot, too."

"Just as if you were n't always that!" commented Fanny. "But, Sue Roberts," she exclaimed as she looked at her watch, "why did n't you send us home? It is after five o'clock."

Sue and Virginia stood in the old gateway



"TWO SISTERS, I WANTED IT TO BE A SISTER BETWEEN US TWO."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

I could not see you the day you called; but Thad, my brother, was very restless and nervous,—he has been so ill,—and—and he would not let me leave him. But I am going to return your calls very soon, as he is much better. This is the first afternoon I have been away from him, and now that I know you I hope you will all come to see me often."

and waved a pretty adieu to the gay bevy of girls, all in a flurry of white and pink and green, like so many butterflies, as they fluttered a last farewell from the turn of the lane.

"They are such nice girls," commented Sue, as, with their arms around each other, the two friends strolled down toward the orchard wall. "I've only known them a little while, but I just love them. I believe we are going to have a dandy time this summer. There are n't many boys here, but I like that. I would n't give a penny for a boy who was n't my brother or somebody else's brother, would you?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Virginia, demurely, with a twinkle in her black eyes. "I've known some only sons that were n't so bad."

"Oh, but you know perfectly what I mean," answered Sue, giving Virginia a loving smile. "I like boys in their place. Nice, boyish boys, without any frills and quirks. You know the kind, I'm sure."

"I do—I do," laughed Virginia, returning the smile. "But I guess you and I have n't got to the frill-and-quirk stage. Just now we are too busy getting used to our hair being clubbed and to the length of our skirts. I don't believe Miss Cutting minds getting grown up. She seems so much more—*young-ladyfied* than the rest. Don't you think so?"

Sue made a little grimace, and then laughed.

"There, Virginia Clayton, you were reading my mind, and I had meant to be so wise and tactful, and not say a word about a 'just departed guest.' Aunt Serena is always telling me that is such bad form. Ugh! don't you hate form, anyway? But to go back to the cow-pasture. Miss Cutting makes me weary,—that's dreadful slang; please forget I said it. She is six months younger than Fanny Spencer, and a whole year younger than Belle, but she just loves to appear *blasé* and *passé* and a lot of Frenchy things. Fanny and Belle play tennis, and go driving, and for walks with the boys, and Kitty and Avis go to parties with them, and that's all right, for they are sixteen,—Mildred

is just my age,—but they are nice and sensible about it. Mildred is apt to get a bit sentimental, but Kitty takes her down a peg or two, and so they even up nicely. But Martha Cutting—why, Virginia, she's got a train to her evening dress, and wears her hair on the top of her head, and says 'gentlemen' when she means boys in knickerbockers."

"She is very pretty. I don't believe I ever saw a more beautiful complexion, and her hair is like gold. Aunty says she plays and sings very well."

"I know," said Sue, remorsefully, "and she can sew and paint, and do lots of things I can't do at all; but, somehow, she rubs me the wrong way. Oh, Virginia, I wish you did n't have to go home!" They had reached the wall, and Virginia stood swinging her parasol daintily by the handle, with her fluffy white skirts gathered up about her preparatory to climbing the stile. "You have n't told me a word of how you knew about me, and of course I'm dying to know. I did n't want you to tell me before the girls, for I felt—well—" and Sue stooped to tuck in a stray lock of dusky hair under Virginia's big white hat—"you see, I wanted it to be just a sweet little secret between us two."

Again Virginia's eyes filled, and she said, softly touching her lips to Sue's brown cheek:

"I am going to come over with Toddlekins for you to-morrow afternoon; and if you will go, we will take a long drive, and I'll tell you all about it."

So it was settled, and Sue sat on the wall and watched the little, slender figure in its white gown and poppy-wreathed hat until it disappeared in the distance.

"My parsley-girl is everything I would have her," said Sue to herself as she climbed down off the wall in answer to Mandy's vigorous calling. "She's good and bright and jolly and pretty and stylish and—and—a lady. Yes, Sue, my dear, that's it—a real, true lady. I wonder what she thought of me."

(To be continued.)

THE ROWENA O'TOOLE COMPANY.

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

WHEN I was boy, I had kept rabbits, and they burrowed into Mr. Morton's yard and ate his lettuce crop, which annoyed Mr. Morton; and I had had chickens, and they flew over the fence into Mr. Grady's yard and pecked holes in his reddest tomatoes, which displeased Mr. Grady; and so, after I had paid a boy two dollars for a goat, and then paid him fifty cents to take it back because it had eaten to desolation the gardens of both Mr. Morton and Mr. Grady, I consulted those gentlemen as to what manner of animal I had best own next.

The two gentlemen came into my father's back yard by the over-the-fence route. Mr. Grady took a seat on the sawbuck. Mr. Morton leaned against the barn door. Mr. Morton was younger than Mr. Grady, but far more serious. He was studying law, and wore his hair in a broad bang that hung over one eye; and so long as I knew him he never smiled. Mr. Grady, on the other hand, was old enough to be young again. He seemed to have no especial profession except that of veteran of two fields—Gettysburg and corn-field. He was an ex-soldier and a retired farmer, and as happy by nature as any man could possibly be. I think he lived in cycles of jokes. He would smile all day yesterday thinking of the joke he meant to tell some one; to-day he would tell the joke and smile; and to-morrow he would smile over the manner in which the joke was received. The next day he would begin the cycle again. In this way he kept himself always happy and economized his jokes.

"William," said Mr. Morton, when I had stated my indecision, "this matter is one that deserves more than usual consideration, and I must ask you to retire a few moments while Mr. Grady, my honored friend here, and I consult in private."

I knew that meant I was not wanted, and I went into the house—not especially because it was necessary to retire so far, but because

there were fresh doughnuts there. When I returned their consultation was completed.

"It is the sense of the meeting," said Mr. Morton, so solemnly that I felt very important, "that, generally speaking, the confines of a city are conducive to better results in agricultural pursuits than in stock-raising."

"He means," explained Mr. Grady, "that raisin' garden truck is better than raisin' critters."

My face must have shown my disappointment, for Mr. Morton hastened to reassure me.

"However," he said, "since your nature inclines toward the animal rather than toward the vegetable kingdom, we have made proper concessions, and have decided on a fit and suitable creature upon which you may lavish your care."

"Very purty words, them," Mr. Grady asserted.

Mr. Morton wiped back his lock of hair, which had a way of falling into his eye, and proceeded.

"The animal on which we have decided," he continued, "has been known from the days of great antiquity. It is a gentle beast,—at least in its domestic state, although when wild it is considered dangerous at times,—and it adds to the food supply of the nations. While I may not call it precisely graceful, it is, in its youth, often pleasant to the eye, while with age it assumes a dignity and majesty that are suited to its rotund and weighty form."

Mr. Grady had been waiting an opportunity to speak, while I stood with my mouth open, taking in the stream of eloquence. Now Mr. Grady took his pipe from his mouth and spoke.

"Why don't you tell the lad it 's a pig?" he asked.

"A pig!" I exclaimed. "But a pig can't do anything!"

"To be sure," said Mr. Grady, "he can't fly like them chickens you had."

"Nor can I say I have ever seen one hop like a rabbit," said Mr. Morton.

"Neither can he climb a tree like a cat, nor swim like a trout; but he is a fine bit of a beast, for all that," said Mr. Grady.

"But," I suggested, "pigs cost a great deal, and all my money is gone. I used the last to buy that billy-goat."

"All of which," said Mr. Morton, "has been carefully considered; and, in view of your financial distress, Mr. Grady, my honored neighbor, and I have decided to finance the pig. In other words, we will buy him."

I hesitated.

"I don't think my father would like to have you do that," I said.

"But we do not make you a present of him," said Mr. Morton.

"Would n't he be my pig?" I asked, quite sure I should not care to own a pig that did not belong to me.

"We will make a stock company of him," said Mr. Morton. "We will divide him into three shares, of which Mr. Grady, my honored neighbor, and I shall each own one, because we supply the pig; while you shall own one, because you will have the sole care and custody of the animal."

"And when he's sold, we divvy up fair and square," said Mr. Grady; "each of us three gettin' one half of what he sells for."

The more I considered the matter, the better I liked it. The idea that there would be something to divide when the pig was sold was pleasing; for neither my rabbits nor my chickens had produced a profit, and I considered that even should the pig prove a loss, as in my goat venture, it would be satisfactory to have two partners to help share the deficit. So I accepted the proposal.

As for the officers of the company, we made Mr. Morton president, because—well, because he was n't the sort of man you could make anything less; but, to balance the dignities, Mr. Grady and I each had two titles. Mr. Grady was made treasurer and board of directors, and I was proudly installed as secretary and general manager.

"And mind you, William," said Mr. Morton, severely, "you must keep the records of

the company honestly and conscientiously." He said this with great impressiveness, while climbing the fence into the yard.

Mr. Grady, "I said to that gentleman, "how must I keep the records?"

"Well, now," said Mr. Grady, "I have n't ever kept records of a pig company myself; but I reckon you'd best get one of these here pocket diaries an' keep it in that. It would be handiest."

So I got one. My first entry described our first meeting and the formation of the company. It ran: "Mister Morton he climbed over his fence into our yard, and Mister Grady he climbed over his fence into our yard, and we were all met together, because I did n't have to climb into our yard because I was in it," and so on. You see how conscientiously I kept the records.

To Mr. Grady, who was an expert in pigs, was intrusted the task of procuring our live stock, and it seemed to me he was long at it. At length, however, he told me he had got his eye on a remarkably fine pig, "purty as a picture, an' full o' life as an egg," which would be delivered as soon as it had a few more days' growth; for, like the wife in the song of "Billy Boy," it was still "a young thing and could not leave its mother."

But I had enough to do in the meantime. There was the sty to build, and a trough to construct, and no ordinary sty or trough would do. I soon learned the meaning of Mr. Grady's title of board of directors. I found that the general manager was a mere tool in the hands of the board of directors. Every day the smiling "board" would climb over the fence and, comfortably seated on the sawbuck, instruct the general manager.

He not only insisted on the shape and construction of the sty, but he directed me how to hold the saw and hammer, how to hit a nail, and, if I hit my thumb instead, how to tie it up. If our president had tried to direct me, I should have resented it; but Mr. Grady did it in such a good-natured manner that I enjoyed it, and his suggestions were so appropriate that I soon felt the fullest confidence in him.

At length the pig came. It was a beautiful little pink fellow, full of life and appetite, and

Mr. Grady predicted that it would make a fine beast in time. I decided at once that we must call it Rowena, my favorite name; for I had just read "Ivanhoe" for the first time, and the name, Rowena, greatly pleased my fancy. Of course I had to consult the board of directors on such an important matter, and he immediately objected.

"What sort of a name is Rowena, now?" he

so many pigs I did n't have time to name them, let alone think of names. But now," said he, "I've got the time, and I've got the pig, an' I've been layin' awake nights thinkin' over names, an' I've decided that O'Toole is the finest name for a pig that ever was. O'Toole it is."

"I don't like O'Toole," I said, for I had set my heart on Rowena. "I don't like O'Toole."



THE ROWENA O'TOOLE COMPANY, 111 N. W. COR. 4TH & 1ST STS., ST. LOUIS, MO.

asked. "Be it French? Who ever heard of a French pig?"

"I don't think it is French, Mr. Grady," I said doubtfully.

"It's not Irish, anyhow," he declared; "and all my life I've been wishing to name a pig, and there's no name so good for man or beast as the good old Irish names. When I was a boy no bigger than you, I wanted to name a pig, but they were my father's pigs and I durst not name them. And when I grew up I had

"Then if the general manager and the board of directors disagree," said Mr. Grady, "we'll have to call a meetin' of the stockholders an' vote on it." So a meeting was called.

Mr. Morton climbed over the fence, and when he heard our statements his face became very sober.

"Now, fellow-stockholders," he said gravely, "you have proceeded in this matter regardless of my rights. You have not consulted my

preferences in the least. I shall insist that our animal shall be called Empedocles. If ever I have had a great desire, from my callow boyhood upward, it was to see a sweet, pink, porcine animal bearing the musical name of Empedocles. I shall insist on it."

"We all insist," said Mr. Grady; "an' if we all insist, fellow-shtockholders, I see no way out of it but to fight a duel—a three-sided duel with axes."

"And then," said Mr. Morton, scornfully, "if we are all killed, the pig will be a poor outcast orphan! I propose a ballot."

I eagerly agreed to the proposal. A duel with axes did not appeal to me. So we tore up several pages of Mr. Morton's note-book and voted. The first ballot stood:

For Empedocles	1
For O'Toole	1
For Rowena	1

The succeeding ballots, from the second up to the sixth, stood the same. Just when we were preparing for the next ballot a gentleman called for Mr. Morton, and this may have broken the deadlock, for we found that the seventh ballot stood:

For O'Toole	1
For Rowena	1
For Rowena O'Toole	1

Mr. Morton then made a neat little speech in which he begged the Pig Company to seek harmony rather than self-interest, and suggested that we unite on Rowena O'Toole. The visit-

ing gentleman applauded the speech, and when the eighth ballot was taken the votes stood:

For Rowena O'Toole 3

Which settled the matter, once for all. The pig received its name with great unconcern.



"I HAD A SERIOUS TIME GETTING THE PIG UP THE LADDER"

As the spring advanced it became evident that we were to have a rainy season; and the ground in the pen became very soft and muddy. To my eyes, Rowena O'Toole seemed to enjoy it immensely. She unfailingly chose the softest spots, and stood leg deep in them. But Mr. Grady shook his head."

"'T won't do," he said. "It's all well enough for country pigs, but city pigs can't stand it. First thing we know, it will catch cold in its head, standin' in the damp, an' lose its appytite, an' a pig without an appytite is a gone pig."

"What would you advise, Mr. Grady?" I asked anxiously.

"We might get it a pair of rubber boots, now," he said thoughtfully; "an' wrap its neck in red flannel; but it would eat the boots, an' I dunno but eatin' rubber boots is worse for a pig than a cold in the head is. What I direct," he said,—and when Mr. Grady directed it was only left for me to carry out his directions,—"is that you build a pen for it in the hay-loft. Up there it would be nice and dry and comfortable."

It was not hard to build a pen in the hay-loft, but it was harder to transport Rowena O'Toole to her new home. She had grown considerably, and as Mr. Grady would do nothing but direct, I had a serious time getting the pig up the ladder. Unless you have tried it, you cannot imagine how awkward it is.

It was well along toward the next spring when Mr. Grady decided that Rowena O'Toole was fit in size to be sold, and we bargained with our butcher. He came and looked at Rowena O'Toole, and shook his head.

"She 's a thin pig for her age," he said doubtfully,—"the thinnest pig I ever see."

"She 's a proud pig," said Mr. Grady; "she lives up to her elegant name. She never was greedy like common pigs."

"Looks to me like she 'd had the fat fairly worried off her," said the butcher.

"Not having had it on her," said Mr. Grady, "it could n't be worried off. I can't imagine why she did n't put on more flesh. She 's been tended most carefully. Not a day but she 's had her bath."

"Bath!" exclaimed the butcher.

"Bath," said Mr. Grady, "every day, regular as the calendar, we 've turned the hose on her."

"Then I 'll have to offer you two cents a pound below the market rates. It don't do for pigs to bathe too often. Say every other day, now, might do; but every day is a little too much. It gets them all haughty and proud and uppish, which makes them tough."

Nor could we persuade him to give the fraction of a cent a pound more.

We had to lower Rowena O'Toole from the hay-loft door by means of a block and tackle, and Mr. Grady directed me to drive her to the butcher's through the alley. I think now that he was not proud of Rowena O'Toole. She may have looked aristocratic, but she did not look over-fed.

The money we received was not a fortune, but it was, on my part at least, well earned.

When the Rowena O'Toole Company met to declare its final dividend, Mr. Grady asked me if I wished to try a pig again that year; and if not, what animal I had in mind.

I think I squirmed a little on the bench on which I sat. I know I said:

"If you don't mind, Mr. Grady, I don't think I 'll try any more animals just now. I think I 'll learn to grow tomatoes, if you don't mind showing me how."

AS TO FAIRIES.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I WONDER if the fairies sit
On toad-stools when they rest,
And if, when they would sleep a bit,
They like a mush-room best?



"FOR THEY WILL FIND HER, SUTTING STILL AND MEEK, UPON A BENCH, BESIDE SOME STABLE-SHED."

From a lithograph by Paul Hey. By permission of Hubert Köhler, Munich



THE PROCESSION OF THE THREE KINGS.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE little town is muffled all in snow ;
Yet there *Weihnachten* * love is burning clear.
And on each door three letters † in a row
Proclaim the Three Kings' Day is drawing near.

Oh, then will Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar
Ride through the country on their horses white ?
And all the people, live they far or near,
Will early rise and follow with delight.

And never will the great procession stop
Till they Christkindlein and his mother greet :
Then on their knees the turbaned kings will drop,
And fill her lap with gifts, and kiss his feet ;

For they will find her, sitting still and meek,
Upon a bench, beside some stable-shed,
Her soft hair brushing dear Christkindlein's cheek,
And sunshine brightness all around each head !

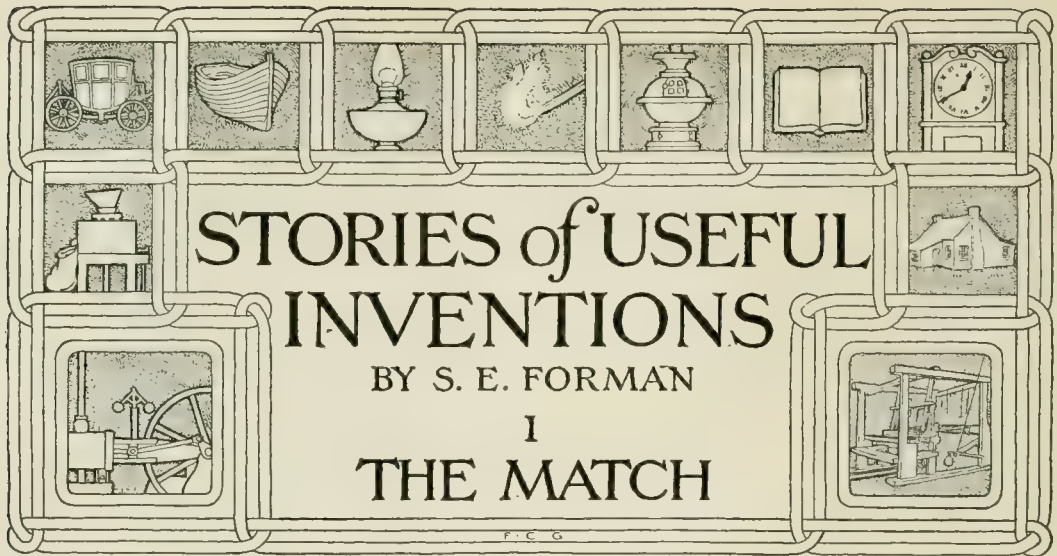
Then, while the old folk smile through happy tears,
Blame not the children if a shout they raise
When little *Esel*, ‡ with his pointed ears,
Leans o'er the fence with puzzled, wistful gaze.

There, too, the gentle, great black ox will stand :
Folk say he knelt all night in strawy stall ;
Perchance he knows these kings from Eastern land,
For now he lifts his head with lowing call !

* *Weihnachten* — Christmas.

† In many parts of southern Germany it is a custom to place
on the outer door the initials of the three kings — C. M. B.

‡ *Esel* — German for "donkey."



IN this series it is proposed to give to ST. NICHOLAS readers a number of brief sketches describing the origin and the development of some of the commonest of the objects and conveniences of every-day use, such as "The Match," "The Stove," "The Book," "The Clock," "The Boat," "The Carriage," "The Loom," "The Mill," and "The Lamp." These short papers will present unfamiliar history of very familiar things.—EDITOR.

A FOREWORD.

1. THESE stories are strictly chapters of history, and the old Greek historian Herodotus tells us that when a historian records an event he should state the time and place of its happening. In some kinds of history—in the history of the world's wars, for example—this is strictly true. When we are reading of the battle of Bunker Hill we should be told precisely when and where it was fought, and in an account of the Declaration of Independence the time and place of the declaration should be given. But in the history of inventions we cannot always be precise as to dates and places. Of course it cannot be told when the first plow or the first loom or the first clock was made. Inventions like these had their origin far back in the earliest ages, when there was no such person as a historian. And when we come to the history of inventions in more recent times, we still are often unable to discover the precise time and place of an invention.

2. It is in the nature of things that the origin of an invention should be surrounded by un-

certainty and doubt. An invention, as we shall see presently, is nearly always a response to a certain want. The world wants something, and it promises a rich reward to one who will furnish the desired thing. The inventor, recognizing the want, sets to work to make the thing; but he always conducts his experiments with the greatest possible secrecy, for the reason that he does not want another to steal his ideas and get ahead of him.

3. In a history of inventions, then, historians cannot always record the time and place when they were first used. But it is not a great loss to us that we cannot know precisely when the first book was printed, nor does it make much difference whether that book was printed in Holland or in Germany. And in the progress of their inventions all countries have not kept equal step with the march of time. In some things ancient Greece was modern, while in most things modern Alaska is primitive and modern China is ancient. Nevertheless it will be convenient in telling the stories contained in this series to speak of the *primitive*, the *ancient*, and the *modern* periods, and it will be useful to

regard the primitive period as beginning with the coming of man on earth, and extending to the year 5000 B.C.; the ancient period may be thought of as beginning with the year 5000 B.C. and ending with the year 476 A.D., leaving for the modern period the years that have passed since 476 A.D.

4. In tracing the growth of an invention the periods indicated above can serve as a time-guide only in those parts of the world where the course of civilization has taken its way, for invention and civilization have traveled the same road. The region of the world's most advanced civilization includes the lands bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, Central and Northern Europe, the British Isles, North America, South America, and Australia. It is within this region that we shall follow the development of whatever invention is under consideration. When speaking of the first forms of an invention, however, it will sometimes be necessary, when an illustration is wanted, to draw upon the experience of people who are outside the wall of civilization. The reason for going outside is plain. The first and simplest forms of the useful inventions have utterly gone from civilized countries, but they still exist among savage and barbarous peoples, and it

is among such peoples that the first forms must be studied. As a rule, the rude forms of inventions found among the lowest races of to-day are precisely the same forms that were in use among the Egyptians and Greeks when they were in *their* lowest state.

5. When studying the history of an invention there are two facts or principles which should ever be borne in mind. First, when the world wants an invention it usually gets it and makes the most of it, but it will have nothing to do with an invention it does not want. The steam-engine was invented two thousand years ago, but the world then had no work for steam to do, so the invention attracted little attention and came to naught.

6. The other principle is that a mechanical invention is a *growth*; or, to say it in another way, an invention, nearly always, is simply an improvement upon a previous invention. The loom, for example, *grew*, century by century, piece by piece. In the stories which shall follow, the steps in the growth of an invention are shown in the illustrations. These pictures are not for amusement, but for study. As you read, examine them carefully, and they will teach you quite as much about the growth of the invention as you can be taught by words.

I. THE MATCH.

DID you ever think how great and how many are the blessings of fire? Try to think of a world without fire. Suppose we should wake up some bitter cold morning and find that all the fires in the world were out, and that there was no way of rekindling them, that the art of kindling a fire had been lost. In such a plight we should all soon be shivering with the cold, for our stoves and furnaces could give us no warmth; we should all soon be hungry, for we could not cook our food; we should all soon be idle, for engines could not draw trains, wheels of factories could not turn, and trade and commerce would come to a standstill; at night we would grope in darkness, for we could use neither lamp nor gas nor electric light. It is easy to see that without fire, whether for light or heat, the life of man would be most wretched.

There never was a time when the world was without fire, but there was a time when men did not know how to kindle fire; and after they learned how to kindle one, it was a long, long time before they learned how to kindle one easily. In these days we can kindle a fire without any trouble, because we can easily get a match; but we must remember that the match is one of the most wonderful things in the world, and that it took men thousands of years to learn how to make one. Let us learn the history of this familiar little object, the match.

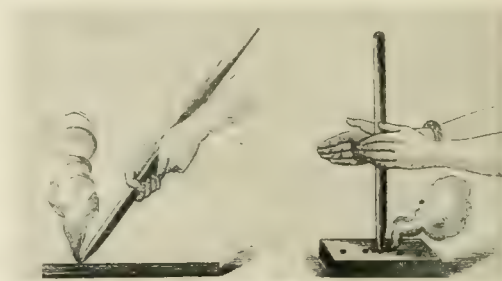
Fire was first given to man by nature itself. When a forest is set on fire by cinders from a neighboring volcano, or when a tree is set ablaze by a thunderbolt, we may say that nature strikes a match. In the early history of the world, nature had to kindle all the fires,

for man by his own effort was unable to produce a spark. The first method, then, of getting fire for use was to light sticks of wood at a flame kindled by nature—by a volcano, perhaps, or by a stroke of lightning. These firebrands were carried to the home and used in kindling the fires there. The fire secured in this way was carefully guarded and was kept burning as long as possible. But the flame, however faithfully watched, would sometimes be extinguished. A sudden gust of wind or a sudden shower would put it out. Then a new firebrand would have to be secured, and this often meant a long journey and a deal of trouble.

In the course of time a man somewhere in the world hit upon a plan of kindling a fire without having any fire to begin with; that is to say, he hit upon a plan of producing a fire by *artificial* means. He knew that by rubbing his hands together very hard and very fast he could make them very warm. By trial he learned that by rubbing two pieces of dry wood together he could make *them* very warm. Then he asked himself the question: Can a fire be kindled by rubbing two pieces of wood together, if they are rubbed hard enough? He placed upon the ground a piece of perfectly dry wood (Fig. 1) and rubbed this with the end of a stick until a groove was made. In the groove a fine dust of wood—a kind of sawdust—was made by the rubbing. He went on rubbing hard and fast, and, behold, the dust in the groove began to glow! He placed some dry grass upon the embers and blew upon them with his breath, and the grass burst into a flame.* Here for the first time a man kindled a fire for himself. He had invented the match, the greatest invention, perhaps, in the history of the world.

The stick-and-groove method—as we may call it—of getting a flame was much better than guarding fire and carrying it from place to place; yet it was, nevertheless, a very clumsy method. The wood used had to be perfectly dry, and the rubbing required a vast amount of work and patience. Sometimes it would take

hours to produce the spark. After a while—and doubtless it was a very long while—it was found that it was better to keep the end of the stick in one spot and twirl it (Fig. 2) than it was to plow to and fro with it. The twirling motion made a hole in which the heat produced by the friction was confined in a small space. At first the drilling was done by twirling the stick between the palms of the hands, but this made the hands too hot for comfort, and the fire-makers learned to do the twirling with a cord or thong† wrapped around the stick (Fig. 3). You see, the upper end of the stick which serves as a drill turns in a cavity in a mouthpiece which the operator holds between



FIGS. 1 AND 2. PRIMITIVE FIRE-MAKING.

his teeth. If you should undertake to use a fire-drill of this kind, it is likely that your jaws would be painfully jarred.

By both the methods described above the fire was obtained by rubbing or *friction*. The friction method seems to have been used by all primitive peoples, and it is still in use among savages in various parts of the world.

The second step in fire-making was taken when it was discovered that a spark may be made by striking together a stone and a piece of iron ore. Strike a piece of flint against a piece of iron ore known as pyrites, or fire-stone, and you will make sparks fly (Fig. 4). Let these sparks fall into small pieces of dried moss or powdered charcoal, and the *tinder*, as the moss or the charcoal is called, will catch fire. It will glow, but it will not blaze. Now hold a dry splinter in the glowing tinder, and fan or blow with the breath, and the splinter will burst

* Mr. Walter Hough of the National Museum, himself a wizard in the art of fire-making, tells me that a blaze cannot be produced simply by rubbing sticks together. All that can be done by rubbing is to make them glow.

† A narrow strip of leather.

into a flame. If you will tip your splinter with sulphur before you place it in the burning tinder, you will get a flame at once. This was the strike-a-light, or *percussion*, method of making a fire. It followed the friction method, and was a great improvement upon it because it took less work and a shorter time to get a blaze. The regular outfit for fire-making with the strike-a-light consisted of a tinder-box, a piece of steel, a piece of flint, and some splinters tipped with sulphur (Fig. 5). The flint and steel were struck together, and the sparks thus made fell into the tinder and made it glow. A splinter was applied as quickly as possible to the tinder, and when a flame was gotten the candle which rested in the socket on the tinder-box was lighted. As soon as the splint was lighted the cover was replaced on the tinder-box, so as to smother the glowing tinder and save it for another time.

The strike-a-light method was discovered many thousands of years ago, and it has been used by nearly all the civilized nations of the world.* And it has not been so very long since this method was laid aside. There are many people now living who remember when the flint and steel and tinder-box were in use in almost every household.

About three hundred years ago a third method of producing fire was discovered. If you will drop a small quantity of sulphuric acid into a mixture of chlorate of potash and sugar, you will produce a bright flame. Here was a hint for a new way of making a fire, and a thoughtful man in Vienna, in the seventeenth century, profited by the hint. He took one of the sulphur-tipped splinters which he was accustomed to use with his tinder-box, and dipped it into sulphuric acid, and then applied it to a mixture of chlorate of potash and sugar. The splinter caught fire and burned with a blaze. Here was neither friction nor percussion. The chemical substances were simply brought together, and they caught fire of themselves; that is to say, they caught fire by *chemical* action.

The discovery made by the Vienna man led to a new kind of match—the chemical

match. A practical outfit for fire-making now consisted of a bottle of sulphuric acid (vitriol) and a bundle of splints tipped with sulphur, chlorate of potash, and sugar. Matches of this kind were very expensive, costing as much as five dollars a hundred; besides, they were very unsatisfactory. Often when the match was dipped into the acid it would not catch fire, but would smolder and sputter and throw the acid about and spoil both the clothes and the temper. These dip-splint matches were used in the eighteenth century by those who liked them and could afford to buy them. They did not, however, drive out the old strike-a-light and tinder-box.

In the nineteenth century—the century in which so many wonderful things were done—the fourth step in the development of the match was taken. In 1827, John Walker, a druggist in a small English town, tipped a splint with sulphur, chlorate of potash, and sulphid of antimony, and rubbed it on sandpaper, and it burst into flame. The druggist had discovered the first *friction-chemical* match, the kind we use to-day. It is called friction-chemical because it is made by mixing certain chemicals together and rubbing them. Although Walker's match did not require the bottle of acid, it nevertheless was not a good one. It could be lighted only by hard rubbing, and it sputtered and threw fire in all directions. In a few years,

however, phosphorus was substituted on the tip for antimony, and the change worked wonders. The match could now be lighted with very little rubbing, and it was no longer necessary to have sandpaper upon which to

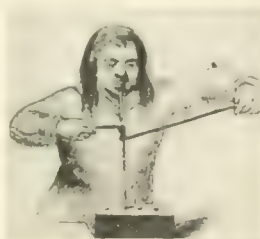


FIG. 3. AN IMPROVEMENT ON FIGS. 1 AND 2.

rub it. It would ignite when rubbed on any dry surface, and there was no longer any sputtering. This was the *phosphorus* match, the match with which we are so familiar.

After the invention of the easily lighted

* The ancient Greeks used a burning-glass or -lens for kindling fire. The lens focused the sun's rays upon a substance that would burn easily and set it afire. The burning-glass was not connected in any way with the development of the match.

phosphorus match there was no longer use for the dip-splint or the strike-a-light. The old methods of getting a blaze were gradually laid aside and forgotten. The first phosphorus matches were sold at twenty-five cents a block,—a block (Fig. 6) containing a hundred and forty-four matches,—and they were used by but few. Now a hundred matches can be bought for a cent.

It is said that in the United States we use about 150,000,000,000 matches a year. This, on an average, is about five matches a day for every person.

There is one thing against the phosphorus match: it ignites too easily. If one is left

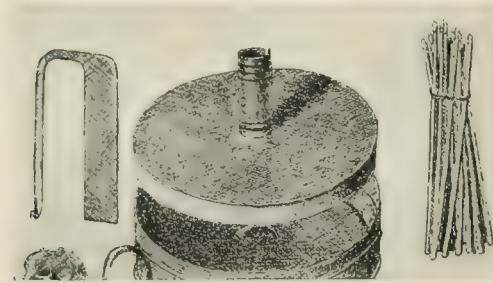


FIG. 5. TINDER BOX, FLINT, STEEL, AND SULPHUR-TIPPED SPLINTERS.

lying on the floor, it may be ignited by stepping upon it, or by something falling upon it. We may step on a phosphorus match unawares, and light it and leave it burning, and thus set the house on fire. Mice often have caused

fires by gnawing the phosphorus matches and igniting them. In one city thirty destructive fires were caused in one year by mice and matches. To avoid accident by matches, the *safety match* (Fig. 7) has recently been invented. The safety match itself contains no phosphorus. The phosphorus is mixed with fine sand and glued to the side of the box in which the matches are sold. The safety match, therefore, cannot be lighted unless it is rubbed on the phosphorus on the side of the box. It is so much better than the old kind of phosphorus match that it is driving the latter out of the market. Indeed, in some places it is forbidden by law to sell any kind of match but the safety match.

The invention of the safety match is the last step in the long history of fire-making. The first match was lighted by rubbing, and the match of our own time is lighted by rubbing, yet what a difference there is between the two! With the plowing-stick or fire-drill it took strength and time and skill to get a blaze: with the safety match an awkward little child can kindle a fire in a second.

And how long it has taken to make the match as good as it is! The steam-engine and the telegraph and the telephone and the electric light were all in use before the simple little safety match.

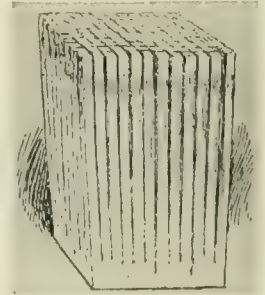


FIG. 6. A "BLOCK" OF MATCHES.

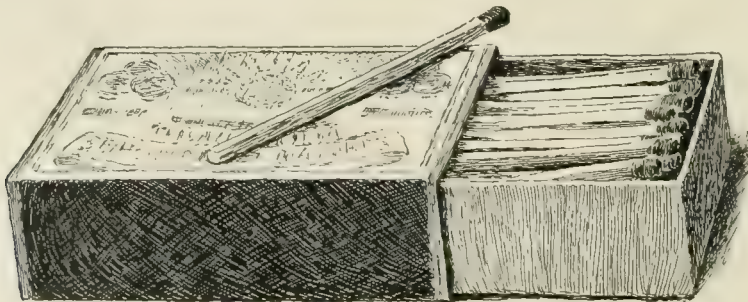


FIG. 7. A BOX OF MODERN SAFETY MATCHES.

WHITE FIELDS.

I LOVE the days in winter
When snow falls all around,
And like a soft, white blanket
Is spread upon the ground.

I love the days in summer
When daisies are in bloom,

And cover all the meadow
Like a carpet on a room.

And which I think the prettiest
I really do not know —
When the fields are white with daisies,
Or when they 're white with snow.
Carolyn Wells.

PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

HOW PINKEY CAUGHT A BANK ACCOUNT.

"IT 's funny," said "Pinkey" Perkins to "Bunny" Morris one day during Christmas holidays, "when you 've got a new pair o' skates it 's always a-snowin', and when you 've got a new sled, you can't make it snow."

Pinkey had received a pair of skates for Christmas, and had not had a chance to use them. He considered them too fine to be used on the snow-packed sidewalks, and the ponds being covered with snow, there seemed to be little chance of skating elsewhere before school should resume operations.

"That 's so," commented Bunny, as usual in accord with Pinkey's opinion; "there 's lots o' ice,—been cuttin' ice down on Wilson's pond,—but there 's no skatin'."

"Tell you what I 've been thinkin' 'bout, Bunny," continued Pinkey; "and that is, gettin' up a crowd and goin' down and sweepin' off Wilson's pond,—it 's the biggest,—and havin' a good skate before school begins. 'T won't take long."

Bunny agreed that this was a good scheme, and the pair at once set out to enthuse their friends with the cleverness of the idea. Pinkey's arguments always carried weight with his fellows, and he and Bunny had no difficulty in getting a dozen boys of their own age to join them.

In accordance with Pinkey's instructions, the crowd met on the court-house corner immediately after dinner that same day, armed with shovels and brooms in various stages of usefulness, depending upon whether they had been taken with or without maternal consent. In addition to his broom or shovel, as the case might be, each boy had a pair of skates attached to his person in some fashion, usually by a strap, designed to leave his hands free to make snow-balls on an instant's provocation.

After a number of boys had arrived, they began to grow impatient to get to work, all being thoroughly imbued with Pinkey's idea. Pinkey counted those present and found there were thirteen.

"Thirteen!" he exclaimed. "Gee! that won't do. Somebody 'd go in sure. Just as I 'spected, 'Putty' Black has n't shown up. Gone off skatin' with some girls, I 'll bet."

Then he caught sight of a younger boy, across the street, who was watching his chance to "hitch on" to some big sled with his small one, and was, at the same time, enviously eying the older boys and wishing he were a size or two larger.

"Come over here, Tommy," called Pinkey. "We 're all goin' down to Wilson's pond to

sweep it off, so 's we can skate. Don't you want to help?"

Tommy was a cripple, and as a usual thing his company was not much in demand. Naturally, he was much delighted at being thus invited by Pinkey, and at once came hobbling across the street, dragging his sled, hopping twice on his good leg to once on his bad one.

"Ain't got any skates," said Tommy, trying not to appear too highly elated; "but I 'd like to go 'f I can take my sled."

"'Course you can take your sled, and I 'll give you a ride when we get the pond swept off," said Pinkey, glad to have a fourteenth member in the party.

"And we 'll let you haul our brooms and shovels and skates down on it, too," said Eddie Lewis as, with a crafty wink at the others, he divested himself of his unhandy burden and deposited it on the sled. The others followed Eddie's example, and soon the sled was piled high with a motley assortment of stubby brooms, shovels, and skates.

Pinkey said nothing against this imposition while the sled was being loaded, but when all was done he laid his broom on top of the heap, saying: "Now, Tommy, you get up and sit on all these things, and don't let any of them fall off, and Ed Lewis 'll pull the sled."

"Who told you I 'd pull the sled, I 'd like to know?" demanded Eddie, hotly.

"Nobody told me. I told Tommy," said Pinkey, dryly. "You were the first one to want to impose on him, and I 'll leave it to the crowd as to who ought to pull the sled. What do you say, fellers,"—turning to the crowd,— "who pulls the sled, Tommy or Ed?"

"Ed! Ed!" shouted everybody in unison, no one desiring the job himself; and, besides, it would only be doing justice to Eddie for trying to impose on the little fellow.

Eddie saw that with so many against him there was nothing else for him to do, so with as good a grace as he could muster, he picked up the sled-rope and the crowd started.

When they arrived at the pond, Pinkey saw at once that the novelty would wear off long before the whole pond was cleared off, so he made a new proposition.

"Tell you what let 's do," he shouted, eagerly; "let 's just clear off a track all the way round and run races."

His suggestion was met with general approval, and everybody seemed impatient to begin. Taking his broom, Pinkey described, in a general way, a circle around the pond, leaving it flat on one side to avoid some very thin ice which had formed where the ice-cutters had been at work the day before. Instantly the



"WHO TOLD YOU I 'D PULL THE SLED?' DEMANDED EDDIE, HOTLY."

snow began to fly in all directions, but Pinkey called a halt on this as soon as he got back to the starting-point. He realized how brief are such bursts of energy unless there is some competition; so, to prevent the enthusiasm from dying out before the job was completed, he divided his companions into two parties, one to sweep one way and one the other, with the object of seeing which could reach the half-way point first. There being just six on a side without him, Pinkey said it would not be fair for him to help either side, and, besides, he would have to act as umpire.

Arranging the enthusiastic workers in their

starting positions, he counted slowly, "One, two, three, *go!*" and the rival squads set to work like beavers. Then, with a smile of satisfaction, partly to himself and partly at Tommy, he sat down on the sled and leisurely began putting on his skates.

As soon as enough space had been cleared, he employed his time in skating from one party to the other, telling each how much the other had done, and, wielding his broom here and there, did his share by clearing the track of little piles of snow left by the others in their haste.

In much less time than any one of the boys could have cleaned his own walk at home, the track was cleared, and all were too anxious to get to skating to care which party had won.

Races were now in order. Everybody raced with everybody else, and the new skating-field was proving itself a wonderful success. Pinky's skates were sharper than any other boy's, and, in addition, he was a splendid skater, so he easily bore off the honors, even after giving his competitors a long start. This success made him confident that he could beat anybody on the pond under any conditions.

"Tell you what I 'll do," he said at last. "I 'll skate anybody a race, twice around the pond, and pull Tommy on the sled besides."

Bunny and Eddie Lewis promptly accepted this challenge, and preparations were at once made for the race. The circuit was cleared of all skaters, and the word was given to start.

At first Pinky was left far behind his opponents, he having some difficulty in getting up speed with his heavy load. Presently, however, his strong strides and sharp skates began to tell, and when the racers had gone around once Pinky was gaining fast, the sled not being a serious drawback once he had got it under way.

"Go it, Pinky!" "Cross him out, Bunny!" "Two to one on Pinky!" were some of the excited shouts of encouragement as the trio swept past the starting-point, Pinky struggling his hardest to get on even terms with his rivals. Could he but pass them once, he felt that he would surely win out.

Just as Pinky rounded the rather short curve which led to the long, straight stretch near the thin ice, where he had planned to

pass his competitors, the sled, under its high velocity, slid sideways across the cleared space and struck the bank of snow at the edge of the track. Instantly it overturned, and Tommy, with a piercing shriek, was thrown headlong on to the thin ice, which broke like paper under his weight, and he sank into the icy water.

When he heard Tommy's cry, Pinky knew what had happened, and instantly all thoughts of anything but Tommy's safety flew from his mind. Instinctively he dug the heel of his skate into the ice, swung about, and headed like mad for the place where Tommy had plunged from the sled. Pinky knew that with his crippled limb Tommy could not stand in the water, even were it shallow enough, and he knew he could not swim. Pinky could swim, and was sure he could support Tommy until the others came. Without hesitation, he jumped the bank of snow at the edge of the track, his speed carrying him straight into the icy water.

Meantime Tommy had floundered to his feet, and was hopping up and down, trying to keep his balance, and calling loudly for help. Luckily, the water was only up to Pinky's armpits; but poor Tommy could barely keep his mouth above the surface when his foot was on the bottom.

By the time Pinky had reached Tommy and was holding him up, all the others were skating for the scene of excitement at a speed hitherto unequalled by any of them.

"Now, don't any o' the rest o' you jump in here," ordered Pinky, his teeth chattering. "Just grab hold o' Tommy's arms and yank him out, and don't take all day about it, either."

The old ice being firm clear to the edge, the rescue of Tommy was effected without much difficulty, after which the soaked, shivering Pinky was likewise assisted out of his frigid bath. As he got on firm ice again, his heart sank within him. He forgot his chilly discomfort and the praise of his companions in a calamity which he now noticed for the first time: he had lost one of his skates in the water.

All the skaters swarmed about Pinky and Tommy, bringing them their overcoats and offering all the assistance possible, all talking at once

and all agreeing that "if it had n't been for Pinkey, Tommy would have drowned, sure." Eddie Lewis suggested that thirteen might not have proved so unlucky as fourteen had turned out to be.

"I 'm not worryin' about goin' in the water," asserted Pinkey; "it 's losin' that skate that I don't like. But I can't get it now; I 've got to scoot for home, 'cause I 'll freeze stiff here. But I 'll get it out to-morrow or know the reason why"; and with that he removed his remaining skate and started on a run for home. Some of the other boys put Tommy on his sled, covered him with their overcoats, and hurried him home, and the skating party broke up for that day.

The next morning Pinky awoke none the worse for his experience, having been treated to all the preventives for colds known to an anxious mother. Despite the danger he had incurred in jumping in after Tommy, his parents could not help feeling proud of him for his plucky act. After breakfast he announced that he was going back to the pond after his skate.

"How are you going to get it, Pinkey?" asked his mother.

"Goin' to fish for it,"

he replied; and without further comment he went to the woodshed and got one of his father's long, cane fishing-poles, with the line and hook still attached.

"Now you 'll be careful, won't you, Pinkey?" cautioned his mother, with difficulty concealing a smile as she saw her son's unique outfit.

Pinkey promised, remarking by way of argument: "I tell you, I don't want to get in that water again, just for the fun of the thing."

Straight across the public square he went, unconscious of the strange figure he made, armed with a fishing-pole in the dead of winter.



"BY THE TIME PINKEY HAD REACHED TOMMY AND WAS HOLDING HIM UP, ALL THE OTHERS WERE SKATING FOR THE SCENE OF EXCITEMENT."

The story of how he had jumped into the icy water to Tommy's rescue had been noised about town, and he found himself quite a hero; and when he appeared on the square with his fishing-pole, some of those whom he met actually feared that his experience had affected his mind. When he explained that he was only

going to drag the bottom of the pond for a skate he had lost, the concern of his friends was changed to good-natured jokes, and all wished him success.

When he arrived at the pond, Pinky found that Bunny and Eddie and several of the other boys had preceded him.

"I 'm going to get that skate or bu'st," he asserted, as his companions began to chaff him about his fishing-tackle. Without ceremony, he broke the ice that had formed during the night and set to work, slowly drawing his line back and forth through the water.

"What you usin' for bait, Pinky?" "Got a bite yet?" and other similar remarks were shouted to him as the skaters flew by.

"Be sure and catch more than thirteen," warned Eddie, mockingly; "it 's an unlucky number, you know."

As he fished, Pinky grew more and more disheartened, and felt very much like dropping his pole and taking revenge on his unsympathetic companions. His arms ached and his feet seemed almost frozen, yet he could not abandon his task and have them laugh at him all the more.

Just as he had about concluded that his efforts were bound to result in complete failure, his hook caught hold of something and held fast. He pulled, but nothing came, and he had visions of losing his hook, too.

"Come on, fellers," called Putty Black, who was now enjoying the ice the other boys had cleared, "and see Pinky pull out his big fish."

As the crowd gathered around, it was plain that Pinky was angry, and that it would not be well to provoke him further.

"You kids just better look out," he said threateningly, "or some o' you'll be gettin' fished out o' here, first thing you know," and emphasized his remark by a vicious jerk on his line.

Something seemed to give way, and gradually he raised a heavy object through the water. Everybody expected to see a stick of wood or a piece of brush attached to the hook, and as they crowded close, all ready to laugh at the catch, they were dumfounded to see a small canvas bag, tied with a stout cord, appear at the surface.

"Catch hold of her, Bunny," Pinky called,

and Bunny caught hold of the line and drew the bag out on the ice. It was full of something, and everybody grew much excited as Pinky took his knife from his pocket, and, with fingers nervous and almost frozen, cut the cord. Imagine the speechless surprise of every one when several gold coins rolled out on the ice.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Eddie, "it 's money! —gold money! Let 's see," and he reached for a coin.

"Never you mind; just keep your hands off!" warned Pinky. "I caught this fish, and it belongs to me until I find the real owner."

"I 'll bet it 's some o' the money that was stolen from Mr. Warren's bank last fall," cried Bunny. "'T was just below here they caught the burglar, you know."

About six weeks before, Enterprise had been wrought up to a state of intense excitement over a bank robbery, whereby the Enterprise Bank had met with serious loss. Mr. Warren, the father of Pinky's Affinity, was president and chief stockholder in the bank, and the blow had been a very severe one to him.

The burglar had been captured the day after the robbery, hiding in a hay-barn, and was now in prison awaiting trial. Though a part of his booty had been captured with him, he had all along maintained an absolute silence regarding the remainder.

"This fish is good enough for me. I 'm goin'," said Pinky when he realized what it might all mean; and without further ado he set out on a run for his father's office, firmly clutching the precious sack in his arms and grasping the few loose coins in his hand. He was happy beyond expression at the thought that perhaps his finding the money might prove a benefit to his Affinity's father.

All skating was abandoned at once, and the awe-struck boys began discussing how much money there might be in the bag.

"'Spect it 'll amount to 'most fifty dollars," ventured Eddie, almost in a whisper, that amount being the superior limit of his financial ideas.

"Fifty dollars nothin'!" said Bunny, contemptuously, resenting such a cheap estimate; "bet it 's a million!" The mention of this fabulous sum settled all further discussion, and

the crowd fell to disputing over who should have the use of Pinkey's fishing-pole, for all were seized with a desire to drag for more money. Bunny claimed the pole, and finally secured it. Two boys who lived near hurried home to get fishing-poles, and, failing in this, returned with a garden-rake and a hoe—but all to no purpose.

Mr. Perkins was much wrought up over Pinkey's discovery, and together they went to the bank. Mr. Warren identified the bag as one of three that had been stolen, and of which

and it was but a short time until both the remaining bag of money and Pinkey's skate were recovered.

Pinkey was highly elated over the restoration of his skate as well as the fact that all the stolen money had been returned to Mr. Warren. And secretly he rejoiced over the fact that his Affinity would soon hear all about it.

The day following, as Pinkey and Bunny were passing the bank, Mr. Warren called Pinkey inside, took him behind the counter, and, to his utter astonishment, handed him a leather bank-book with his own name written boldly on the outside.

"Pinkey," said he, "you have saved the Enterprise Bank from suffering a great loss, for we should never have found that money had it not been for you; so I have opened a bank account for you, with one hundred dollars to your credit, drawing interest at six per cent. From now on your check is good at this bank, and I hope your account will never grow less."

Pinkey could not realize that he had so much money all his own, and was at a loss as to what to say or do. He managed to thank Mr. Warren in a confused sort of way, and with his bank-book in his hand made his way to the front door and joined Bunny.

"Mr. Warren's put a hundred dollars in the bank for me, Bunny," he said excitedly; "and here's my bank-book, just like anybody's. And I'll draw interest at six per cent., too; just think o' that."

"Gee! Pinkey, that's just your luck!" said Bunny, with a little tinge of envy in his voice; "but how much is six per cent.?"

"I dunno, exactly," replied Pinkey, rather doubtfully. "I did n't think to ask; but it beats nothin' all to pieces—I know that much. And say, Bunny, 't would ha' been unlucky, after all, if thirteen of us had gone to the pond the other day, would n't it?"



PINKEY PROVES A LUCKY FISHERMAN

only one had been recovered. A party was at once organized to make a thorough search of the pond. Pinkey, once more a hero, returned with the party, secretly hoping that they would not abandon the search until they had brought up his skate, anyway. With the long hooks it was an easy thing to make a thorough search of that part of the pond that was free from ice,

THE FAMOUS MONKEY CARVING IN THE NIKKO TEMPLE, JAPAN.



CLAY NO. 141

SEEK NO. 141

SEE NO. 141

From a stone graph by Unno, and Unno, New York, C. Wright, 1911

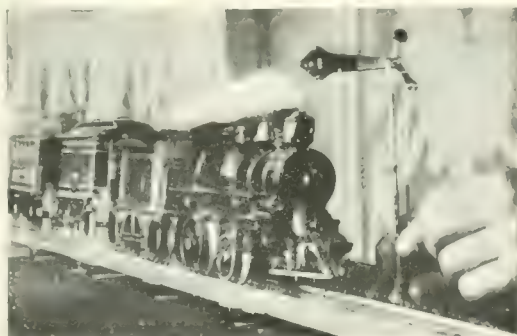
TOY RAILROADING.

By FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS.



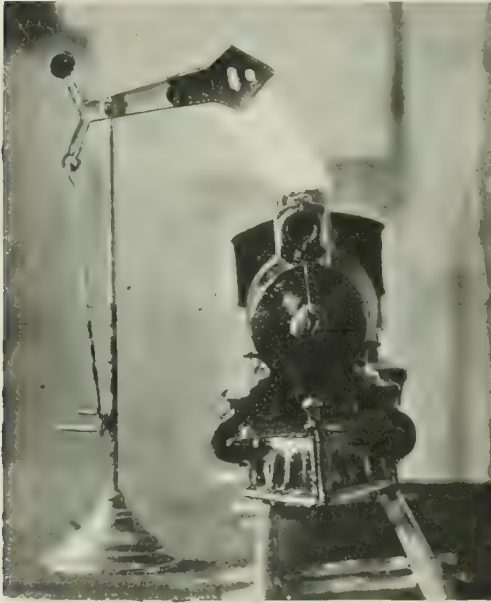
THE rolling-stock and general equipment of the Playroom Central Railroad Company arrived early on a bright, crisp fresh Christmas morning, and a track intended for the "Flyer" had been laid hurriedly across the nursery floor before breakfast. This, it is claimed by the general manager of the road, was the record for rapid track-laying. Later, as there proved to be abundant track material, a freight-line was run as far as the toy-closet, and as this did not exhaust the stock of rails by some twenty miles—I mean feet—a branch was installed in the bow-window, and a long curve was carried around the rocking-horse. By noon the nursery floor was completely gridironed with

tracks, equipped with block-system, switches, and stations. The first train, with a baggage



GRADED TO STOP.

car, mail car, and four coaches, called a limited express, after a straight run of more than eight feet, took a curve at full speed in safety, but was unfortunately wrecked at the first cross-tracks. The cause was soon discovered. The accident



THE ENGINE OF "THE LIMITED"

was due to the poor road-bed, and the entire force, including four little boys and two little girls, with the nurse as an advisory board, set to work. A soft spot where the main line crossed from the rug to the carpet was filled in. The long, straight run where the train gathered dangerous momentum for the curve was shortened, and new switches were introduced on Rocking-horse Curve. The long tunnel under the couch was guarded by block signals at either entrance. A signal-tower and a tin watchman were placed at the cross-tracks where the accident had occurred, to guard against its happening again.

A big through train was made up of the best coaches and drawn by the heaviest locomotive on the entire system. First came a high-grade locomotive. A mail-car followed; next came two day-coaches, followed in turn by two sleepers. The nursery "Limited" was backed from its switch to the main line before the sta-

tion, a beautiful structure of tin, nearly ten inches high, with platforms and passengers to match. A wisp of absorbent cotton was inserted in the smoke-stack, and the crew somewhat nervously took their places at the switches.

The exciting moment had arrived. The last twist was given to the key in the locomotive, and a chubby hand detaining the last car let go its hold. With a clash of tin, the tiny couplings took hold, and the nursery "Limited," gathering momentum with every inch, rattled down the line. The first curve was approached at a speed far exceeding seventy inches an hour. As the front wheels took the track the locomotive swerved to one side, and the entire train quickly jingled into line. The "Limited" neared the cross-tracks, the scene of the former disaster. At the right moment the signal dropped, indicating a clear track ahead, and the train rushed over the crossing, every coupling doing its work. So far the run had been unusually fast.

A critical point was encountered farther on. Midway on this division a switch had been installed, which opened communication with Rocking-horse Curve. A special watchman was on guard at this point, and a clear track was signaled. In less time than it takes to tell it, the "Limited" had dashed over the switch in safety, and was careering about the long curve. From the switch at the end of this curve a few seconds' run brought the train to the bow-window branch; and here, before one of the way-stations, the "Limited" was stopped. The run had been made in incredibly short time. The engineer, key in hand, proceeded



AN AUTOMOBILIST IN DANGER.

to renew the energy for the return trip. In the meantime the tracks were left clear, and a fast freight, which had been waiting on a siding near the toy-closet, was quickly got under way.

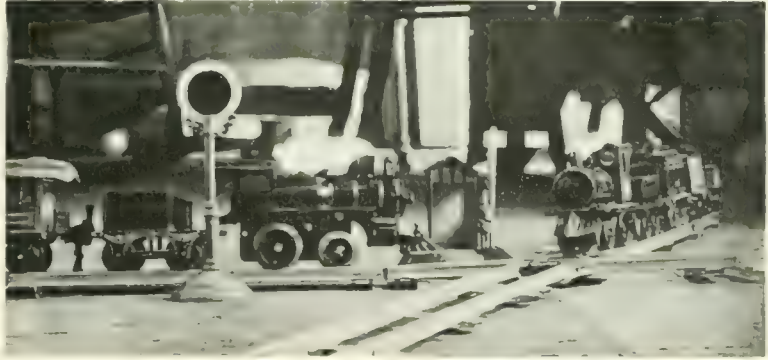
With the schedule in good working order, and the engineers familiar with the road, new stations were set up to accommodate the traffic. In addition to the regular ten-minute expresses and the five-minute accommodations, it was found necessary to run special sections.

Considering the number of green hands employed, and the newness of the road-bed, the system was remarkably free from accidents. Except for an occasional derailed car or an open switch, trains ran very smoothly. Once, to be sure, a toy automobile, in attempting to cross a double track with trains approaching in both directions, came perilously near a collision. The cow-catcher—or is it mouse-catcher?—of the freight locomotive actually grazed the tonneau. At another time the fast freight was stopped at a cross-track just in time to let the "Limited" thunder past.

When, finally, a serious accident did actually occur, it was difficult, as is usually the case, to fix the blame. The scene of the accident, a cross-track where the freight-line from the toy-closet crossed the main-line, had from the first been recognized as a dangerous point. A double block-system had been installed. The signalman was sure the smash-up was no fault of his. The two trains met exactly at the junction. It was one of the most disastrous collisions in the history of toy rail roads, although no lives were lost.

The two trains were racing for

the crossing. At the instant of collision, the impact could be heard distinctly all over the house. The two locomotives seemed to leap at each other. There was a dislocating shock, a crash of

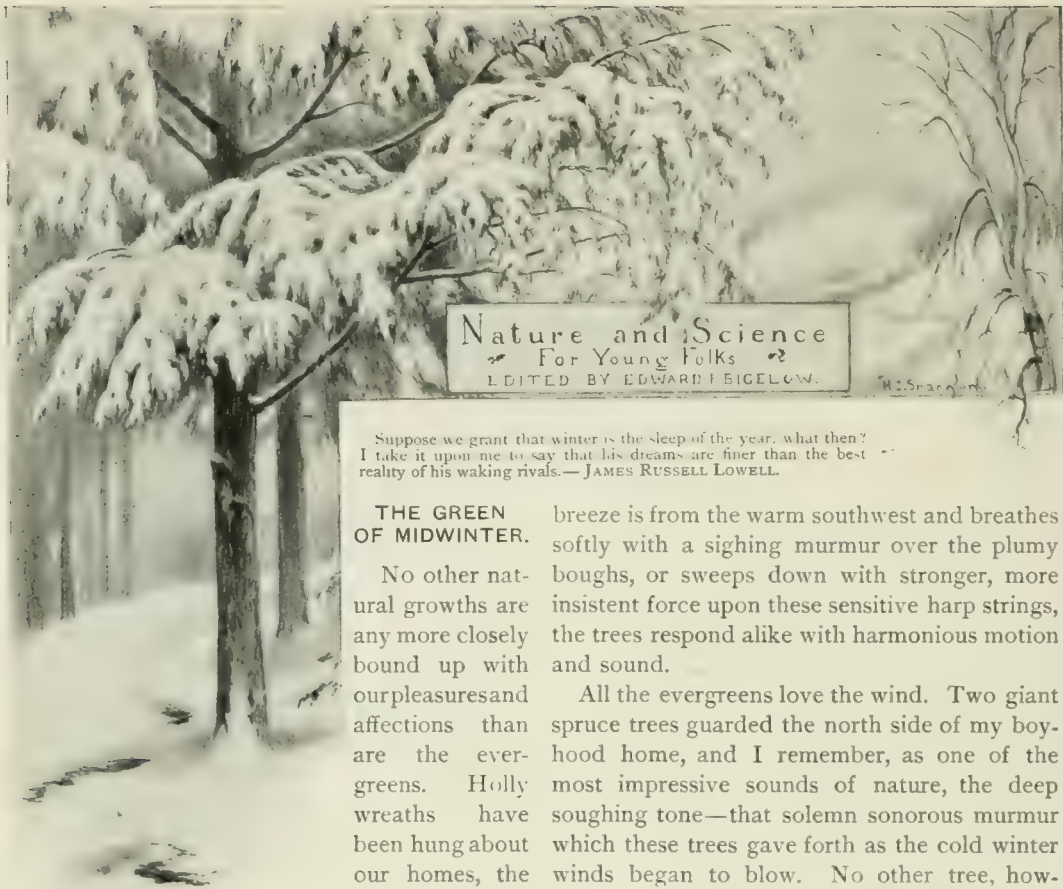


tin, and the wreck gradually settled down into itself. The front wheels of the express locomotive were raised high in the air, finally resting on the partly overturned locomotive of the freight-train. The force of the collision derailed all the freight-cars, and all save one of the coaches of the "Limited." The first freight-car rode over the tender before it, and was left pointed high in the air. The next car in the line was completely overturned. The cars even at the extreme end of the trains were badly scratched and dented. Meanwhile it had been rapidly growing dark. It is probable that the darkness was partially responsible for the wreck. Before anything could be accom-

plished in removing the debris from the track, the nurse arrived, unwelcome though she was.

The schedule was not resumed until the play-hour next morning.





Nature and Science
For Young Folks
EDITED BY EDWARD EIGLEW.

Suppose we grant that winter is the sleep of the year, what then? I take it upon me to say that his dreams are finer than the best reality of his waking rivals.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE GREEN
OF MIDWINTER.

No other natural growths are any more closely bound up with our pleasures and affections than are the evergreens. Holly wreaths have been hung about our homes, the Christmas tree has been lifted to its place of honor there and

breeze is from the warm southwest and breathes softly with a sighing murmur over the plummy boughs, or sweeps down with stronger, more insistent force upon these sensitive harp strings, the trees respond alike with harmonious motion and sound.

All the evergreens love the wind. Two giant spruce trees guarded the north side of my boyhood home, and I remember, as one of the most impressive sounds of nature, the deep sighing tone—that solemn sonorous murmur which these trees gave forth as the cold winter winds began to blow. No other tree, how-

HEMLOCK TREES.

The green leaves contrast beautifully with the "ermine too dear for an earl."

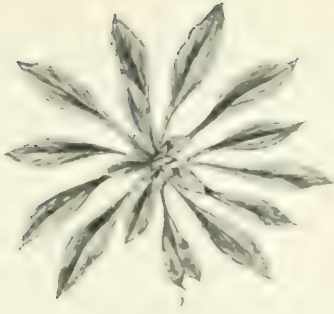
decorated with our presents; but, do we, indeed, know these greens of winter? No plant or tree reveals its true character except in its natural surroundings, where it is played upon by the forces which foster its growth. So we must know these winter greens in the out-of-door world, where wind and rain, hail and snow, are the powers which have helped to develop them into the forms we see. With their finely divided needles these trees offer no such body to the wind's passage as the broad-leaved trees of summer, so they can withstand, unharmed, the winter's blasts, and preserve, even on bleak mountain-sides, the beautiful symmetry of their forms. We have only to linger beneath the pine trees to realize that the wind is no disturber or destroyer to them. Whether the



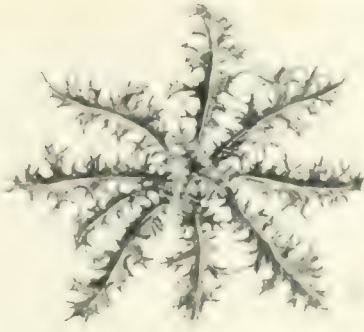
EVERGREEN CHRISTMAS TREES.

The fronds lie close to the ground in winter.

ever, has so wide a range of expression as the hemlock. The fern-like fronds of the terminal



Evening primrose.



Thistle.

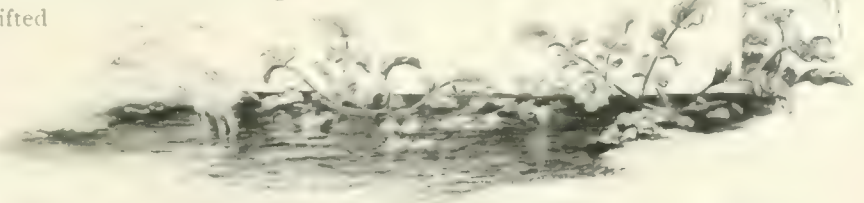


English plantain.

sprays which are slightly upraised in summer begin to droop as autumn approaches, for the small cones are formed, and their slight weight is sufficient to depress the slender twigs. With the first light snow of winter the branches are bowed until they hang gracefully pendant; or the heavy ice storms weigh them down utterly until the branches sweep the snow crust or lie prone upon it. We may go out on some such night, after a day of sleet and rain, and see everything glazed with a coating of ice. The trees, glaring like metal in the lamp-light, bend and sway before the storm until their branches rattle and clash together, like bayonets and swords when joined in battle. The trees strain and bend until their ice-casings crack and split apart; and, at intervals, some overweighted maple or willow branch, high up among the tree-tops, is torn from the trunk and falls with a crash of splintered fragments on the hard snow crust near by. The hemlocks shine with crystal sheen from crest to base; their ice-armored boughs droop heavily, and the whole tree sways and rattles with a sluggish, cramped unease. The strained fibers are relieved as the ice falls away with the milder days, and the branches spring lightly upward with graceful poise and shimmer in the sunshine, which glistens on every uplifted needle.

About the springs on southern hill-sides we see the vivid green fronds

of evergreen and Christmas ferns drooping upon the wet, brown oak leaves. Among the thawing icicles and snow, which frame them about, these fronds seem more highly colored than ever before. Along the roadsides or in the fields, where the wind has swept them bare, the "winter rosettes" will be found. The parent plants of the evening primrose, thistle, moth-mullein, and many more, show only dried and broken stalks above the snow; but, beside them, these first-year growths appear as many-sided stars or complete circles of leaves symmetrically arranged about the



"GROWING TO THE LITTLE FLOWERS, THE WATER LILIES, THE LILIES, AND THE PRIMROSES."

center. In the balance and order of their parts these rosettes suggest the forms of snow crystals.

In the swamp we see the tough, lustrous leaves of laurel and holly, while the hemlock woods protect beneath their drooping boughs the rattlesnake plantain, pipsissewa, winter-green, arbutus, and ground-pine, all showing traces of green color. Swaying to the cold ripples of the brook and leaning against the ice-covered bank, the water-cress glows in vivid emerald.

HOWARD J. SHANNON.

THE DIVING HORSES.

THE intelligence displayed by many of our animals, both wild and domestic, is surprising. Dogs and horses, especially, from their long association with man, and because of their natural temperament, can be taught a great many interesting and beautiful tricks. We have all seen dogs carrying bundles, papers, or baskets along the street, and know how faithful they are

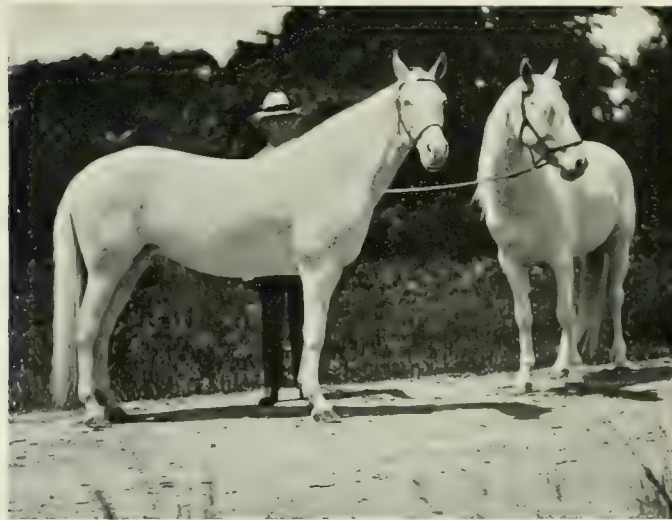
telligence in unfastening gates or letting down bars so that they may escape from the pasture.

One of the most beautiful feats that I have ever seen performed by horses is the high diving by "King" and "Queen." These two beautiful animals were raised on a western American farm; they are both snowy white and perfectly formed. King has dark, lustrous eyes, while his mate has light-blue ones; both have pinkish muzzles, and both are kept immaculately clean and carefully groomed, as such valuable animals should be.

It is said that they were kept in pastures on the opposite sides of a river, the bank on the side on which King was kept being high and overhanging the water. Both animals had always shown a fondness for the water, and one would often make the plunge into the river and swim across to join its mate. From watching this performance was conceived the idea of training them to exhibit in public, an idea which was carried out with the greatest success.

A "knock-down" staging was constructed, and is carried about with the horses and used at every performance; it has an incline of about thirty degrees, and the top is about thirty feet above the water; about two feet below the top platform is a small one, on which the horses place their feet just before making the plunge; this is so that their bodies may take a more vertical position, and that they may strike the water with the least resistance.

They require about twelve feet of water in which to make their dive. They are most often



"KING" AND "QUEEN"—THE DIVING HORSES.
Photograph by C. A. Reed.

to their charges, neither stopping to play with others of their kind, nor allowing any one but their master to relieve them of their burden. Other feats that these faithful creatures often perform are: "begging," "rolling over," walking and dancing on their hind legs, and jumping over sticks or through the arms. Horses, besides performing many feats which are taught them, often show considerable in-

shown at places where there is a natural body of water for the purpose; but frequently a pit is dug, and the bottom covered with canvas which is filled with water, and in this improvised tank they do their "stunt" twice daily—in the afternoon and evening.

The two horses are stationed at the point where they are to leave the water, and one of them, usually Queen first, is led to the foot of

the incline. With a toss of her head, she quickly runs to the top of the staging, looks over to see if the course is clear, then without hesitation drops her fore feet to the small platform and makes the leap. They strike the water with their fore feet extended and the head thrown back on the shoulders, so that the shock is not unduly great. They are under water from three to six seconds; then, with a shake of

when in the air. As soon as they come from the water they are rubbed dry, covered with blankets, and led to the stable, where they are carefully groomed.

Occasionally we find some one who thinks it is cruel to "make" horses dive from such a height; but the fact is that they do not appear to dislike it at all, and they certainly like to be in the water. How much more fortunate they are than many



THE LEAPING OF KING FROM THE BEACON LIGHT

Photograph by C. A. Reed. Plate lent by the Bush & L. Optical Company

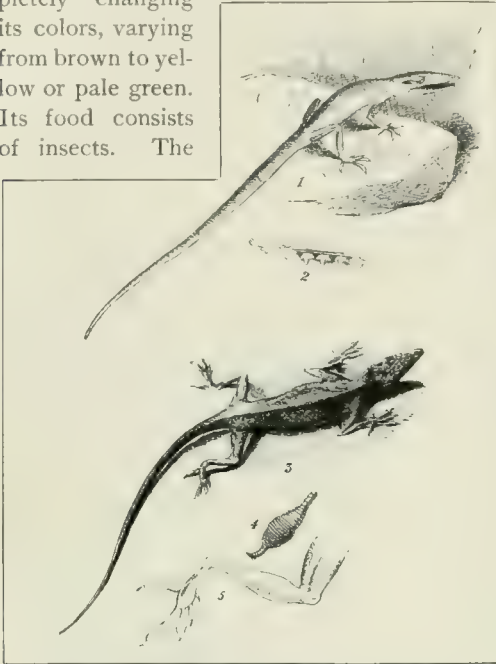
the head to clear the water from the eyes, each makes for the spot where the mate is standing. King is apparently prouder and more deliberate than Queen; he goes up the incline slowly, and pauses at the top to look about at the crowd of people below, often whinnying, apparently to attract attention to himself. He makes the more graceful dive of the two, keeping his fore feet straight, while Queen has hers doubled

of their kind that have to do the hardest sort of work from morning until night, and often upon scanty or insufficient rations! These horses have the best of care, the best of food, and plenty of exercise, and apparently are in the best of health and humor. They have been exhibited from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean and in Europe.

C. A. REED.

THE AMERICAN CHAMELEON

THE American chameleon, a small lizard (*Anolis carolinensis*), inhabits various parts of the southern United States. The little animal has the remarkable habit of quickly and completely changing its colors, varying from brown to yellow or pale green. Its food consists of insects. The



THE AMERICAN CHAMELEON.

1, side view; 2, enlarged view of teeth for crushing insects; 3, top view; 4, enlarged view of one of the toes to show adhesive pads; 5, leg with queer arrangement of toes.

little animal is perfectly harmless to higher forms of life, is often kept as a pet, and has been worn attached to a chain as an ornament.

The toes are provided with adhesive pads, shown in the illustration, which enable the lizard to run upon smooth vertical surfaces.

A NATURE QUIZ.

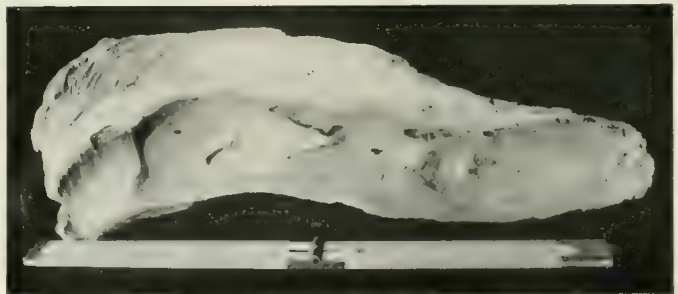
THERE are many points of interest in our ordinary pets that escape us because they are so familiar. What use does a squirrel make of its great bushy tail? Why does a rabbit keep wiggling its nose? Why does a dog have a cold nose, while pussy does not? What other common animals have cold noses?

Why does pussy have long whiskers when a dog does not? Have you ever seen a cat jump into the water and take a bath? How does she keep clean? Can pussy purr and eat at the same time? Does the purr come from her throat or chest? It would seem a simple matter to find out how pussy purrs, and yet I have never heard or seen an explanation. Perhaps some ST. NICHOLAS reader is more fortunate. Why is pussy made so she can sheathe her claws, while a dog cannot? Which has a straighter hind leg, a dog or a cat, a horse or a dog? Why? When you see a dog's track in the mud or snow, how can you tell which way he was going? Which can see farther, a dog or a cat; and how did you find out? What other animals have eyes with slit-shaped pupils like the cat's? A few weeks ago a boy asked me if dogs always have brown eyes. I did not know then, but I have been observing dogs since. Will you help me answer his question?

ELLIOT R. DOWNING.

AN OYSTER THIRTEEN INCHES LONG.

THE usual size of the shell of an oyster is three to five inches, but away back in Tertiary times there were oysters in California that had shells thirteen inches long and seven or eight inches wide. The animal and shell doubtless weighed fifteen or twenty pounds, since the shells were five inches thick. These oysters have long been extinct, but their fossil shells are abundant. If the oyster-farmer could produce individuals of such enormous size now, and the flavor were good in proportion to its size, we would be most fortunate. In that case a single oyster would be enough for one stew at the church festival! C. A. HARGRAVE.



AN ANCIENT OYSTER — THIRTEEN INCHES LONG.

A LITTLE FLAG-SHIP OF THE AIR.

THE "King Albert Bird of Paradise," * pictured herewith, was first discovered and named by Dr. A. B. Meyer of Dresden; but as regards the habits of this bird very little is known.

The bird is supposed to be a mountain species, as the long streamers with which its head is decorated would be rather unmanageable amidst the shrubbery and tall grass on the ground. These curious appendages remind one of a modern flag-ship when on special parade, with all her signal-flags flying.



THE LITTLE FLAG-SHIP OF THE AIR.

He is described as having forty of these little "flags" on each branch or stalk, which in many cases is about three times as long as his body.

The little flags or horny plates are white glazed with blue on their upper or outside surface, while underneath their color is a plain, dull brown.

This brilliant glory is confined to the male bird, and his mate has to possess her soul in patience without this ornament.

It is good to think that this little flag-ship only flies his signals to denote a time of love and peace, and not a time of war.

HARRY B. BRADFORD.

* "Birds of Paradise" is the name given to that wonderful group found in the island of New Guinea and other neighboring islands, the home of the most beautiful of all birds.

AN INTERESTING MIRAGE IN THE WINTER.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading aloud from the September ST. NICHOLAS. One of the most interesting articles is the letter "A Mirage," with the comments thereon. As a boy I always associated this phenomenon with hot countries and desert wastes, and think that most people have the same idea. An experience in North Dakota, in 1882, showed me my mistake, and may be interesting to your other readers, as it was to me.

It was in December. At day-break the mercury stood twenty degrees below zero, and the ground was covered with snow. The day was bright and still. About eight o'clock several of us climbed the bluffs of the river, five or six miles southeast of Jamestown. The horizon, instead of being clear and distinct as usual, was much distorted. This was especially noticeable to the northeast, where towered what looked like the ruins of some massive buildings or a range of cliffs. I spoke of this to one of the party, when he said:

"Why, don't you know?

That is mirage. That is the

elevator, store, and dwellings in Spiritwood. Look this way," pointing southeast. "You know there are no houses in sight off there, generally; yet now you see several. Those must be the village of Ypsilanti down in the valley."

Our belated job of threshing did not hinder me from keeping close watch on Nature's bit of wonder-working. Soon a train started east from Jamestown. When directly north of us and about three miles away, we could see the tops of the engine and cars running through a cut. When the train had gone two or three miles farther, an inverted image appeared directly over it. When near Spiritwood, and eight or ten miles away, a second image, right side up, appeared, and we could see the train itself and both images, or reflections, at the same time.

H. A. HODGE.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

"GLASS-SNAKE."

BOULDERWOOD, DODSON, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to ask you about a so-called "glass-snake," of which I have heard. It is said to have the power of breaking itself up into small pieces when attacked; in the same way, I suppose, that some claim [But they are in error.—E. F. B.] an ordinary lizard can drop its tail. This sounds like a "snake-story," but I have it on very good authority.

Yours very sincerely,

ISADORE DOUGLAS.

The so-called "glass-snake" is not a snake, does not voluntarily break itself, nor join itself together when it has been broken by some outside force.

It is a long, slender, legless, smooth-bodied, scaly lizard. The tail is of same size as the body where it joins with the body, so that it requires close observation to tell where the body ends and tail begins. This long tail tapers to a point, so that the whole lizard is quite snake-like in appearance.

The connection between tail and body is not very strong, so that a light blow with a stick breaks the animal in two pieces. The two parts, however, will never unite again. The body tries to grow a new tail, although this effort is never a great success, for the new growth is short and has a blunt end.

The creature inhabits the Southern States.



A "GLASS-SNAKE."

Cut lent by Charles Scribner's Sons. From Hornaday's "American Natural History."

ASTONISHING EXPERIENCE OF A BOY WITH A SWARM OF BEES.

DAVISVILLE, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about what happened to me one day when I was watching swarms in the bee-yard. A swarm came out, and I fol-



"A SWARM CAME TOWARD ME AND BEGAN SETTLING ON MY BEE-HAT."

Cut lent by the A. I. Root Company. From "Gleanings in Bee Culture."

lowed it to see where it would settle, when all at once it came toward me and began settling on my bee-hat (which is a hat with wire screen around the rim of it and mosquito-netting around the bottom of the screen, so you can tuck it under your clothes). I did not know what to do, so I called to mama, who was in the bee-yard. I heard her say something, but I could not hear what it was, the bees were making such a buzz. Then they got so thick it was dark so I could not see, and it got so hot I could hardly breathe. Then some bees got inside the hat and commenced running over my face. Then I heard mama laugh and say if I could hold very still for just a little while, she would have my pictures taken so I could see how I looked. I said, "Yes, do"; but it seemed a long time before I felt mama taking the hat off. (Mama says it was not over a few minutes.)

When she had it off she brushed the bees from my face, and I felt fine. She told me to walk away so that none of the bees would follow me. I did not go away, however. I was ten years old. I hived some swarms all by myself but I don't want any more on my hat.

If I were to tell you all the new things I have seen, that I had never heard of, my letter would be too long. I wish we could have one of those glass hives where I could watch the bees build combs. It looks so funny when they are at it. I love to watch the baby bees play when they first commence to fly. I like to see the old bees come home with their loads of honey; but, best of all, I like to eat honey. I have honey and hot cake for my breakfast every morning.

I send you one of my pictures where I am playing with "Shep" (the dog) in the yard, so you can see how I look without bees on my hat. I go to school one and one half miles, and most of the time ride on horse-back. But mama says my letter is long enough, so I will close; and I hope some day to write to you again. Good-by.

From your little friend,

RUSSELL REED.

While this is a most extraordinary experience, and while it must have been uncomfortable for the boy to have his head so muffled in by thousands of honey-bees, it was not quite so dangerous as it may seem to some of our readers who have had no experience with bees. Bees at swarming-time have left their old home and have not yet found a new one, so that they have not to protect any home. They also are not in fighting mood. Maeterlinck has written thus of the swarming spirit:



"I SEND YOU ONE OF MY PICTURES WHERE I AM PLAYING WITH 'SHEP' IN THE YARD."

It is the festival of honey, the one day of joy, of forgetfulness and folly; the only Sunday known to the bees.



"GATHERING FEATHERS FOR A NEW FEATHER."
Such a rite would instruct any young folk.

upon which all eat their fill, and revel, to heart's content, in the delights of the treasure themselves have amassed. . . . Man can take them up in his hand, and gather them as he would a bunch of grapes; for to-day, in their gladness, possessing nothing, but full of faith in the future, they will submit to everything and injure no one.

CANARY-BIRD EATS HIS OWN FEATHERS.

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me why a canary-bird always, when molting, eats some of his feathers? I have a little bird and think it is very queer.

SALLY BROWN.

Birds do not eat their feathers, as a rule—only in the case of parrots when given too much meat, or of seed-eaters which have more hemp than is good for them.

C. WILLIAM BEEBE.

LIZARDS DO NOT "SHED" THEIR TAILS.

ALABAMA, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While in Italy I visited Pompeii and Rome. I noticed among the ruins a great many lizards. Some had long tails and a few others of the same kind had no tails. Would you be so kind as to tell me why they don't shed at the same time?

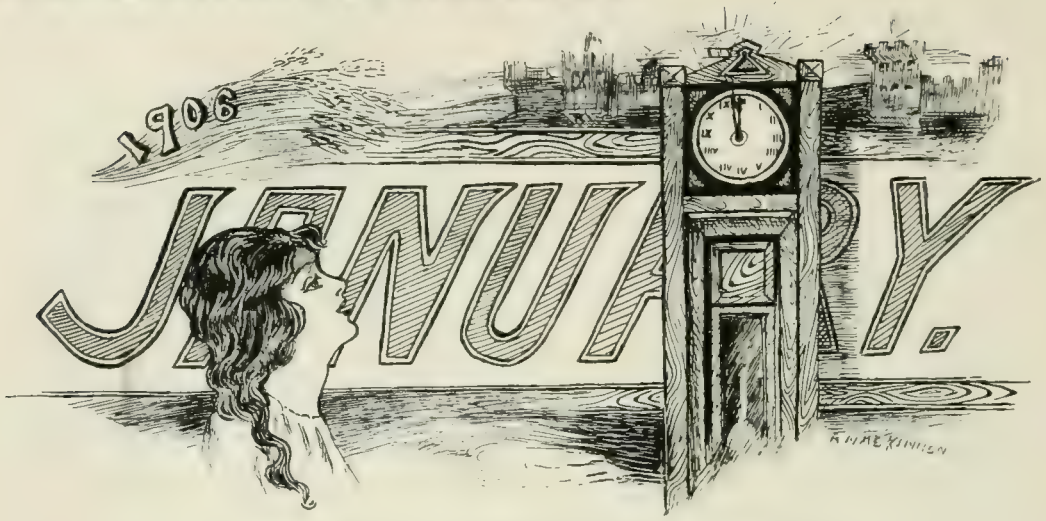
Your very devoted reader,

BURGESS MATTHEWS, AGE 12½.

Lizards do not *shed* their tails habitually, but lose them while fighting among themselves. New tails, though more abbreviated than the original members, are finally grown.

RAYMOND L. DUMARS.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY" BY ARCHIBALD MACKINNON, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE)

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY GEORGIANA MYERS STURDEE (AGE 11).

(Gold Badge.)

No more in the sweet sunshine thou dost glide,
No more beneath the leafy branches pass,
No more through moss-hung caverns swiftly slide,
Or toss thy flashing spray upon the grass.

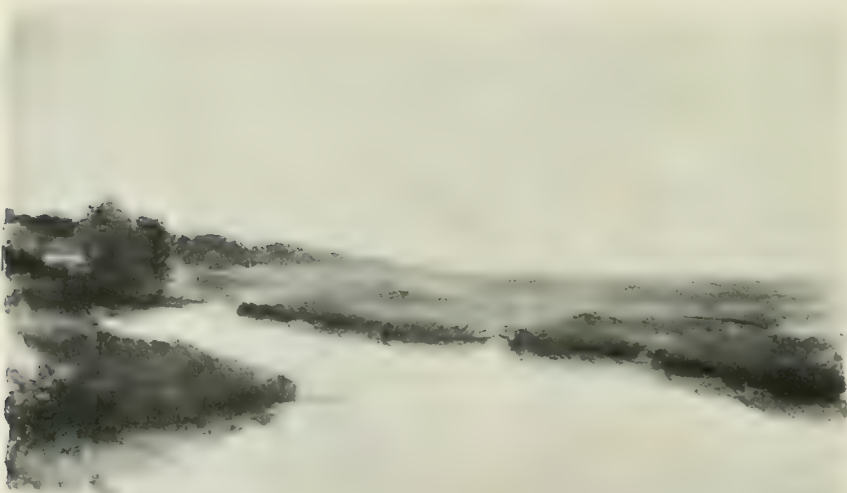
Thy song is silent and the winter winds
Ruffle no more thy waters into foam;
No more in thee the bird refreshment finds,
Nor on thy banks the beaver makes his home.

But though thou'rt shrouded in cold ice and snow,
And no more now is heard thy tinkling ring,
'Tis solace and a cheering thought to know
That thou wilt laugh again when comes the spring.

WHATEVER is of the past is full of interest to us of the present. Incidents and objects perhaps not very highly valued at the time in the bustle of living, and when they were so much a part of the daily round, take on new meaning and value as the years go by. Events, bits of jewelry and furniture, the old utensils of domestic use, all that formed a part of the vanished years and is remembered or preserved for us to-day, completes a

fabric of history, no part of which we can afford to lose.

It is for this reason that once or twice a year the League offers as a subject for the prose-writers, "A Family Tradition"; and to the editor at least no other competition is so full of interest as this one. Every story that comes is worth writing, and worth reading, and so many are worth printing that his one regret is that many, many more cannot find place for lack of room. He reads them



"LANDSCAPE MEMORY." BY CORDNER H. SMITH, AGE 17 (CASH PRIZE)

most perfect in the telling and of the widest general interest. The latter is the harder task. Of course those incidents that bring us face to face with the nations' history link the reader by personal touch, as it were, with some great event or personage, have the greater historical value; but there are others of such romance and charm that it seems almost impossible to put them aside. So this time we are going to do as we did once before: we are going to have another competition on the same subject, and let the work of all the prose contributors of Roll of Honor No. 1—and there are a great many of them—have another chance, allowing other members to contribute as before.

Perhaps there are some very matter-of-fact persons who will say, "Never mind the past. The present only is of value, and only the future worth a second thought." We think only persons, perhaps, may not remember that every little part of our life is so linked and interwoven with the present that a study of the one leads to a better understanding of the other and a clearer insight into days ahead—all this, to say nothing of the charm and the fascination of putting together, bit by bit, the lives of those who lived and loved and died so long ago. And, perhaps, it may be, somewhere in the uncreated years, will remember these days and these lives of ours by piecing together whatever trifles of effort or association or curious happening we may leave behind. Indeed, it should be one of the League's aims to preserve, by recording it, every family tradition, before it is clouded and lost in the mists of memory. Not to do this is to be like those who fling into the fire ancestral papers as so much litter, who melt up old family jewels for the metal, and who send old family furnishings to the junk-heap. To be sure, the days of these careless doings are passing away, and we may make it one of the objects of the League to protest against any such wanton abuse, just as we protest against the abuse of birds, dumb brutes, and other helpless things.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 72.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Arthur Albert Myers** (age 15), Hartford Mills, N. Y.; **Georgiana Myers Sturdee** (age 11), 248 State St., Albany, N. Y.; and **Bessie M. Blanchard** (age 12), Pawling, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Christine Fleisher** (age 10), Auburn, Pa., and **Otto H. Freund** (age 16), 403 N. 4th St., Springfield, Ill.

Prose. Gold badges, **Bernard Nussbaumer** (age 12), 50 E. 108th St., N. Y. City; **Lorraine Ransom** (age 12), 36 Bellevue Pl., Chicago, Ill.; and **Theodosia C. Cobbs** (age 12), 16 Iberville St., Mobile, Ala.

Silver badges, **Sarah Perkins Madill** (age 11), 92

Carroll St., Ogdensburg, N. Y.; **Lois Williams**, (age 12), 921 Carrollton Ave., New Orleans, La.; and **Eleanor W. Machado** (age 11), 222 Somerset St., Ottawa, Ont.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Cordner H. Smith** (age 17), Washington, Ga.

Gold badges, **Archibald MacKinnon** (age 14), 37 Cambridge St., East Orange, N. J., and **Rowley Murphy** (age 14), 41 Collier St., Toronto, Can.

Silver badges, **Helen O. C. Brown** (age 16), Bank of Scotland House, Oban, Scotland, and **Gladys Memminger** (age 8), Hinsdale, Mont.

Photography. Gold badges, **Eleanor Park** (age 15), Englewood, N. J., and **Nellie Shane** (age 15), Newcastle, Ind., R. F. D.

Silver badges, **Margaret S. Cornell** (age 15), Box 211, Coraopolis, Pa., and **Anne P. Rogers** (age 11), Hyde Park-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize,



"DEER, SWIMMING," BY JACK W. STEELE, AGE 14, PAINESSVILLE, O.

"Deer, Swimming," by **Jack W. Steele** (age 14), Painesville, O. Second prize, "Deer, Feeding," by **Harold C. Brown** (age 14), Box 588, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Third prize, "Gulls," by **Katherine Mortenson** (age 14), Oak Park, Ill.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Elizabeth H. Crittenden** (age 15), 319 Eleventh Ave., Belmar, N. J., and **David Fishel** (age 14), 34 East 76th St., New York City.

Silver badges, **Marion Horton** (age 17), 174 N. Madison Ave., Pasadena, Cal., and **Samuel Miller** (age 14), 316 N. Winooski Ave., Burlington, Vt.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **Florence Alvarez** (age 15), care of George B. Smyth, 2509 Hearst Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

Silver badges, **Alice Lowenhaupt** (age 12), 151 Sterling Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Alexander Watkins** (age 16), 1024 N. State St., Jackson, Miss.

The St. Nicholas Magazine is an organization. Its members are united for the purpose of mutual advancement, education, recreation, and the protection of animal life. The membership is free, and a badge and instruction leaflet will be mailed on application.



"THE VIEW FROM MY HOME." BY NELLIE SHANI AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY BESSIE M. BLANCHARD (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

A LITTLE brook ran merrily
Through meadows green and wide,
While bright-hued flowers and grasses, too,
Grew all along its side.

"'T is summer-time!" the brooklet sang,
And sparkled in the sun;
'I'm just as happy as can be;
I'm having lots of fun."

The next time that I came that way
The brook was frozen quite;
The trees had shed their pretty leaves,
The field with snow was white.

"'T is winter-time!" the brooklet cried,
As winds came sweeping by;
'But soon the summer-time will come,
And 't would be wrong to sigh!"

The little brook is happy,
Be the weather what it may;
So let us all be cheerful
And happy every day.

AN OLD FAMILY TRADITION.

BY THEODOSIA C. CORBES (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

WHEN the fog lifted from the waters of Long Island Sound on the morning of July 7, 1779, it revealed to the terrified inhabitants of Fairfield that their worst fears were realized, and that the dreaded fleet of Tryon, "the fire-brand," was preparing to land at the foot of Beech Lane. My four-times-great-grandma Thorpe lived on

Beech Lane. Her husband, Captain Harry Thorpe, was away commanding the coast-guards, so she was there alone with the children. The red-coats landed and passed up the lane, setting fire to every house as they passed. Soon they reached the Thorpe mansion, where all madam's pleadings were in vain. Then she calmly sat herself down, while her children wept around her, and declared that "if they would burn her house, they must burn her in it." The young officer in charge, touched by the distress and beauty of her fourteen-year-old daughter, Eunice, picked the mother up, chair and all, and bore her to a neighboring hill, from whence she and the children viewed the destruction of their beautiful home.

Four years passed and the war was ended, but the young officer, still haunted by the beautiful face of Eunice Thorpe, dared to return to Fairfield and lay at her feet his heart, hand, and princely estate; but this Daughter of the Revolution lifted her head proudly and said: "I could never think of marrying a soldier who would make war upon helpless women and children!" For years he followed her in vain, but returned to his own country, when she married the brave young patriot William Burr, whose calm, dignified face looks down from the old, old portrait above our mantel, and close beside him is the placid face of Eunice Thorpe-Burr. Such is the family tradition that has come down through the Burr family from the old town of Fairfield.



"THE VIEW FROM MY HOME." BY MARGARET S. CORNELL, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY FERNAND NUSSBAUMER (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

My grandfather's grandfather came over in early times and settled in Philadelphia. When the country came to blows with Great Britain he still upheld the King.

His sister fell in love with a young artist by the name of Benjamin West; then he was not celebrated. The brother saw no other way of stopping their marriage, so he locked her up in her room so she could not communicate with her lover; but in some way or other they arranged to meet and, with their friends' assistance, to elope. She climbed



"THE SWIMMER." BY T. K. W. STELL, AGE 14. (SPECIAL PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

See farmers gathering in their golden maize,
And watch the robins as they homeward go.

I see the sinking sun aglow with red,
And trees, dark silhouettes against the sky;
I hear the songs of robins overhead,
And music as the brook goes dancing by.

At last those pleasant scenes fade from my view;

I do not hear the brook nor bells nor bird;

I do not see the sun nor sky so blue:
Instead, a vast white field comes out unblurred.

The brook, in summer-time my favorite place,
Brings all this back to me;
But still all things seem dark, you cannot trace
One thing I saw while in my reverie.

Oh, happy thought! when Spring shall wake again,
And give to us her sunshine and new life,
Then shall the brook, increased by April rain,
Dance on and on from bondage and from strife.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY FERNAND NUSSBAUMER (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

GRANDFATHER has an old sword. The hilt is loose and may have been renewed, but the blade is the very old one. Engraved on it is the year A. D. 1414 and the rough shape of a running wolf. There is an old tradition to this sword.

In the fifteenth or sixteenth century, when our ancestors lived in Switzerland, in the Argau, one of them, as tradition says, saved with this sword the life of a member of the imperial family of Hapsburg while out hunting. Therefore the sword was blessed, to bring luck to everybody who touched its blade before an undertaking. Through all these hundreds of years this was done, if not from superstition, then for curiosity's sake.

Even when father was yet a child the old ceremony was performed.



"WOLF, CHIEF." BY H. W. STELL, AGE 14. (SPECIAL PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

out of her window on to a ladder which Benjamin Franklin and her lover were holding. They were married by Bishop White; then, boarding an English vessel, they sailed away.

After a good many years, when Benjamin West became celebrated, the brother would not forgive his sister. Once Benjamin West sent her a beautiful portrait of his sister and child, but it was thrown into the garret, and I suppose it is there still.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY KATHERINE MORTENSON (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

I STAND beside the brook so cold and still,
Forget the stinging frost and soft, white snow,
Forget the north wind with its biting chill,
Forget old Winter's stormy blasts, and lo!—

I see green pastures where the cattle graze,
And hear the cow-bells ring so soft and slow;



"QUEEN." BY KATHERINE MORTENSON, AGE 13. (SPECIAL PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")



"THE VIEW FROM MY HOME," BY ANNE F. ROGERS, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)

For instance, when our uncles and cousins went to war in 1862, 1866, or 1870 (the Franco-Prussian War), or when a member of the family had to pass the state examination to graduate, the old sword was touched. It was as if the ancient blade woke in its friends the great confidence of success and their best efforts. I myself cannot touch our old family friend, the sword, because it hangs in dear grandfather's house in Germany.

But father says never mind; I should only keep my wits as keen as the edge of the old sword, and should always use them for good and never for bad purposes, as the sword was never abused. Thus the old weapon's blessing would be with me and really help me to success in this great country, the United States of America.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY CHRISTINE FEELSHER (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

ALAS! we miss the merry brook
That, lying in its cozy nook,
Is sleeping, sleeping, sleeping on
Until the winter days have gone!

'T is then we miss the chattering stream
That, waiting for the sunlight's beam,
Is lying underneath the snow
In quiet, dreaming there below.

When warmer days have come again,
Behold the laughing brooklet then!
'T is flowing, flowing, flowing on
Until the summer days have gone!

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY LOIS WILLIAMS (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

My great-great-grandparents, the Count and Countess de Pontcadeuc, were members of the household of Louis XVI, he being a court officer and she a lady-in-waiting.

At the time of the French Revolution they were compelled to flee from France for their lives. The count found a hiding-place in Paris for his wife and two children—one of whom

afterward became my great-grandmother—until he (the count) could arrange with a market-man, who came to Paris every day with his goods, to let him have his donkey and panniers. Then disguising himself as the market-man and his wife as a peasant woman, he seated her on the donkey, put a baby in each pannier, and leading the donkey, tramped through the streets of Paris and to the gates, where they walked through the long line of guards who stood with bayonets raised ready to strike down any one who might be in any way connected with the nobility. From there they went to England, where they lived for several years. In 1809 they came to America and bought a plantation in Louisiana.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY OTTO H. FRIEND (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

THY purling water's merry tune
Has been enraptured by the spell,
Entrapped by winter's snare. But soon,
When spring has kissed the barren dell,
Then April's full and silv'ry moon
Shall watch thee from his citadel.

Thy frozen cheek and aspect cold
I can't believe has seen the day
When noontide brought the panting fold
To drink of thee, when gentle May
Adorned thy banks with blue and gold,
Nor heard the summer songster's lay.

But patience! When the south wind blows,
And blighted woods and meadows bare
Again are blooming, and the snows
Have melted in the balmy air,
Along thy banks, in sweet repose,
I'll stroll amid this beauty rare.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ELEANOR W. MACHADO (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

THIS story happened when mama was a little girl.
Grandpapa was a very strong oarsman, and he was



"THE VIEW FROM MY HOME" BY H. ERNEST BELL, AGE 12.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE BOATS

over the other college crews, and they had been abroad and had never been beaten.

The Columbia College eight challenged the Resolutes to race them, and they felt very confident of success.

The race was to be rowed just above Fort Lee, on the western side of the Hudson River.

The friends of the Resolutes and of the Columbias all went across the river to the starting-place in yachts and launches. A great many flags were flying and whistles tooting, and it was a very gay, pretty sight. The large steamers and the little boats all went up the river a little way.

The men got ready and a gun went off and they started. Little by little, the Resolutes pulled ahead of the others, and when they passed the large boat grandpapa was so sure that his eight would win that he gave the order to salute: "Hold! Toss oars! Let fall! Give way!"

The steamer answered with three toots of her whistle.

The Resolutes won the race, and that night the Resolute eight had a fine dinner at grandpapa's and the men made a poem about the race. Here are two lines:

"I was Whitman pulled that owl, and
That owl was a little too slow."

Once, when grandpapa was a young man, he and three others rowed seven miles in thirty-three minutes and fifteen seconds in Boston Harbor, and the record has never been broken.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY KENNETH GORE CAVELL.

ALL summer long the little brook
Has babbled on its way,
Through flowery fields and leafy
woods,
Past children at their play.

And all the lovely autumn time
Has gaily danced and raced,
And rushed through fields of rip-
ened corn,
And bright red leaves has chased.

But ah! the scene is different now;
The brook lies still and hard:
Jack Frost has cast a magic spell,
And Winter stands on guard.

The little brook no longer sings
To gay flowers by its side;
And now a cold, white mantle falls,
The merry brook to hide.

But Spring will find it out at last,
And Winter then will flee,
For she will break the magic charm,
And set the brooklet free.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ELLIOTT H. HALL AND CARRIE L.

WHEN my great-great-grandmother was a little girl, she lived with her family in the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania. One day the Indians came to attack the village. They massacred the people, and only a few escaped, among whom were my grandmother and her family. They fled through the wilderness, which was then called the "Shades of Death," taking with them only the few things they could carry—among

these a feather-bed. At night the children slept on this bed while their father and mother watched to see that they were not attacked.

My grandmother had a little cup hung around her neck, from which to drink when they came to a spring. After many hardships they came to the little settlement called Sheshequin, in the northern part of Pennsylvania, on the Susquehanna River. She lived there till she died. She was the mother of fourteen children. The old feather-bed that they carried through the wilderness has been kept and made into pillows, one of which my mother has now.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY HUGH MOSEMAN AND JOE.

THE brook behind the hill
Is froz'n with ice and snow,
So I can skate at a merry pace
Up and down with Joe.

The brook is narrow here—
About three yards, I guess;
But still it's wide enough for me
And for my sister Bess.

Sometimes my papa skates with me,
And does some fancy tricks.
He taught me some, and taught
Joe me
I think he made a six.

Just now he's hitching up the
horse,
And's going into town
I guess he's got a pair of skates.
Won't she come tumbling down!



THE FROZEN BROOK. BY ELLIOTT H. HALL AND CARRIE L. HALL. ILLUSTRATION BY ELLIOTT H. HALL.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ELLIOTT H. HALL AND CARRIE L.

AMONG the names given in the register of the good ship *William and Sarah*—William Hill, master—from Rotterdam, appears that of Herr Georg Nögelle, with the date September 21, 1727,—an entry not unusual, one would think, but behind it lies the love-story of my great-great-grandmother's grandmother. Her name was Maria Louisa and she was a princess of the royal house of Hapsburg. She incurred the displeasure of her family by marrying her tutor, this same Herr Georg Nögelle, and with him was forced to come to America, settling in Philadelphia. Several years later,

Herr Nögelle returned to Austria, and received from his wife's relatives many rich and valuable presents, among them a scarlet velvet riding-cloak which she had worn in the old country.

This was especially prized because none but members of the royal family were permitted to wear scarlet velvet.

Two daughters were born to these exiles—Margaret and Rosina. After the death of their parents, the daughters were notified that a legacy was coming to them from their mother's family in Austria. Henry Joel, a German nobleman, who had married Margaret Nögelle, was sent over to receive it. He secured the inheritance, which consisted of a great deal of silver plate engraved with the family coat of arms, beside a large sum of money, but the daughters never received their due. The ship on which Henry Joel had taken passage was driven out of its course by a hard storm followed by a heavy fog, in which the vessel drifted for several days and was at last wrecked on Block Island, where everything on board was lost. In the early records we are told that this dangerous coast was made use of by pirates and wreckers, and that Block Island, the most perilous point, was their finest field of operation. They displayed false lights, alluring confiding mariners to their destruction. Here Henry Joel lost his life, with all the property he was so joyfully bringing the heirs of Maria Louisa Nögelle. This was a great sorrow and disappointment to the family, but it seems that the Nemesis of the Hapsburgs followed them even into the New World, and would not permit them to obtain their treasured possessions.



"THE VIEW FROM MY HOME," BY CLARA BETH HAVEN, AGE 16

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY STELLA BENSON (AGE 13).

(*Honor Member.*)

THE frost set in and laid its icy hand
Upon the land;
It froze the brook and caused its songs to cease;
What once was gentle murmur now was peace —
Stern, silent peace.

Then the snow fell, and on the frozen stream
It laid a lovely cloak without a seam
Or blemish. Down it fell without a sound,
Cov'ring the frost-flowers traced upon the ground,
And icicles of lovely, graceful mold
Sparkling in different colors, blue and gold —
But oh, so cold!



"THE VIEW FROM MY HOME," BY LOIS DONAVAN, AGE 12

Then the sun shines, shedding its radiant light
Upon the earth so silent, cold, and white.
It melts the snow on hill and wood and plain;
The brook begins to laugh and sing again;
The buds begin to open, to expand;
All through the land
The trees begin to sprout, the birds to sing —
They welcome spring.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY KATHARINE J. BAILEY (AGE 15).

(*Honor Member.*)

ON the night of March 13, 1775, a little party of patriots were on guard in the court-house of Westminster, Vermont. This building was a square, clap-boarded structure, serving the purposes of court-house, tavern, and jail. It somehow seemed symbolic of the men, strong, resolute, and firm, who met there from time to time.

Suddenly, as they sat there, every muscle alert, the sentry heard a commotion outside and gave the order, "Man the doors!" Instantly every man sprang to his place, for this was no idle farce, but an organized opposition to tyranny. The British, through the instrumentality of the courts of New York, had for some time oppressed the people of Vermont or the New Hampshire Grants, as it was then called. They, aroused by the action of the Continental Congress, refused to submit to the unjust impositions any longer.

The sheriff and his band of Tories halted by the door and demanded admittance. "We shall enter—quietly if we can; if not, by force!" they shouted.

Time after time the brave little band within drove back the onslaught, but they were powerless against the armed troops on the steps. The sheriff, having fired a volley over the heads of his foes, and seeing that they did not yield, instructed his men to shoot directly at them.

William French, an enthusiastic young man of twenty-one, pressed eagerly forward with his comrades, thus meeting his death, five bullets having penetrated his body, and one his brain. Several others were wounded, and the brave little force was overcome and compelled to suffer the taunts of their captors till morning.

Needless to say, this massacre was avenged soon after in the war; but here, on the steps of the court-house at Westminster, the first blood may be said to have been shed in that memorable rebellion.

In the little old cemetery is a headstone with this inscription:

"In Memory of
WILLIAM FRENCH,

Son to Mr. NATHANIEL FRENCH; Who
Was Shot at Westminster, March ye 13th, 1775,
By the hands of Cruel Ministerial tools of
Georg ye 3d, in the Corthouse, at 11 a Clock at
Night, in the 22nd year of his Age.

Here William French his Body lies,
For Murder his blood for Vengeance cries.
King Georg the third his Tory crew
tha with a bawl his head Shot threw.



"THE VIEW FROM MY HOME," BY JOHN EMLEN TUTTOK, AGE 13.

For Liberty and his Country's Good
he lost his Life his Dearest blood."

This is why I can claim that one of my family was the first man killed in the Revolutionary War, for William French was my great-great-uncle.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

WILLIAM H. RIDGEWAY, AGE 16.

(HONOR MEMBER.)

It used to dance in summer along its rippling way,
O'er rocks and stones and pebbles, throughout the
livelong day.

The birds would sing their story, and, taking up the
tale,

The brook would give the message to ev'ry clovered
vale.

The buttercups and daisies then told it, far and wide,
To all the other flowers along the riverside;
And ev'ry one would listen who chanced to come
along,

To hear the flowers' story and catch the brooklet's song.

Just a song of summer, happy skies above;
Just a song of nesting, just a song of love;

Just a song of flowers, roses white and red;
Just a song of beauty as the brooklet sped.

Now Winter comes among us, and puts his icy hand
Upon the rippling waters and verdure-covered land;
But, though the brook is frozen, its message still we
hear

When snow and ice surround us, and days are dark and
drear.

Though Summer has departed, and Winter rules as king,
"Dear heart," the brooklet whispers, "still don't for-
get to sing!"

So, safe beneath the ice-robe, in prison firm and strong,
To burst out in the springtime, the brooklet keeps its
song.

Just a song of summer, happy skies above;
Just a song of nesting, just a song of love;
Just a song of flowers, roses white and red;
Just a song of beauty as the brooklet sped.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY GRADY A. STEWART, AGE 14.

This is a legend told by our relations in Scotland on
my grandmother's side.

The exact date is not known, but it was sometime in
the Middle Ages that one Ramsay of those days wished
to seek his fortune in foreign lands and put out to sea,
but was taken captive by pirates and sold to a Spanish
doctor who also was something of a magician. He
treated Ramsay kindly and soon they were on friendly
terms, and when the magician heard that Ramsay was
from Scotland he was filled with delight, for he had
longed to find some one to whom he could intrust an
adventure needing courage and secrecy. Thus he told
Ramsay that he would give him his freedom and a
purse of gold to boot if he would execute faithfully all
he told him. Ramsay willingly agreed to this, and
undertook to do all he was required to do. Then the
magician explained how, when he reached Scotland, he
must go to a certain glen in Perthshire down which a
torrent ran; he must creep up this till he came to a cave
in which he would find a dragon, who would attack him



"THE VIEW FROM MY HOME," BY DOROTHY WEIMAN, AGE 12
(HONOR MEMBER.)

with great fury, but he must not be afraid, but fight valiantly, and that however fearful it might appear, he would kill it if he persisted. When he did, he must cut off its head, feet, and tail and boil them in a caldron, and the broth made from these he must put in a bottle and bring back with great care to the magician in Spain. Above all things, he was to be careful not to taste the broth.

Ramsay found all exactly as the magician had told him, and after a hard fight killed the dragon; but as he was boiling the broth it spluttered and burned his finger. Without thinking,



"A LANDSCAPE MEMORY" BY CLAYDS MEMMINGER, AGE 8.
(SILVER BADGE.)

he put it to his mouth. No sooner had he done so, than he acquired the sudden knowledge of medicine and the power of diagnosis. Now it came to pass that the King of Scotland was dangerously ill—right at death's door. None of the physicians had been able to cure him.

Enriched by his new power, Ramsay hastened thither, quickly saw the cause of the complaint, and cured the King, who in his gratitude enriched him and gave him Banff Castle in Perthshire, which is still in the possession of the family. Sir James Ramsay, the present head of the family, lives there.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY BARTLETT BACON (AGE 5).

THE winter's brooks are covered with ice,
And the ice is clear forever;
Only in the summer weather
It will melt into bright water.

The pretty brooks are covered still,
And the grass is full of snow;



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY MARY S. SCHAEFFER, AGE 17.

The water is very clear,
The trees are pretty in
"white-ing weather."

The places where the rabbits live,
And the path to the cabin,
And the pretty, white snow—
They are all dear to me!

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MARY HOFFMAN
(AGE 11).

My grandfather lived in Lexington, Virginia. His neighbor was "Stonewall" Jackson. In those times

slaves could work for other people when they were not needed at home, and the people would give the slaves' wages to the owners of them.

One of these slaves was working for grandfather. She was a fine cook, and they all liked her very much. She belonged to one of the large slaveholders who lived in the neighborhood. When this man died, his estate was in such a condition that all his things had to be sold to clear his debts. When the news reached Aunt Amy, grandmother found her in the kitchen, sobbing as if her heart would break. When she saw grandmother, she got down on her knees and begged her to buy her. She was a valuable servant, and my grandfather was a poor Methodist minister. He could not afford to buy her. But she said she would have to leave her husband and children and work in the cotton-fields of Georgia.

My grandfather was very much distressed, and knowing how good Stonewall Jackson was to the negroes, he went to his house and told him the case. He immediately bought her, and she continued to live with grandmother for several years.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ELEANOR HISSEY (AGE 16).

My mother's grandfather was a very wealthy man in his day, but was also a great miser. At his death it was supposed that he had left a great deal of his money



"RING OUT THE OLD." BY KATHERINE DULCEBELLA BARBOUR, AGE 13.



The Old And The New

"A HEADING FOR JAN. AKY." BY E. L. KASLER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

buried in the cellars of the ten buildings on the farm, and his heirs had these dug up. They found about fifteen thousand dollars hidden away, but knew that this was only a small portion of his entire fortune. Every conceivable place was searched, but no more gold was found. Finally the farm was rented out.

The lessee of the farm was a very poor man when he rented it, and his family did not have enough clothes to keep them warm. There were no carpets on the floors, and no furniture in the house except the barest necessities.

It was noticed in a few months that the house was beginning to take on a look of prosperity, as also were the inhabitants. Some beautiful furniture and the richest carpets were sent out from the city and delivered to the house. The wife of the lessee went to a church social before long very well dressed, and, to the amazement of the neighbors, had on two beautiful diamond rings. My grandfather and some of the rest of the family were also present at this social. Rumors of their lessee's prosperity had been reaching the ears of the heirs, but they had not credited them; but now they saw that Fortune certainly was smiling on this family.

After this, gossiping tongues were kept pretty busy relating the affairs of this family; but the excitement was raised to the highest pitch when, one noon, the lessee came to my grandfather and handed him an old tin can. Upon examination this can proved to be filled with about five thousand dollars in gold.

It seems that the hired man had dug it up in plowing that morning. After this incident, the standing of the lessee was investigated, and it was found that he had quite a good bank account and no outstanding bills.

It is supposed that he had come across a good many of these cans in his plowing; but, as there had been no one around to see, he had not turned them over to the rightful owners.

So this is why we are still waiting for our "ship to come in."

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY BLANCHÉ FLEMING (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

DURING the French and Indian War, Robert Land, one of my ancient grandfathers, was chosen to be sent as messenger to Fort Niagara.

He left his wife and two children on their farm in Pennsylvania, expecting to return before many months had passed.

It was a hard and dangerous journey, and when but a

few miles separated him from the fort he was attacked by a band of Indians and seriously wounded. Why the Indians left him is not known; perhaps they thought him dead or were frightened away by the party from the fort who found him; but, anyway, for many weeks he lay between life and death.

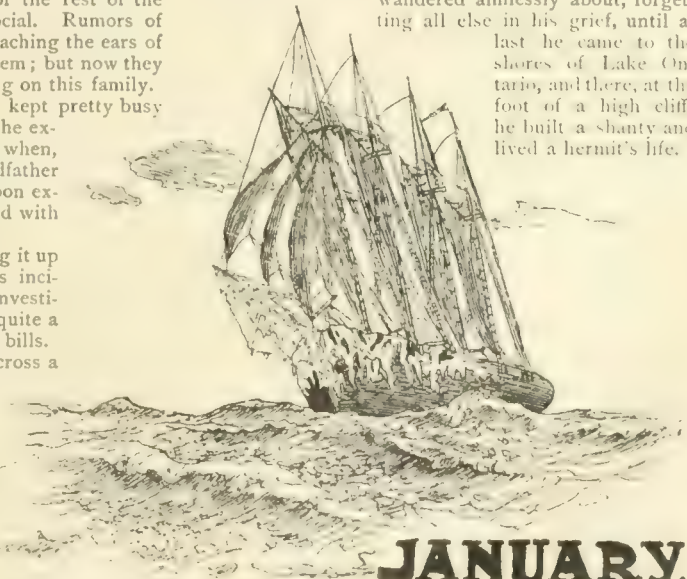
Meanwhile his wife waited and watched in vain, and when months passed and he did not return, left all and with her two children set out for Fort Niagara, hoping to find some trace of him. She

met friends in New York who urged her to stay with them, but she bravely kept on alone into the wilderness.

At Fort Niagara she was told that he had recovered and started toward home. The knowledge that he was alive kept up her strength, and she cheerfully retraced her steps. When she reached home she found the house had been burned by the Indians and there were no traces of her husband's having been there. Now completely discouraged, homeless and penniless, she returned to New York to accept her friends' offer of a home.

During her wanderings her husband, recovering his strength, set out to join his family. After many dangers, he reached the farm to find the charred remains of his home; and thinking his wife and children must have been massacred by the Indians, he went away and no one knew that he had been there. For days he wandered aimlessly about, forgetting all else in his grief, until at

last he came to the shores of Lake Ontario, and there, at the foot of a high cliff, he built a shanty and lived a hermit's life.



JANUARY.

"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY EMILY MURPHY, AGE 14. (GOLD EAGLE.)

Years passed and a traveler in New York, in one of his careless tales of wanderings, told of the hermit at Lake Ontario, and thus was the news of Robert Land brought to his wife, who at once set out to find him; and so, after seven years of separation, they were united and are known as the first settlers of the city of Hamilton.



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY EDWIN G. GRAM, AGE 10.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose contributions would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to a place on the Roll of Honor.

VERSE 1.

Constance Hyde Smith
Aileen Hyland
Clara Shanafelt
Lois Treadwell
Margaret Stuart
Brown
Marguerite Weed
Eleanor R. Chapin
Isadore Douglas
Elmura Keene
Aline Murray
Millicent Pond
Ruth A. Russell
Bernard F. Trotter
Marjorie Field Stuart
Dorothy Rowland
Swift
May Bowers
Virginia C. yne
Charles Irish Preston
Lillie Menary
Elizabeth P. James
Maud Dudley Shack-
elford
Miriam Allen De Ford
Eleanor Moody
Louisa F. Spear
Elliot Quincy Adams
Alison Strathy
Nannie Clark Barr
Susan Colgate
Elizabeth Toof
Helen H. Lorenz
Marie Armstrong
Mary Cross Campbell
Marie Gilchrist
Helen W. Edgar
Helen Patten
Gerald Jackson Pyle
Beulah Elizabeth
Amidon
Eleanor J. mson

VERSE 2.

Joseph P. D. Hull
Clement R. Wood
Olive W. Leighton
Freda A. Hand
Cornelius Hager
Marie V. Scanlan
Elsie F. Weil
Margaret B. Smith
Hattie D. Hawley
I. N. Ward
Corinne Benoit
Marjorie R. Peck
Frances W. Steele
Louise E. Grant
Marjorie Hayman
May Rose Higgins
Florence Brakeley

Katharine R. Neu-
mann
Emily Clayton
E. Babette Deutsch
Elizabeth S. Park
George J. Hecht
Colin Ankeny
Peggy Bacon
Mary Taft Atwater

PROSE 1.

Catharine E. Jackson
Katharine Norton
Constance Allen
Rose Philip
Katharine McKelvey
Helen Whitman
Mary Graham Bonner
Fannie Crawford Gold-
ing
Twila A. McDowell
Alfred P. Merryman
Ada M. Muchmore
Gladys Meacham
Manchester
Freda M. Harrison
Margaret Schaeffer
Sylvana Blumer
Mary Pemberton
Nourse
Clara Ethelwyn Harris
Mary V. Lee
Elizabeth R. Marvin
Margaret Norton
Elizabeth L. Curtis
Mary Cass Canfield
Ruth Louise Northup
Lois F. Lovejoy
Thomas W. Golding
Jean L. Brown
Alice Weston Cone
Geoffrey Willoughby
Elizabeth D. Keeler
Henrietta Frances
McIvor
Ralph Perkins Black-
ledge
Hugh McNair Gregory
Evelyn Pike
Margaret E. Bull
Jeannette Munro
Lael Maera Carlock
Ruth Crandall
Ada C. Klein
Francis L. Hayes, Jr.
Eleanor Hathorne
Bailey
Gertrude Boland

PROSE 2.

Gladys Alison
William D. Maynard

Nora Reinhard
Gladys Kennedy
Josephine Taylor
Helen Requa Bassett
Eleanor Alice Abbott
Lila Stanley
Catharine H. Straker
Cornelia S. Penfield
Eleanor H. Bulkeley
Margaret W. Dow
Laura N. Sprague
Inez Pischel
I. L. Carey
Gertrude H. Behr
Calista K. Rogers
Annie C. Goddard
Marion P. Phelps
Mary D. Gregory
Frances Sladen Bradley
Buford Brice
Elizabeth Pilsbry
Janet Freeman
Helen S. Seavey
Freda M. Schultz
Hope Daniel
Casper René Gregory,
2d

Herbert M. Davidson
Edna M. L. Lenart

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Constance E. Dowd
Harold S. Beddoe
Gilbert Durand
Ruth P. Getchell
Constance T. Bot-
tomely
John Douglas Law-
rence
John S. Perry
H. R. Carey
P. R. Keyes
Oliver M. Chadwick
Louise M. Haines
G. Huntington Wil-
liams, Jr.
Morris Hadley
Fredericka Going
Dorothy Tracy
J. Donald McCutcheon
Natalie Ott
Thomas Turnbull, 2d.
Harold G. Simpson
Harold Fay
Helen Gertrude Davis

Alice Durand
Marion Armitage
Robert Edward Fithian
Thomas C. Morgan
W. P. Schuck
Mary Goldthwaite
Bertha Struck
Fannie Foster
Elizabeth Love Good-
win
Margaret W. Colgate
H. O. Phillips
Donald Armour
Winona Montgomery
Foster Townsend
Katharine E. Pratt
Virginia Sanford
McKee
Elizabeth Washburn
Richard M. Cox

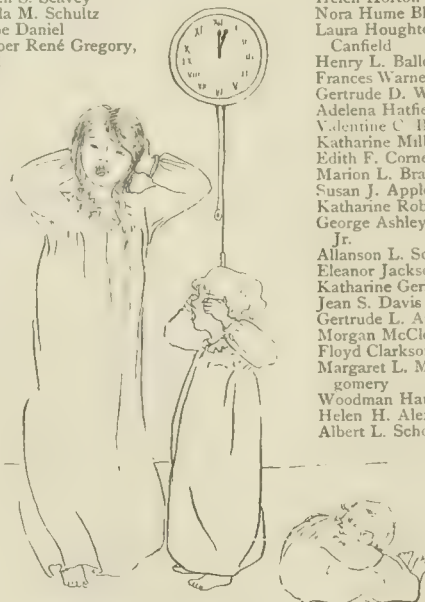
Arthur M. Reed
Helen P. Long
Dorothy Wormser

DRAWINGS 1.

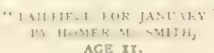
Seth Harrison Gurnee
Margaret E. William-
son
Harold Brown
Muriel E. Halstead
Irene Fuller
Dorothy Eaton
Dudley Fisher, Jr.
Alice H. Sweeney
Stanislaus F. McNeill
Ruth E. Crombie
Fred L. Purdy
Kenneth T. Perkins
Marie Seton
Dorothy Ochtman
Miriam C. Alexander
Marjory Ward
Ben Roth
Hilda M. Hichens
Bertha Gage Stone
Margaret Dobson
Ruth Cutler
Genevieve Ross
Elizabeth Scott Mon-
crieff
Charles M. Ffoulke, Jr.
Beth May
Elizabeth Otis
Charlotte Waugh
Alice S. Willis
Earl M. Eveleth
W. Wallace Alward
Mary Jadowsky
Sophie Langdob Mott
Harold H. Wish
Adelaide Chamberlain
Mary Klauder
Isabel D. Weaver
Mary Aurilla Jones
Hazel Halstead
Elma Joffrion

DRAWINGS 2.

Archibald Campbell
Frank Lister
Helen Reading
Alice Wheelock
Carolyn Sherman
Emily W. Brown
Mildred C. Jones
Elma St. G. MacKenzie
Burr Cook
Grace Cutter Stone
Harrison Avery
Marion H. Tuthill
Abigail Preston
Elsie Margaret Hunter
Rosella Ackermann
Aurelia M. Michener
Elizabeth Scott Mac-
Dougall
Mathilde Kroehle
Edith K. Hale
Elsie Gledstanes
Alice I. Mackey
Helen Groman
Ernest Pingel
Alice Sophie Acland
I. Marguerite Rout-
ledge
Mabel Whitman
Katherine Mary Keeler
Eunice L. Hone
Helen G. Lavery
Dorothy Bruce
Mabel Alvarez
Amy Owen Bradley
Helen L. Goodspeed
Gladys M. Williams
Eugene L. Walter
Barrett Beeler
Alma Ward
Marjorie E. Chase
Roy E. Hutchinson
Edwin G. Burrows
Margaret Reed
Maud Mallett



"DECORATION FOR JANUARY." BY ELLA ELIZABETH PRESTON, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)



BOOKS AND READING.

**A BOOK TO BE
CHERISHED.** IN regard to children's reading there are two very opposite ideas. Some believe that even the very young should be allowed to read the great books and make out for themselves what they can. Others think, on the contrary, that it is a pity for children to become familiar with the most important works before they are able to understand their merits somewhat as grown people appreciate them.

Those who accept the first view will always put among the most cherished volumes in the children's library, Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare"—the rewriting of the plots for young readers by Charles and Mary Lamb. For those who believe that this is one of the books children ought to have and to enjoy, there has been recently published a most beautiful edition, imported into this country by Charles Scribner's Sons. The book is beautifully illustrated in color by Norman M. Price, and contains twenty illustrations of the highest merit. In fact, one can bring against them only the argument that they leave nothing for the imagination to do. Readers of the old-time cheaper books, in which the illustrating was of the crudest woodcuts, tell us that these rough sketches acted as pegs upon which imagination might hang the right fabric it created for itself; but modern color-processes reproduce artistic work so closely that pictures go beyond the imaginative powers of most readers. Nevertheless, if parents are willing that their children should use any introduction to Shakespeare, they would do well to examine this beautiful piece of holiday book-making.

**SHALL WE PRINT
THEM?** WE receive among the letters sent to this department more containing "lists of books read" than of any other class. Such letters are read by us with sympathetic interest, and are often discussed and commented upon. We are always glad to see them, and offer here our thanks to the young writers who have taken the trouble

to let us know what reading pleases them. But now and then one of the correspondents ends with the request that the letter be printed in these pages. That we should print *all* of them is out of the question, and really there is no reason for printing one more than another, except when the list given contains suggestions of books that would otherwise not be known to our readers—which very seldom happens. Besides, we are sorry to say that in very many cases most of the books named are of only the slightest importance—mere rambling narratives the reading of which brings no food to the imagination, to the mind, or to the soul; that is, they do not help us to think better, to know better, or to do better. To read them is mere pastime.

Our young friends will perhaps accept this paragraph as an explanation and excuse for not showing them their letters upon these pages.

**A HELPFUL LITTLE
VOLUME.** ONE would think that the value of hand-work as a supplement to head-work must always have been felt by teachers of the young, but Froebel, the German founder of the Kindergarten, was the first to introduce the simplest forms of manual training into schools. Now, almost everywhere, it forms a part of the regular course of instruction.

A book that, though dealing with practical rather than with literary subjects, it may not be out of place to mention here is called "Occupations for Little Fingers," and comes from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons. One of the authors in her introduction says, "It has been written by two teachers who know and love children and who have practically worked out with them the things of which they write." The avowed purpose of this manual is to offer suggestions to teachers. For young children, therefore, the directions contained in it will require explanation; but older ones, by carefully following the instructions given, will be able to work out many of the interesting problems for themselves. The plates with which

the book is fully illustrated will be found very helpful. There are directions how to make pretty and useful things out of raffia, chapters devoted to paper-cutting, modeling in clay, weaving, bead-work, etc. One, entitled "How to Furnish a Doll's House," will delight a little girl's heart. We have known boys who did not scorn to use their skill in making furniture for their sisters' doll-houses, and for the benefit of all such amiably disposed brothers, as well as for boys who think it a compromise of masculine dignity to have anything to do with doll-house furnishing, there is a chapter telling about tent-making, sail-boat furnishings, kite-making, and other occupations connected with outdoor life.

By the owners of restless little fingers that so often want "something to do," as well as by teachers and mothers, this book should be cordially welcomed wherever English is spoken.

FREEDOM TO SKIP.

FROM a book that has been mentioned in this department several times—Miss Mary E. Burt's "Literary Landmarks"—we might quote many helpful sentences. The author in her very first chapter speaks a word of warning to those who would in all cases forbid a child to skim books. She says wisely that if a child "has a few good books to which he returns again and again, reading them with thorough appreciation, there need be no great fear if he uses many books for desultory reading, picking a sentence here and there as from an encyclopedia." But those who use this advice to justify them in the second part of the statement must not forget that its freedom depends upon the thorough reading of the "few good books" with which they have become familiar mentioned in the first part.

SOLID AS A ROC.

IN writing the above our interest was excited to know something definite about "raffia," which the authors of the book tell us comes from Madagascar. We sought, therefore, such books as would give information about Madagascar, and were led among others to the delightful travels of Marco Polo in the thirteenth century. For Madagascar, or, as he called it, "Magastar," forms the subject of one of his

chapters, and in that chapter we hear of the gigantic bird, the rukh or roc, which is familiar to us from the stories of Sindbad the Sailor. Marco Polo is careful to guard his statements about this bird by reporting them as hearsay. But when we turn from the story of the old traveler to the serious and trustworthy Dana's "Manual of Geology," we learn that in Madagascar has been found the leg-bone of a bird so enormous that its height is estimated at twelve feet. There are also, in other accounts of the island, statements that a species of albatross native there has wings that extend fourteen feet from tip to tip. It is comforting in these days, when science throws doubt upon so many ancient myths and legends, to find that the dear old roc of the Arabian Nights was not entirely a bit of romancing.

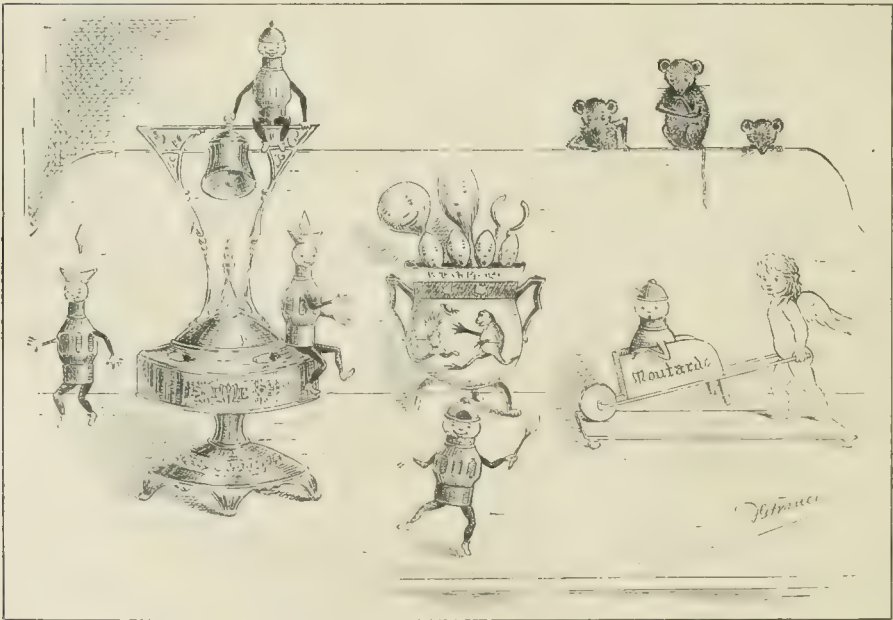
EARLY ENGLISH LIBRARIES.

IN her work on "Medieval England," Mary Bateson reminds us that, in spite of the rarity of books in the Middle Ages, reading may have been more general than the number of copies would indicate, for she tells us that all who owned good volumes felt it a duty to lend them, and among the monks there were regulations directing what classes of persons might be allowed to borrow. Though it seems to have been forbidden to let books go into the possession of any but persons of the highest reputation or those connected with neighboring churches, yet this does not mean that the reading of the books was not permitted if they were not taken away. In some monasteries the manuscript rolls accumulated until chests and boxes would not hold them, and rooms had to be set apart as libraries. We may gain some idea of the size of libraries, even as early as the fourteenth century, from the fact that the library at Peterborough, England, had about three hundred and fifty volumes. The labors of monks, however, seem to have been given more to making fine copies of devotional books than to enlarging the store of good literature. There is quoted a saying of one wise old monk to the effect that a "cloister without a library is a fortress without weapons," which shows that the importance of libraries was somewhat appreciated.

A vintage illustration of a young girl with dark, curly hair, wearing a long, patterned dress with puffed sleeves and a high collar. She is standing inside a large, circular, textured frame that resembles a mirror or a window. The frame is decorated with a wreath of leaves and berries at the top and bottom. The word "HOL" is visible in a box in the upper right corner.

Little feet,
Little feet,
Though you trip so lightly,
Close behind
You 'll soon find
Are others still more sprightly.

Tiny hands,
Tiny hands,
Struggling now is folly.
You're underneath
The hanging wreath
Of mistletoe and holly.



296

RIDDLE.

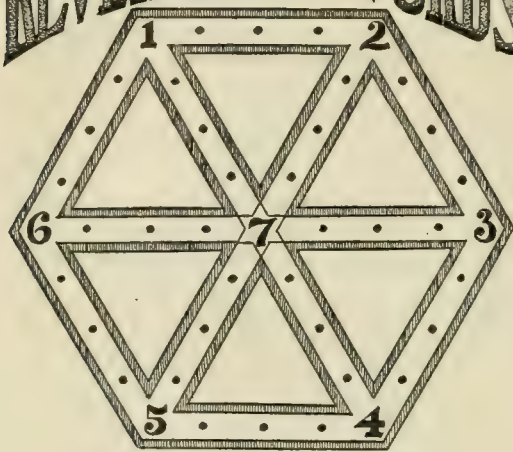
(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

In the following lines the omissions all have the same sound, whether it is one word or two.

A man, while on an ***** small,
In looking hard, his ***** fall.
"***** me weep," he said to me;
***** him weep, and now I see
His ***** is not there at all.

DAVID FISHEL.

REVERSIBLE WORDS



(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

FROM 1 TO 2 (five letters), a merrymaking; from 2 to 1, one of the six mechanical powers; from 2 to 3, nooses; from 3 to 2, found in every work-basket; from 3 to 4, a narrow piece of leather; from 4 to 3, portions; from 4 to 5, removes the outer covering; from 5 to 4, to slumber; from 5 to 6, haste; from 6 to 5, great depths; from 6 to 1, to delay; from 1 to 6, fed again; from 1 to 7, fumes; from 7 to 1, beloved by smokers; from 2 to 7, plunders; from 7 to 2, a high seat without a back; from 3 to 7, genders; from 7 to 3, the same; from 4 to 7, harbors; from 7 to 4, a strap; from 5 to 7, checks; from 7 to 5, stains; from 6 to 7, drags; from 7 to 6, turf.

ELIZABETH H. CRITTENDEN.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A toy. 2. Something worshiped. 3. To cause a bell to sound regularly. 4. Measures of length.

RICHARD B. THOMAS (League Member).

TRIPLE CURTAILINGS.

1. TRIPLY curtail to entertain, and leave to bury. 2. Triply curtail booted, and leave a yellow clay used for making paint. 3. Triply curtail a nut and leave a large box. 4. Triply curtail a line of palisades, and leave supply. 5. Triply curtail a city official, and leave a tree which grows in moist land. 6. Triply curtail strabismus, and leave fretful. 7. Triply curtail a feminine name, and leave a song of joy. 8. Triply curtail enjoyment, and leave excuses. 9. Triply curtail a game, and leave to scorch. 10. Triply curtail to thrive, and leave finely ground meal. 11. Triply curtail worthy of being quoted, and leave a proper share. 12. Triply curtail

one who determines the value of property, and leave belonging to a slow but sure-footed beast. 13. Triply curtail evening, and leave an occurrence. 14. Triply curtail harshness, and leave to cut apart. 15. Triply curtail spires and leave precipitous. 16. Triply curtail a wrestling school, and leave loses color. 17. Triply curtail a little mark used to refer a reader to the bottom of the page, and leave a flower.

When rightly curtailed, and written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a famous man.

EMERSON GRANT SUTCLIFFE (League Member).

HALF-ZIGZAG.

1	3
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.	*	0
2	4

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Mute. 2. Pertaining to Stentor. 3. Grief for another's sorrow. 4. Deep thoughts. 5. A giving up of sovereign power. 6. Rude models. 7. To achieve. 8. To wish felicity to. 9. Wonderful. 10. Serenity.

Zigzag, from 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4, each name a personage popular at this season.

MACK HAYS (Honor Member).

AN ANAGRAM RIDDLE.

WHEN patient nurses guard
The souls who toss in pain,
There, in the cot-lined ward,
With cruelty I reign.

Yet, rearranged, I show
An endless stretch of strand,
The ocean's ebb and flow,
The children on the sand.

LESLIE REES.

GEOGRAPHICAL CUBE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1	2
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.
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3	4
.
.
.
5	6

FROM 1 TO 2, a famous town in Essex county, Mass.; from 1 to 3, a seaport of Belgium; from 2 to 4, a town in the Delta of Egypt near which a famous stone was found; from 2 to 7, an American city named after a courtier of Queen Elizabeth's time; from 7 to 6, a town in Devonshire, famous for its lace; from 3 to 4, a kingdom of northern Germany; from 3 to 5, a city of Scotland famous for its manufacture of shawls; from 4 to 6, a French city, formerly the residence of the popes; 5 to 6, a peninsula of Mexico.

SAMUEL MILLER.



WHEN THE SNOW STORM CAME ON THE 22ND OF FEBRUARY.

DRAWN FOR "ST. NICHOLAS" BY G. A. HAIST.

ST. NICHOLAS.

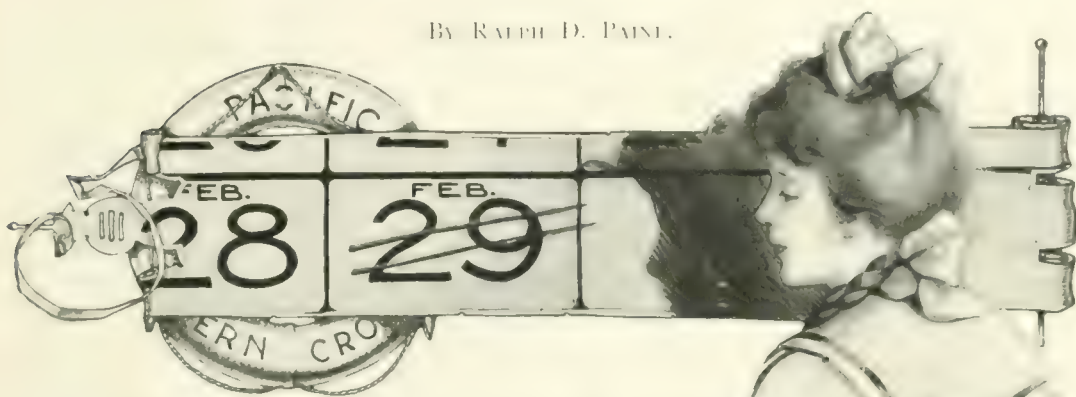
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FEBRUARY, 1906.

No. 4.

MARION'S MID-OCEAN SECRET.

BY RALPH D. PAINE.



THE Pacific liner *Southern Cross* was steaming out of the harbor of Honolulu, westward bound, after one day's break in her long voyage to the Orient. As the tropical city and its palm-gardens vanished behind Diamond Head, a girl in her early teens walked forward along the promenade deck and said laughingly:

"You must be worn out, admiral. You did give me such a good time ashore, and I never let you rest, did I?"

The grizzled old sailor, who was for once a passenger, freed of sea cares, caressed the rumpled brown head and said:

"Well, when a young lady, not quite sixteen, is going all the way to Manila by herself to cheer up a lonely daddy, we old folks ought to take good care of her. Your grandfather and I were midshipmen together at the Naval Academy, Marion, and—and if my boy had lived—well, he died when he was just your

age. But you did give my rheumatics a pretty stiff program yesterday. "Winding up with that swim in the surf was the last straw."

Marion Coxe courtesied her thanks and pretended to be busily counting on her fingers.

"Goodness!" she rippled. "And I'm not half through thanking people. There's dear old Mrs. Walters. Why, she chaperoned me to the band concert last night, and she was up at six o'clock this morning to get me started down to Waikiki Beach; and there's the young man who's so near-sighted that I had to keep him from getting run over while he thought he was taking care of me. And, let me see; there's Captain Holt of the *Southern Cross*! He sent to my room an armful of Hawaiian flowers, and—I'm a very lucky girl, admiral."

The admiral smiled at her enthusiasm and said to himself as she ran away to seek her other lavish friends:

"People are nice to her because she 's as — good and sweet as she is pretty. And now she 's all her father has left. She 's been a little trump to stay in boarding-school these two years, and then sail off alone across the Pacific when her daddy could n't do without her a minute longer."

Marion had dreaded this voyage. It seemed so long to be at sea—a whole month—among strangers, all bound for the other side of the world. But with a brave heart she had boarded the *Southern Cross* at San Francisco to find that all her fears were foolish. Her fellow passengers soon learned her story, and were anxious to be her friends, guardians, and playmates. But, alas! many of them had left the ship at Honolulu, and her jolly company was partly disbanded. The little pilgrim was feeling somewhat sad and forlorn under her gay manner.

And on the next day out she had her first fit of the "blues." She stole up in the bow to be by herself. Three weeks more at sea, she thought; and, oh! the Pacific was so endless, and the ship seemed such a speck in this rolling waste of blue water and dazzle of cloudless sky. While she brooded there, a sudden thought made her jump to her feet, and dimpling smiles chased the frowns away. It was such a big thought that she wondered how she could have forgotten it for a whole week. She started to run aft, then checked the impulse, put a finger to her lips, and whispered to herself:

"I won't say a word to anybody. It will be a surprise—and such a stunner, too! I must have been awfully busy to let it slide clear out of my mind. And only three days more—is n't that splendid?"

That evening, while the admiral was strolling thirteen times around the deck in his routine daily exercise, Marion joined him, and tucking her hand under his arm, confided:

"Admiral, can you keep a secret? Well, you 're not going to have a chance. But I have a surprise, and don't you wish you could guess? If I was a poor little navy lieutenant, you 'd growl at me, 'Produce your secret or

consider yourself under arrest,' would n't you? But I can mutiny all I please."

Before the admiral could clear his throat and make reply, she was flitting aft to find Mrs. Walters. That elderly lady became much excited at the dark hints of mystery, and called to her aid Captain Holt, who was enjoying the twilight hour away from his duties in the chart-room and on the bridge.

These two caught Marion in a corner and threatened to put her in irons if she did not explain her awful secret. But she slipped away and fled to play backgammon with the near-sighted young man who needed companionship.

Next day a score of passengers shared the interest in Marion's surprise, and all sorts of guesses were made, with no light from that perplexing young will-o'-the-wisp. The ship was four days out from Honolulu when the company met at breakfast with Marion so rosily elated that Mrs. Walters looked over her glasses with an air of: "What 's that child up to now?"

The young girl's merriment coaxed the admiral into rumbling laughter which threatened to split the seams of his white blouse. He was trying to tell Captain Holt a whaling yarn, and got only as far as this:

"I told the skipper, when he came aboard my gunboat, that he was sure to be nipped in the ice if he went after that whale. You know, captain, how the current sets along that part of the Bering coast?"

But bright-eyed Marion could no longer keep her precious secret to herself, and called out:

"Please excuse me, admiral. It 's cruel to leave your poor whaler out there in the ice, but I simply must give you, one and all, a piece of news of the greatest importance to me. This is the twenty-ninth of February by my calendar, which has been torn to tatters counting the months and weeks. And this is my birthday, and I have n't had a *single birthday in eight years*. Is n't that awful? Nineteen hundred was not a leap-year, and I was passed rudely by with no twenty-ninth of February. So I 've been waiting for this year of Nineteen hundred and four ever since I was a wee little

tot, eight years old. I don't believe I slept a wink last night. Was n't it worth keeping — a secret like that — to surprise you with?"

All hands were as much surprised as she could have hoped. But upon the captain and the admiral the news made a fairly stunning impression. Captain Holt's deep-tanned face seemed to bleach, his jaw dropped, and he stared at the happy girl as if his ship were on fire and sinking. As for the admiral, he looked as sheepish as if he had been caught pilfering an orchard fifty years before. Marion looked at them with wondering eyes. They did not seem as delighted as she had a right to expect of two such stanch friends. Then Captain Holt stammered feebly:

"Many happy returns of the day, Miss Marion. I'm delighted. I never heard anything like it. But—but—you have n't got any birthday. You have lost it. I mean I lost it for you. I dropped it overboard at midnight. You see, we have just crossed the Hundred and eightieth meridian of longitude. Going west, we gain a whole day on the sun crossing the Pacific, and to keep the calendar from getting mixed up, why, we have to drop a day right out. Yesterday was the twenty-eighth of February, and to-day is the first of March. And there is n't any twenty-ninth of February at all. I never meant to do it, honestly. I'd have dropped myself overboard first."

Poor Marion's eyes filled with tears that could not be held back, as she sobbed:

"Oh! oh! and I won't have a birthday in t-w-e-l-v-e years! I must go all the way from eight years old to twenty without a birthday! It's cruel of you. You lost my birthday on purpose. How could you be so careless?"

She fled to the deck without looking behind her, and the admiral was so disturbed that he left his poor whaler nipped in the ice and forgot all about him. Mrs. Walters looked at him with stern reproof in her gaze:

"Don't blame me, madam," exclaimed the admiral. "*There's* the guilty man. I noticed this morning that we had skipped from Sunday to Tuesday, but I had nothing to do with it."

"Then you ought to have known better, Captain Holt," said Mrs. Walters, with great severity. "You've gone and broken that poor

child's heart with your foolish navigation fold-erols. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

The captain dodged any more explanation, and sought the bridge. Mrs. Walters went to the door of Marion's state-room, and found it locked. After persistent knocking, there came from within a tearful wail:

"Please let me alone. I've lost my beautiful birthday, after waiting eight years for it; and I'll be an old lady before the next one comes round. I'm not coming out again to-day."

These sad tidings were carried to the admiral, and he passed them along to Captain Holt, who was fairly wrapped in gloom. Later in the day these two veteran mariners held a long council in the chart-room, after which the admiral bustled aft, as if he had important business in hand. Through the afternoon Mrs. Walters became very busy among the passengers, the admiral puffed to and fro as an errand-boy, and the near-sighted young man tried to help and got in everybody's way.

Poor little Marion had come out of her retreat as far as the library, and was curled up on a sofa picking out the saddest pages of "*A Tale of Two Cities*," to fit her reading to her mood.

She was finally persuaded to go down to dinner, where much sympathy was showered upon her. But she remained quite crushed and silent. When the coffee had been finished, Captain Holt arose with much dignity and offered his arm to the pensive girl. She drew back indignantly, but just then the admiral winked at her from across the table, and she accepted the escort. The captain led the way up the main staircase, while the other passengers trailed behind them. On the cabin wall at the head of the stairs was posted the chart on which was traced the day's run of the ship, and beneath this was the date. But some one had pasted a slip of paper over the captain's figures, and in bold handwriting Marion now read:

"February 29, 1904."

"It's just for to-night," explained the captain. "That's the admiral's work. At sea we commanders can drop days and pick them up again if they're badly needed for an emergency. Our word is law."

Marion smiled for the first time since break-

fast. Something was in the wind, and she obediently followed her escort's lead to the after promenade deck. Then she uttered a

stripes, union jacks, and trailing pennants made a new ceiling beneath the awnings.

Signal-lamps and strings of Chinese lanterns, in fantastic dragon shapes, glowed against the beams and stanchions. Sailors had even hoisted the piano from the deck below. Grandest of all, there flamed in incandescent-light bulbs from the rear of this beautiful out-door room the welcoming motto:

"FEB. 29 — 1888 —
1904."

"Oh!" gasped Marion. "My two birthdays at last! Will you ever forgive me?"

"We did the best we could to make up for carelessness," said the captain, with a twinkle in his eye. "Here comes the admiral. He outranks me. He'll take care of you now."

The admiral led the bewildered girl to a flag-draped chair in the middle of this little fairyland of hers. Then six Chinese sailors shuffled in, bearing on their shoulders a huge cake, blazing with sixteen candles. After them came a file of stewards with violins, a cornet, two guitars, and a clarinet. They assembled themselves around the piano, Mrs. Walters bravely ad-



"SIX CHINESE SAILORS SHUFFLED IN, BEARING ON THEIR SHOULDERS A HUGE CAKE, BLAZING WITH SIXTEEN CANDLES."

little cry of astonished joy. Willing hands had worked wonders. The whole space was inclosed with gay bunting, like a fairy bower. Captain Holt had ransacked his lockers for signal-flags, and these curtained in the deck, while stars and

vanced to the keyboard, and the musicians merrily struck up, "Nancy Lee."

Then the admiral made a speech, and the captain made a speech, and the second mate did some wonderful tricks with cards, a sailor's

THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

! BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

CHAPTER VII.

COACHES AND PLAYERS.

OCTOBER was filled with hard work for the foot-ball players. Burlen and Warren and Pryor returned to practice at the end of their probation, and their presence in accustomed positions heartened the team. Bacon still held his place at quarter, although in two games he had been kept out of the play, his position being filled by Roy. But Roy had not had the experience gained by Bacon, and this, together with the fact that he and Horace did not work smoothly together, made it pretty certain that Bacon would go into the game with Hammond. Meanwhile, ever mindful of his promise to Jack Rogers, Roy worked like a Trojan on the second. Chub Eaton, inspired by his friendship for Roy, became a regular attendant at practice. The two boys had become inseparable. Whenever it was possible they were together.

Roy was getting on fairly well with his studies, too. His mother mentioned the scholarship less frequently nowadays in her letters, and his father asked sarcastically whether they taught anything besides foot-ball at Ferry Hill, but was secretly very proud of his son's success in that line.

Green Academy came and saw and conquered, Pottsville High School was sent home beaten, Cedar Cove School was defeated by a single point,—Jack himself kicked the goal that did it,—and lo! the schedule was almost at an end, with only the big game of the season, that with Hammond, looming up portentously ten days distant!

Only a severe illness kept a Ferry Hill student away from the field those days. Every afternoon some graduate or other appeared in a faded brown sweater, and, after watching practice awhile, suddenly darted into the fracas and laid down the law. Roy never forgot the day when Johnny King made his appearance.

Roy was one of the first on the field that afternoon, but Jack and Mr. Cobb were ahead of him, and with them was a big, broad-shouldered youth in his shirt-sleeves. The grad had the look of a chap who knew foot-ball, knew what he wanted and was bound to have it. Then the players assembled, went through a few minutes of catching and punting and signal line-up, and finally faced each other in two eager, determined lines. Mr. Cobb blew his whistle, and the first came through the second for a yard outside of left-tackle. By this time Roy had learned the identity of the graduate, and, when he could, he examined him with interest, remembering what Jack Rogers had told him of the last year's captain. For a while King had little to say. He merely followed the game as it went back and forth in the middle of the field. Then came a try around the second's left end, and Roy, running in, brought the first's left half-back to the earth. The tackle was a hard one, and the half-back lost the ball and sprang to his feet to find Roy edging toward the first's goal with it under his arm. It was the second's first down then, and Roy sent full-back crashing against the opposing left-guard for a yard and a half. That began an advance that the first was unable to stay. Roy was everywhere, and time and again, when the whistle had blown, he was found at the bottom of the heap, still trying to pull the runner ahead. But a fumble by the second's left-tackle, who had been drawn back for a plunge, changed the tide, and the ball went back to the first almost under its goal-posts. A halt was called, Johnny King conferred a moment with Mr. Cobb, and Roy was summoned to the first, Bacon slipping across to the other line. But Roy could have told King then and there that the change would n't pay, for he knew Horace Burlen. And it did n't. King frowned and puzzled during three plays. Then his brow lighted with an inspiration.

"Change those centers," he commanded.

Forrest, amazed and embarrassed by the unexpected honor, changed places with Horace.

"Somebody tell him the key-number for the signals," said King. "Forrest, let's see you wake up; you're too slow."

Things went better at once, and, Forrest and Roy working together like well-fitted parts of a machine, the ball went down the field on straight plays and over the line for the first score. But Forrest had to work, for Horace, smarting under the indignity of a return to the second, fought over every inch of the ground. The ball was taken from the first and given to Bacon. And then there was a different story to tell. Bacon piled his men through center, Horace getting the jump on Forrest every time and crashing through in spite of the efforts of the secondary defense. King shook his head and frowned. Then he called Jack Rogers out of the line and talked to him for a minute, while the players repaired broken laces and had their heated faces sponged off. Roy, making the rounds of the men, cheering and entreating, caught by accident a portion of the conversation between the two.

"That's where you've made your mistake," King was saying, sorrowfully. "You've failed to see the possibilities in Forrest. Slow? Sure he is; slow as an ice-wagon! He's too good-natured; I know the sort; but mark my words, Jack, if you can get him mad he'll play like a whirlwind! Oh, it's too late now; Bacon and Burlen are your best pair. Only—well, there's no use regretting. You've picked a good team, and if you can ginger them up you'll stand to win. Give Forrest a chance in the second half; and put Porter in with him. They're a good pair. Too bad Porter can't work better with Burlen; he's a streak, that kid! But—"

Roy moved out of hearing, and presently he and Forrest were back on the second team and were soon hammering their way down the field again with their utmost power. The first fifteen-minute half ended with the ball in possession of the second on the first's twenty-yard line.



"EVEN HARDY PORTER DIDN'T AGREE, THE WHITE ONE WAVED HIS FLAG VALIANTLY." (SEE PAGE 204)

"I had begun to think that you had made the first that time for sure," said Chub, as he and Roy walked back to the campus together a half hour or more later. "And I believe you would have made it, too, if Horace had n't passed the ball like an idiot."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GAME WITH HAMMOND.

THE gridiron, freshly marked, glistened under bright sunlight. On the far side, overflowing from the small stand out upon the turf, were Hammond's supporters. Opposite were the Ferry Hill hordes. Here were Doctor Emery, Mrs. Emery, and Harry, the latter armed with a brown-and-white banner. Beyond was Roy, one of a half-dozen blanketed forms; still farther along, on the side-line, was Chub Eaton, and from where he sat, down to the distant thirty-yard line, boys with brown-and-white flags and tin horns were scattered.

The two teams had been facing each other for fifteen minutes, during which the ball had hovered almost continuously in mid-field. And now, for the fourth time, it had changed hands, and Bacon was crying his signals. From the Ferry Hill supporters came a rattling cheer: "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Ferry Hill! Ferry Hill! Ferry Hill!'"

And from across the field of battle swept back, mocking and defiant, Hammond's parody: "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Very ill! Very ill! Very ill!'"

Then cheers were forgotten, for Kirby, Ferry Hill's full-back, was tearing a gash in the red line outside of right-guard. He was almost free of the enemy when Pool, the opposing quarter, dragged him down. But twelve yards is something to gladden the heart when for a quarter of an hour half-yard gains have been the rule.

Another break in the cherry-hued line, and Ferry Hill was down on the opponent's thirty-yard line. Then came two unsuccessful attempts to get through the center, followed by a double-pass that barely gained the necessary five yards. Chub was cheering now, and so were all the others on that side of the gridiron. Even Harry joined her shrill voice, the while she waved her flag valiantly. Again the brown charged into the enemy's line, but this time her attack was broken into fragments. A tandem on right-tackle failed to regain more than a yard of the lost ground, and Pryor, left half-back, fell back for the kick. It was a poor attempt, the ball shooting almost straight into

air. When it came down the Hammond right-tackle found it, fought his way over two white streaks, and was finally pulled to earth on the forty-yard line. Then the tide of battle turned with a vengeance. Back over the field went Hammond, using her heavy backs in a tackle-tandem formation with telling effect. The gains were short but frequent. The wings caught the worst of the hammering, for at center Hammond found it impossible to gain, although Jones, her much-heralded center-rush, was proving himself a good match for Horace Burlen. The backs saved the day time and again, bringing down the runner when almost clear of the line. Hammond tried no tricks, but pinned her faith to straight foot-ball, relying upon an exceptionally heavy and fast set of backs. Down to Ferry Hill's twenty-five yards swept the line of battle, slowly, irrevocably. There the brown-clad line held against the enemy and received the ball on downs.

The brown's first attempt netted scarcely a yard. Their second, a quarter-back run, came to an inglorious end, Bacon being nailed well back of the line. Then, with six yards to gain on the third down, Pryor once more fell back for a kick. This time he got the ball off well, and the opponents went racing back up the field. Hammond's quarter gathered it in, reeled off some ten yards, and was brought down. Once again the advance began, and soon, before the fifty-five-yard line had been passed, the Ferry Hill supporters saw with dismay that Hammond was aiming her attack, and not without success, at the center of her opponent's line. Horace Burlen was weakening, and although Fernald and Gallup, on either side, were aiding him with all their power, Hammond's tandem plunged through his position again and again for small gains. Bacon's voice, hoarse and strained, coaxed and commanded; but down to the forty yards went the cherry-and-black, and from there to the thirty-five, and from there, but by shorter gains now, to the thirty.

"Hold 'em! Hold 'em! Hold 'em!" was the cry from the wavers of the brown-and-white banners. But it was far easier said than done. Once more within sight of a score, Hammond was desperately determined to reach that last white line. To the twenty-five yards she crept,

and then she was almost to the twenty. A long plunge through center and the fifteen was close at hand. But just as the wearied and much battered defense crawled to their feet, a whistle shrilled sharply and the half was over. And Jack Rogers, as he limped across the trampled turf to the bench, thanked his star for the timely intervention.

The players disappeared through the gate to the gymnasium, followed by Mr. Cobb and a handful of graduates. Chub ran up to Roy.

"Everybody says you 'll go in this half," he whispered.

"I won't get in unless Forrest does," answered Roy.

"Well, he 's sure to. Why, Horace is almost done up already! Look at the way Hammond was plowing through him! Say, that 's a great tandem of theirs, is n't it?"

"It would n't be so much against a team that got started quicker. Our line 's too plaguey slow, and half of them are playing away up in the air. Look at Hadden! Rogers ought to make him get down on his knees. Here they come!"

The greater part of the second half was almost a repetition of the first. Both teams were playing straight foot-ball, and it would be difficult to say which was the more aggressive. For a time the ball was in Ferry Hill's territory, and then for another ten minutes in Hammond's. There were many nerve-racking moments, but each side, whenever its goal seemed in danger, was lucky enough to get the ball on downs and, by a long punt, send it out to the middle of the field.

Hammond had gained a lot of ground at a cost of much strength, only to be turned back thrice. It began to look as though fate were against her. Once, the sight of the two teams lined up almost under Hammond's goal brought joy to the hearts of the friends of the brown, and the cheering took on a new tone, that of hope. But the ball was still in the enemy's hands, and once more the advance began. They hammered hard at Burlen and gained their distance. They swooped down on Walker and trampled over him. They thrust Gallup aside and went marching through until the secondary defense piled them up in a heap. But it was slower going

now, there was more time between plays, and knowing ones amongst the watchers predicted a scoreless game. And there was scarcely twelve minutes left.

The Hammond players clung to the ball like grim death. On her twenty-five yards she made a gain of three yards through center, and when the pile of writhing bodies had been untangled, Horace Burlen still lay upon the sod. Roy turned quickly toward Forrest. That youth was watching calmly and chewing a blade of grass. Failing to catch his eye, Roy looked for Mr. Cobb. Already he was heading toward them.

"Forrest!" he called. And Forrest slowly climbed to his feet.

"Porter!" And Roy was up like a flash, had tossed aside his blanket and was awaiting orders.

CHAPTER IX.

FORREST LOSES HIS TEMPER AND ROY KEEPS HIS PROMISE.

THE coach led Roy and Forrest to the field and gave them his orders.

"Get in there, you two," he said briskly, "and show what you can do. What you 've got to do—*got* to do, mind!—is to keep them away from your goal-line. Forrest, if you ever moved quick in your life, do it now. Their center 's a good man, but he 's been playing pretty nearly an hour and is tired. He 'll play foul, too, I guess; Burlen's face is pretty well colored up. But don't you dare to slug back at him; understand?"

Forrest nodded smilingly.

"And as for you, Porter, just you play the best game you know. And keep every fellow's courage up; that 's half of it. I 'm taking Rogers out,—he 's not fit to stand up any longer,—and you 'll act as captain. You 'll know what to do on defense, and if you get the ball remember the ends. Give Whitcomb a chance; I think you can get through between tackle and end. Don't be afraid to take risks; if you get the ball, risk anything!"

Roy and Forrest trotted toward the group of players. Burlen and Rogers were coming unwillingly off, the latter limping badly. Jack Rogers turned from his course to speak to them.

"Good boy, Forrest!" he panted. "Porter, remember your promise!"

Roy nodded and sprinted into the group.

"All right now!" he cried cheerfully. "Get into it, everybody! You fellows in the line have got to play lower. Get down there, Walker; you're up in the clouds. Charge into 'em now! Look at 'em! They're beaten already!"

Then he retreated up the field and watched.

Hammond had replaced her left-tackle and left-half with fresh men, and when the whistle blew went to work again as though she meant business. A straight plunge by the new left-half gained a yard through Gallup. Then the tandem formed again, and again the hammering began. Presently Roy saw that Forrest had been picked out for attention, and was getting a lot of it. Two gains through him in quick succession brought the ball back to the thirty yards. Roy raced up to the line.

"Forrest, if you let 'em through here once more I'll lick you till you can't stand up!" shouted Roy, his blue eyes blazing.

After the next attack at center, Roy again ran up. Forrest turned with a bleeding nose and a new light in his eyes.

"You don't need to scold," he said quietly. "He just handed me this."

"No slugging, remember!"

"I won't slug; I'll just play ball!"

And he did. There were no more gains through center while play lasted. Time and again Jones, the big Hammond center, was literally lifted off his feet by Forrest's savage onslaught; twice the pass was practically spoiled. Forrest was angry, and, being angry, forgot both his good-nature and his slowness. Hammond soon transferred her attention to the wings again, and found a fairly vulnerable spot where Jack Rogers had given place to a substitute. But there was no chance for her to score, and she knew it. Now she was only killing time, determined to keep the ball in her possession and guard her goal until the whistle blew. And she would have done it, too, had not Forrest lost his temper. That blow on the nose hurt, and he set out to make life as unpleasant as possible for his adversary. He did n't slug once, but he pushed and hauled and upset Jones until that gentleman was thor-

oughly exasperated. Finally, when the ball had been worked back to the center of the field and the word had gone around that there was only nine minutes of time left, Forrest spoiled a snap-back, the ball trickled from Pool's hands, and Forrest plunged through and fell upon it.

Roy raced in, crying signals as he came. Time was called while the Hammond center and the Hammond captain made vain appeals to have the ball returned to them, claiming interference with the snapper-back. But, as before, they were denied, and the two teams lined up again, this time with the ball in Forrest's hands.

"7, 6, 43, 89!" called Roy, and Whitcomb, with the pigskin snuggled in his elbow, was racing around left end. All of eight yards gained, and the crowd on the side-line wild with delight. Flags waved and horns shrieked, and over it all, or so Roy thought, could be heard the shrill voice of Harry.

It was a time for risks, the coach had said, and Roy took them. Over and over he attempted hazardous plays that ought not to have succeeded, but that did, partly, perhaps, because of their very improbability. The wavers of the brown-and-white banners had visions of a score. But they were not considering the fact that the timer's watch proclaimed but five minutes left.

Five minutes was not time enough for Ferry Hill to rush the ball from the forty yards down to the goal-line for a score, even when the backs were getting two, three, and even four yards at a plunge. But even those who up until the last moment had hoped that the brown, by merit or fluke, would win out, could not but feel almost satisfied at the ending of the game. For now Ferry Hill was outplaying Hammond man for man, in spite of the fact that what superiority there was in age and weight was with the rival team. Both elevens were tired, but the Ferry Hill warriors fought harder, more determinedly, every moment. Chub, watching anxiously, turned to Sidney Welch.

"Sid," said Chub, "if we had another quarter of an hour to play we'd lick 'em sure as fishing! Why, we're playing better every

minute! And look at Roy Porter! He is just getting warmed up. Did you ever see a man run a team any better, eh? And look at the way he gets around, himself, will you? Why, he's into everything! He reminds me of Snip out in the barn. I saw Snip kill a rat, bite the cow's leg, chase a fly, and scratch his ear all inside of ten seconds one day. And Roy's just like him. And, just between you and me, Sid, the fellows are working better for him than they did for Bacon; but maybe it's

that cheer; it proclaimed confidence and affection, and it heartened them so that when the dust of battle had blown aside the man with the ball lay across the thirty-yard line.

It was maddening. Only thirty yards to go, only six trampled white lines to cross, and not time enough to do it, unless— Roy called for time to tie a lace, and while he bent over his shoe he thought hard. Ever since he had taken charge of the team he had been studying the disposition of the enemy's force. He had one



NEW JERSEY. THE CRIMSON SWEATER. THE CRIMSON SWEATER. THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

because they're finding their pace. The whistle will blow, I'll bet a cooky, just when we're on the edge of a score! Look at Jack Rogers; he's over there by the side-lines. See? I'll bet he does n't know whether he's on his head or his feet, and I don't believe he could tell you his name this minute if you asked him. Here, let's give 'em a cheer."

Chub leaped to his feet and in a moment the slogan was thundering across the field to where eleven brown-clad figures were forming once more against the foe. And it did them good,

more trump to play—a quarter-back run. He had kept it for the last because he did not want to appear to be seeking personal glory. For that reason he had given every one of the backs, as well as the two tackles, a chance. But while they had made good gains, they had failed to get clear for a run. And now he was surely entitled to a try himself. Not that he was very hopeful of succeeding where the others had failed; for Pool, the rival quarter, was a veritable wonder, and time and again had called the play in time to allow the back-field

to spoil the run. But time was almost up—there could not be more than three minutes remaining, and it was now or never.

The ball was on Hammond's twenty-eight yards, and well over to the left of the gridiron. Pool had halved the distance to his goal, and was standing there on his toes, somewhat over toward the right, watching like a lynx. The whistle blew and Roy called his signals. Right-tackle fell back of the line, and left-half and full formed behind him in tandem. The attack was straight at center, and with Forrest heaving and shoving, and half and full pushing from behind, tackle went through for two yards. Again the same formation and the same point of attack. But this time Hammond's backs were there, and the gain was less than a yard. It was third down and a trifle over two to go. Once more the signals and the tandem. But as the backs, led by right tackle, plunged forward, Roy, with the ball hidden at his side, dodged behind them and sped along the line toward the right. For a moment the ruse went undiscovered, but before he had reached his opening between tackle and end, Pool had seen him and had started to head him off. Then, as luck would have it, Roy's own right-end got in his way, and Roy was forced to run behind him. That settled the fate of the attempt at a touchdown. Pool was close up to him now. Roy ran across the field in an attempt to shake him off, but to no purpose. He had not gained a foot, and he knew it. There was no use in heading toward the side of the field any longer; he must try to capture the necessary two yards. So, swinging quickly, he headed in, got one of the yards, made a brave attempt to dodge the wily Pool, and came to earth.

"Hammond's ball; first down!" called the referee.

Roy trotted back up the field, trying his best not to show his disappointment. Hammond was not going to take any risks there in front of her goal, and so her quarter fell back for a punt. Pryor ran back to cover the left of the field. Roy heard the signals called, and then saw the Ferry Hill forwards plunge through in an endeavor to block the kick. Then the ball was arching up against the darkening sky. For a moment it was impossible to judge of the

direction. Then Roy was running to the right and back up the field. It was a splendid punt and must have covered all of fifty yards, for when the ball settled into Roy's arms he was near his own thirty-five-yard line.

For once the tuckered Hammond ends were slow in getting down, and for a moment Roy had an open field. With Pryor leading, he dashed straight up the middle of the field. At least he would put the ball back in Hammond territory. Ten yards, and then Pryor met the first of the enemy. Roy swerved and dodged the second. Then the foe was thick in front of him. The Ferry Hill players turned and raced beside him, forming hasty interference, and for a while he sped on unmolested, to the wild shrieks of the watchers. Then the Hammond left-half broke through and dove at him. Somehow, in what way he could never have told, he escaped that tackle, but it had forced him toward the side of the field. The fifty-five-yard line was behind him now. Back of him pounded the feet of friend and foe alike; ahead of him were the Hammond right-half and quarter, the former almost at hand. Roy edged a bit into the field, for the side-line was coming dangerously near. Then he feinted, felt the half-backs clutch on his knee, wrenched himself loose, and went staggering, spinning on. He had recovered in another five yards, and was running swiftly again. He had little fear of being caught from behind, for he believed himself a match for any runner on the Hammond eleven; but in front of him was Pool, coming up warily with eager, outstretched hands, striving to drive him out of bounds. Roy cast an anxious glance toward the goal-line and his heart leaped. The final white streak looked encouragingly near. Then he shifted the ball to his right arm, and turned acutely toward the middle of the field. Pool was directly in his path now, as Roy, fighting for breath, sped on straight for the goal. For one instant the quarter's eyes burned into his. Then the decisive moment had come, and Roy, taking a deep breath, gathered himself. Forward shot the enemy in a splendid diving tackle, clutching fingers outspread. But the fingers grasped the empty air; for as he left the ground, Roy, the ball clutched tightly

against his breast, leaped upward and forward, clearing him by a foot.

From there to the goal-line was only a romp, although he had to fight hard for breath, and although the defeated right half-back was close behind him all the way. Straight between the posts he staggered, placed the ball on the turf, and rolled over on his back beside it. Somewhere they were cheering madly, and nearer at hand people were shouting. Then, recovering from his momentary giddiness, Roy opened his eyes, shut them again because some one was slapping a great cold, wet sponge over his face, and then sat up. Some one gave him a hand, and he got upon his feet, swayed a little dizzily,

and then found himself in the grip of what at first seemed a bear and afterward turned out to be Jack Rogers.

"You remembered your promise, Porter," Jack was saying softly; "and I'll not forget mine. You're a trump!"

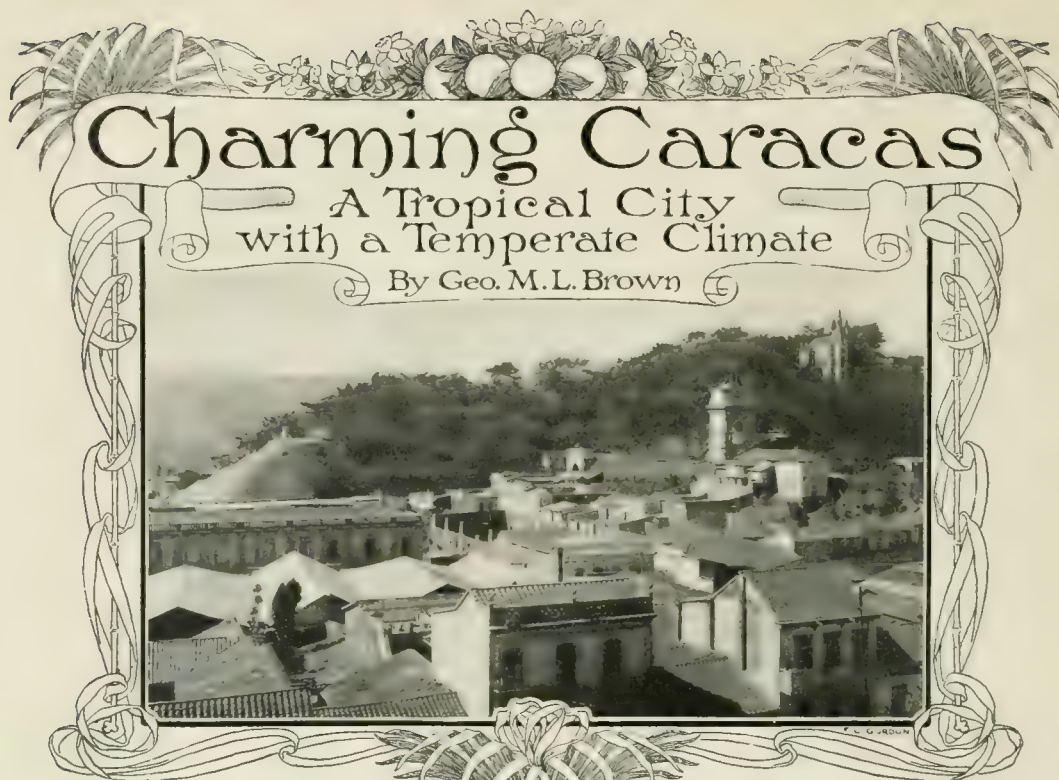
Pryor failed miserably at the try for goal, but who cared? Surely not Jack Rogers, leading the cheer for his defeated rivals; nor Roy, dodging his fellows as he tried to steal away to the gymnasium; nor Harry, waving her brown-and-white flag and shrieking lustily; least of all the throng of fellows who, with banners flying and tin horns sounding, danced madly around the field in the November twilight.

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC TROUBLES IN AFRICA.



THE NEWS: "AT THIS EARLY HOUR OF MORNING, I'LL GIVE NOTICE TO MRS. BULL THAT I'M GOING TO SEE 'EM NEXT WEEK!"



IN traveling in Venezuela it is not enough to ask how far distant a place is, but also how far up or down,—in other words, what its altitude is,—and, no less important, what hills and valleys have to be crossed. Thus it is not only necessary to know that Caracas is six miles distant in a straight line from La Guayra, its seaport, but that it lies at an elevation of nearly half a mile above sea-level, and that to reach it one has to cross a mountain-wall rising far above the clouds. This, to the experienced traveler means that he must prepare for an entirely different climate.

There are, in all, four ways of reaching Caracas from La Guayra; but almost every traveler, except a few adventurous tourists, goes by the railroad. This trip, indeed, seems perilous enough to those taking it for the first time, as the train winds and twists its way up the mountain-side till one trembles to look into the dizzy depth beneath him, and shudders to think what might happen if the power should fail, or a car become detached and dash down the steep incline. As a matter of fact, however,

the railroad is one of the safest in the world, and so much care is taken by the management that not one passenger has lost his life during the twenty years that the road has been operated. The distance by rail is twenty-four miles, and the journey lasts two hours.

Previous to the opening of the railroad, the people traveled back and forth on an old high-way built by the early Spaniards; and even to-day much freight is transported by pack-donkey over this route, especially cans of kerosene, which seem just fitted—as I believe they are—for the backs of these sturdy little burden-bearers.

The other two routes are simply paths.

The second path or trail leads directly over the mountain, and is the shortest route in distance—not in time—that one can take. This I tried to climb in company with the ship's surgeon on the day of my arrival, and the experience is one that I shall not soon forget.

The scenery along the way is magnificent. Nowhere else on earth—even Teneriffe not excepted—is such a mighty cliff to be found rising

abruptly from the ocean; and when one reaches a height of three or four thousand feet and takes his parting view of La Guayra, it seems as if he were looking down upon the town and the decks of the vessels from another world. At this altitude we were well above the clouds, and when they closed in, as they presently did, shutting off the sea and the sun-parched strip of coast, I could almost imagine that an ocean of froth had hidden forever the familiar waters of the Spanish Main.

But we had much to think of besides the scenery. We were tired and thirsty, and had yet a long way to climb.

"I should like to meet the man who told us we could walk it in four hours!" growled my companion.

"But, doctor," I exclaimed, suddenly jumping to my feet, "he said we could go *from Caracas to La Guayra* in four hours. What ever were we thinking of!"

"Well, is there any difference?" asked the doctor.

"Of course there is," I laughed — "a difference of three thousand feet *down* instead of *up*!" Strange to say, it had not occurred to either of us till that moment.

The valley of Caracas, in fact, is simply a pocket situated high up among the hilltops, and the wonder is how Losada, the Spanish knight who founded the city, ever reached such an inaccessible place. Indeed, fortunate would

it have been for succeeding generations if he had never discovered it, though the valley is so



A DELICIOUS VIEW ON THE LA GUAYRA AND CARACAS RAILWAY.

beautiful and the climate so cool and refreshing that one is at first inclined to agree with Humboldt, the great traveler and scientist, who declared it to be an ideal spot.

Nevertheless, Humboldt knew from the for-



AMERICAN WAGON BUS GOING OFF LA GUAYRA.

mation of the land that Caracas would always be in danger of destruction by earthquake, and the first fulfilment of his prophecy took place in 1812, when the entire city was reduced to ruins, and twelve thousand people were killed. Between 1812 and 1900, though many slight shocks were experienced, only one caused sufficient damage to be recorded in history; but in the latter year the city was badly shaken, several lives were lost, and a great many buildings injured. The people were in a dreadful panic and camped in the gardens and public parks for three weeks. This was in October, and as most of the violent shocks have occurred at that time (although the greatest catastrophe took place in April), the autumn months are known as the earthquake season.

As a slight offset to this, Caracas, like most Spanish-American cities, is singularly free from



STATUE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON IN CARACAS.



A SCENE IN CARACAS AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1900.
REPAIRING A DAMAGED HOUSE.

fires; and although an occasional blaze takes place, the police have no difficulty in preventing the spread of the flames. This, of course, is due to the structure of the houses, both the outer and inner walls of which, and frequently

the floors and ceilings, are of masonry. Imagine a city of seventy-five thousand people without a fire-engine, a hose-reel, or even a regular fireman!

Quite as useless in the average South American city is an elevator, and I doubt if one could be found in all Venezuela. But the telephone, the telegraph, electric lights, and many other modern inventions have long since been introduced.

I arrived in Caracas in the wet season, which, strangely enough, lasts throughout the summer months, winter being dry and pleasant. South of the equator, of course, in Brazil, Argentina, and the neighboring republics, June, July, and August — our summer — also constitute the wet season; but these are the winter months of the southern hemisphere, and seem the proper time for the rains. Caracas, however, lies ten degrees north of the equator, and its seasons, one would suppose, would correspond with our own. But the traveler in South America soon ceases to marvel at such contradictions, for he may find two districts, separated only by a few

miles of mountains, and frequently of the same altitude, one of which has two seasons and the other four. Indeed, he may find adjacent valleys enjoying seasons the reverse of each other, while near by may be a coast town which can boast of but one season, year in, year out, a sultry, never-ending July.

Just what Caracas would do without its rainy season I cannot imagine, for the city is far from being clean and sanitary. Garbage is thrown into the yards for the vultures to feed upon; dust and papers accumulate in the streets; and the visitor is about to pronounce the city the dirtiest he has ever seen, when Nature suddenly decides to put things to rights. An ordinary rainfall would not suffice now; a thorough flushing is needed, and nothing short of a deluge will do it.

But somewhere up in the mountain-tops the deluge is forming, and presently a great, black vapor overspreads the valley. It comes slowly at first, as if to warn the people to go indoors, but when it has acquired sufficient density it falls. In a moment, almost, the streets and courtyards are flooded, the fantastic waterspouts that overhang the sidewalks pour out their streams like gigantic kettle-spouts, and so loud is the noise of the splashing and spattering

that the stranger is really alarmed lest the roof should give in.

Half an hour later one tiptoes along the shiny pavements, as if over a newly scrubbed floor;



A VISITOR TROTTING UP THE MOUNTAIN.

above him is a sky of spotless blue, while the only clouds to be seen are insignificant patches of white along the mountain-sides. Yet, in an incredibly short space of time the whole process may be repeated.

Those who have read of Caracas as the "Paris of South America" may wonder how a city so backward can claim such a title. But Caracas



A GENERAL VIEW OF CARACAS.



A VENEZUELAN NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

was not always in her present condition. Some time ago, Venezuela had a president, or dictator, named Guzman-Blanco, who was a most remarkable man. He was extremely arbitrary in all that he undertook, and often unjust; but he did more for the country, and especially for

the capital, than all the presidents who have preceded or followed him.

It was during his régime — which is a more correct word to use than presidency — that foreign investors were invited to build railroads, establish steamship-lines, and to develop the great resources of the country. He did a great deal for education, too, and urged the people to make Venezuela the most enlightened and progressive republic in all Spanish America.

As a Venezuelan president cannot remain in office two terms in succession, Guzman-Blanco appointed a successor at the end of his first term, and went as ambassador to Paris, where, however, he ruled the country as arbitrarily as if he were at home. At the end of his “dummy’s” term he returned to assume office, and by this means he kept the “reins of power,” as they say in the histories, for a long period.

It was from living so much in Paris that he conceived the idea of making Caracas a distant rival of the French metropolis; and although it is as absurd to compare them as it would be to compare New York and Dawson City, yet it must be admitted that he accomplished wonders. He paved the streets with stone, and had them



THREE POTENTATES. THESE BOYS, DURING A RECENT CARNIVAL, REPRESENTED THE THREE RACES IN VENEZUELA: THE INDIAN, THE WHITE, AND THE NEGRO.



THE PALACE OF JUSTICE.

has never had the same prosperity since; and as for Caracas, it is a very different city from the "little Paris" of Guzman-Blanco.

Yet Caracas is a charming place to spend a vacation in. One never tires of watching the pack-trains arriving with loads of coffee, cocoa, or market produce, or setting out with all manner of queer merchandise for the country estates. Then there is the market, where one is sure to find some new variety of fruit or vegetable, no

kept scrupulously clean; he built a magnificent capitol; an opera-house that would not look out of place in Madrid; a national pantheon, where the bodies of Bolivar and other patriots were placed; and so many hospitals, charitable institutions, and public buildings that one wonders what all the presidents before him did. The later presidents, it must be admitted, have even failed to keep the public institutions in repair. Besides all this, Guzman-Blanco laid out a fine park on a rocky hill within the city limits, and beautified the many plazas, erecting statues of the national heroes, not forgetting himself.

The idea of a president erecting statues in his own honor strikes an American or an Englishman as so funny that he can hardly credit it when told that Guzman-Blanco did it repeatedly, besides having his portrait placed in so many public buildings that one could not go anywhere without being confronted with his likeness. Furthermore, he called himself the "Illustrious American," and placed his name and title upon all the other statues that he erected, as if to divide the honors with the dead. But he overstepped the mark, and when finally overthrown and sent into exile, his portraits and statues were quickly demolished, his beautiful home was looted, and even his valuable coffee and cocoa estates ruined. Poor Venezuela! she

matter how often he visits it. Even more interesting to me are the quaint houses which seem so many centuries behind the times, and



THE GARDEN OF THE PALACE OF JUSTICE.

yet present such delightful vistas as one glances through their forbidding doorways. And, of



AT THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CASTRO, CARACAS, 1902. THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAPITOL.

course, there are excursions to be made on every side: tramps across the valley among the banana and sugar-cane plantations, or up the hillside to see a coffee-estate.

I say *tramp*, for that is the exercise I have usually indulged in; but to the boys and girls who visit Caracas I would recommend a much livelier diversion — riding donkey-back. What the hire per hour would be, I cannot state; but when I stopped to admire a lively little burro, which I said to myself would be just the thing

for a wee lassie I know in New York, the driver offered to sell him to me outright for twelve dollars. The present President of Venezuela is General Cipriano Castro, who in 1899 led a revolt against the government of President Andrade. The latter's troops were defeated and Castro proclaimed himself provisional President. He held this office successfully against Andrade, and in 1901 he was regularly elected by the Venezuelan Congress to serve out Andrade's unexpired term. He holds office until 1908.

A CAPITAL GUESS.

"FOR whom was our national capital named?"
the teacher asked one day,
And Johnny Jones responded, in his hesitat-
ing way —

But clearly proved beyond a doubt he had
the fact, at least,—
"Our Washington, D. C., was named for Wash-
ington, deceased."

Nixon Waterman.

THE SNAP-SHOT.

BY EDWIN L. SALIN.

"COME on; all ready. Stand right there.
I'll tell you when I'm taking. Wait—
I've got to focus. Now! Prepare!
No, no—the camera's not straight.
How far is it, do you suppose?
I'm focussing at twenty feet.
No, papa need n't change his clothes.
And does n't baby look *too* sweet!

"Now! Wait a minute—I can't get
You all in, somehow. Mama, please
Move close to papa—closer yet;
Or sit, with baby on your knees.
I'll move back, too, a little bit.
Now! Wait—you're partly in the shade.
I guess that mama'll have to sit,
Or else she won't show, I'm afraid.

"And, papa, you sit, too. Let's see—
No, that won't do; your feet are out
Of focus. They would look, to be
As big as ferry-boats, about!
Turn catty-corner—there! Now! No,
That won't do. Wait. I guess we planned
Best way at first. You seem so low.
Perhaps you *all* had better stand.

"No! Wait!—until the sun is bright.
How mean a cloud should interfere!
You're all three now exactly right!
Just fine! And baby's moved! Oh, dear!
But there—it's coming out! Now, quick!
Here, baby! Look at sister—look!
Just look at sis—I'm taking!" (Click!)
"There, now! It's over with. You're 'took.'"





CONGRESSMAN LINCOLN.—“HE ALWAYS BROUGHT A CHEERY ATMOSPHERE INTO THE DINING-ROOM.”

THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY HELEN NICOLAY.

IV.

CONGRESSMAN LINCOLN.

HOPEFUL and cheerful as he ordinarily seemed, there was in Mr. Lincoln's disposition a strain of deep melancholy. This was not peculiar to him alone, for the pioneers as a race were somber rather than gay. Their lives had been passed for generations under the most trying physical conditions near malaria-infested streams, and where they breathed the poison of decaying vegetation. Insufficient shelter, storms, the cold of winter, savage enemies, and the cruel labor that killed off all but the hardiest of them, had at the same time killed the happy-go-lucky gaiety of an easier form of life. They were thoughtful, watchful, wary; capable indeed of wild merriment: but it has been said that although a pioneer might laugh, he could not easily be made to smile. Lincoln's mind was unusually sound and sane and normal. He had a cheerful, wholesome, sunny nature, yet he had inherited the strongest traits of the pioneers, and there was in him, moreover, much of the poet, with a poet's great capacity for joy and pain. It is not strange that as he developed into manhood, especially when his deeper nature began to feel the stirrings of ambition and of love, that these seasons of depression and gloom came upon him with overwhelming force.

During his childhood he had known few women, save his mother, and that kind, God-fearing woman his stepmother, who did so much to make his childhood hopeful and happy. No man ever honored women more truly than did Abraham Lincoln; while all the qualities that caused men to like him—his strength, his ambition, his kindness—served equally to make him a favorite with them. In the years of his young manhood three women greatly occupied his thoughts. The first was the slender, fair-haired Ann Rutledge, whom he

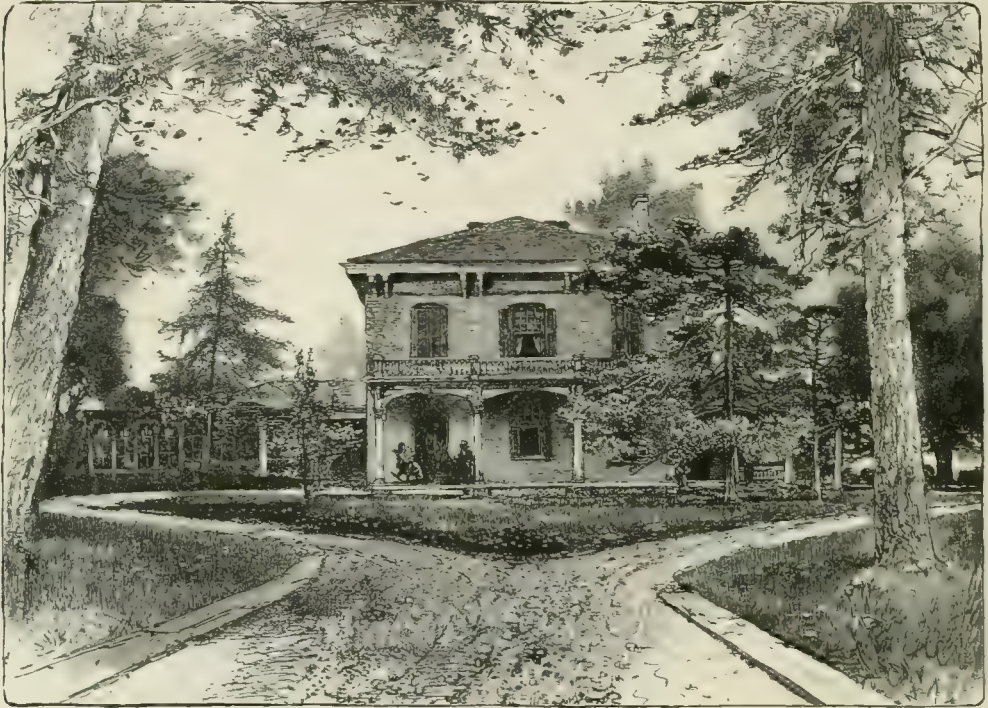
very likely saw for the first time as she stood with the group of mocking people on the riverbank, near her father's mill, the day Lincoln's flatboat stuck on the dam at New Salem. It was her death, two years before he went to live at Springfield, that brought on the first attack of melancholy of which we know, causing him such deep grief that for a time his friends feared his sorrow might drive him insane.

Another friend was Mary Owens, a Kentucky girl, very different from the gentle, blue-eyed Ann Rutledge, but worthy in every way of a man's affections. She had visited her sister in New Salem several years before, and Lincoln remembered her as a tall, handsome, well-educated young woman, who could be serious as well as gay, and who was considered wealthy. In the autumn of 1836, her sister, Mrs. Able, then about to start on a visit to Kentucky, jokingly offered to bring Mary back if Lincoln would promise to marry her. He, also in jest, agreed to do so. Much to his astonishment, he learned, a few months later, that she had actually returned with Mrs. Able, and his sensitive conscience made him feel that the jest had turned into real earnest, and that he was in duty bound to keep his promise if she wished him to do so. They had both changed since they last met; neither proved quite pleasing to the other, yet an odd sort of courtship was kept up, until, sometime after Lincoln went to live in Springfield, Miss Owens put an end to the affair by refusing him courteously but firmly. Meantime he lived through much unhappiness and uncertainty of spirit, and made up his mind "never again to think of marrying": a resolution which he kept—until another Kentucky girl drove it from his thoughts.

Springfield had by this time become very lively and enterprising. There was a deal of "flourishing around in carriages," as Lincoln wrote Miss Owens, and business and politics

and society all played an active part in the life of the little town. The meetings of the legislature brought to the new capital a group of young men of unusual talent and ability. There was friendly rivalry between them, and party disputes ran high, but social good-humor prevailed, and the presence of these brilliant young people, later to become famous as Presidential candidates, cabinet ministers, senators, congressmen, orators, and battle heroes, lent to the social gatherings of Springfield a zest rarely found in larger places.

and although as poor as a church mouse, was quite as welcome anywhere as the men who wore ruffled shirts and could carry gold watches. Miss Todd soon singled out and held the admiration of such of the Springfield beaux as pleased her somewhat wilful fancy, and Lincoln, being much at the Edwards house, found himself, almost before he knew it, entangled in a new love-affair. In the course of a twelvemonth he was engaged to marry her, but something, nobody knows what or how, happened to break the engagement, and to



THE HOUSE IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS MARRIED.

Into the midst of this gaiety came Mary Todd of Kentucky, twenty-one years old, handsome, accomplished, and witty — a dashing and fascinating figure in dress and conversation. She was the sister of Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, whose husband was a prominent Whig member of the legislature — one of the "Long Nine," as these men were known. Their added height was said to be fifty-five feet, and they easily made up in influence what they lacked in numbers. Lincoln was the "tallest" of them all in body and in mind,

plunge him again in a very sea of wretchedness. Nor is it necessary that we should know about it further than that a great trouble came upon him, which he bore nobly, after his kind. Few men have had his stern sense of duty, his tenderness of heart, his conscience, so easy toward others, so merciless toward himself. The trouble preyed upon his mind until he could think of nothing else. He became unable to attend to business, or to take any part in the life around him. Fearing for his reason as well as for his health if this continued, his good

friend Joshua F. Speed carried him off, whether he wished or no, for a visit to his own home in Kentucky. Here they stayed for some time, and Lincoln grew much better, returning to Springfield about midsummer, almost his old self, though far from happy.

An affair that helped to bring the lovers together again is so out of keeping with the rest of his life, that it would deserve mention for that reason, if for no other. This is nothing less than Lincoln's first and only duel. It happened that James Shields, afterward a general in two wars and a senator from two States, was at that time auditor of the State of Illinois, with his office at Springfield. He was a Democrat, and an Irishman by birth, with an Irishman's quick temper and readiness to take offense. He had given orders about collecting certain taxes which displeased the Whigs, and shortly after Lincoln came back from Kentucky a series of humorous letters ridiculing the auditor and his order appeared in the Springfield paper, to the great amusement of the townspeople and the fury of Shields. These letters were dated from the "Lost Townships," and were supposed to be written by a farmer's widow signing herself "Aunt Rebecca." The real writers were Miss Todd and a clever friend, who undertook them more for the purpose of poking fun at Shields than for party effect. In framing the political part of their attack, they had found it necessary to consult Lincoln, and he obligingly set them a pattern by writing the first letter himself.

Shields sent to the editor of the paper to find out the name of the real "Rebecca." The editor, as in duty bound, consulted Lincoln, and was told to give Lincoln's name, but not to mention the ladies. Shields then sent Lincoln an angry challenge; and Lincoln, who considered the whole affair ridiculous, and would willingly have explained his part in it if Shields had made a gentlemanly inquiry, chose as weapons "broadwords of the largest size," and named as conditions of the duel that a plank ten feet long be firmly fixed on edge in the ground, as a line over which neither combatant was to pass his foot upon forfeit of his life. Next, lines were to be drawn upon the ground on each side of the plank, parallel with it, at the

distance of the whole length of the sword and three feet additional. The passing of his own line by either man was to be deemed a surrender of the fight.

It is easy to see from these conditions that Lincoln refused to consider the matter seriously, and determined to treat it as absurdly as it deserved. He and Shields, and their respective seconds, with the broadswords, hurried away to an island in the Mississippi River, opposite Alton; but long before the plank was set up, or swords were drawn, mutual friends took the matter out of the hands of the seconds, and declared a settlement of the difficulty.

The affair created much talk and merriment in Springfield, but Lincoln found in it more than comedy. By means of it he and Miss Todd were again brought together in friendly interviews, and on November 4, 1842, they were married at the house of Mr. Edwards. Four children were born of this marriage: Robert Todd Lincoln, August 1, 1843; Edward Baker Lincoln, March 10, 1846; William Wallace Lincoln, December 21, 1850; and Thomas Lincoln, April 4, 1853. Edward died while a baby; William, in the White House, February 20, 1862; Thomas, in Chicago, July 15, 1871; and the mother, Mary Lincoln, in Springfield, July 16, 1882. Robert Lincoln was graduated from Harvard during the Civil War, serving afterward on the staff of General Grant. He has since been Secretary of War and Minister to England, has held many other important positions of trust and is now President of the Pullman Palace Car Company.

His wedding over, Lincoln took up again the practical routine of daily life. He and his bride were so poor that they could not make the visit to Kentucky that both would so much have enjoyed. They could not even set up a little home of their own. "We are not keeping house," he wrote to a friend, "but boarding at the Globe Tavern. Our room and board only cost us four dollars a week." His "National Debt" of the old New Salem days was not yet all paid off, and patiently and resolutely he went on practising the economy he had had to learn in the hard school of experience.

Lincoln's law partnership with John T. Stuart had lasted four years. Then Stuart was elected

to Congress, and another one was formed with Judge Stephen T. Logan. It was a well-timed and important change. Stuart had always cared more for politics than for law. With Logan law was the main object, and under his guidance and encouragement Lincoln entered upon the study and practical work of his profession in a more serious spirit than ever before. His interest in politics continued, however, and in truth his practice at that time was so small as to leave ample time for both. Stuart had been twice elected to Congress, and very naturally Lincoln, who served his party quite as faithfully, and was fully as well known, hoped for a similar honor. He had profited greatly by the companionship and friendly rivalry of the talented young men of Springfield, but their talent made the prize he wished the harder to gain. Twice he was disappointed, the nomination going to other men; but in May, 1846, he was nominated, and in August of the same year elected, to the Thirtieth Congress. He had the distinction of being the only Whig member from his State, the other Illinois congressmen at that time all being Democrats; but he proved no exception to the general rule that a man rarely comes into notice during his first term in the National House of Representatives. A new member has much to learn, even when, like Lincoln, long service in a State legislature has taught him how the business of making laws is carried on. He must find out what has been done and is likely to be done on a multitude of subjects new to him, must make the acquaintance of his fellow-members, must visit the departments of government almost daily to look after the interests of people from his State and congressional district. Legally he is elected for a term of two years. Practically a session of five or six months during the first year, and of three months during the second, further reduce his opportunities more than one half.

Lincoln did not attempt to shine forth in debate, either by a stinging retort, or burst of inspired eloquence. He went about his task quietly and earnestly, performing his share of duty with industry and a hearty admiration for the ability of better-known members. "I just take up my pen," he wrote enthusiastically to a friend after listening to a speech which pleased

him much, "to say that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little slim, pale-faced consumptive man, with a voice like Logan's, has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old withered, dry eyes are full of tears yet."

During the first session of his term Lincoln made three long speeches, carefully prepared and written out beforehand. He was neither elated nor dismayed at the result. "As to speech-making," he wrote William H. Herndon, who had now become his law partner, "I find speaking here and elsewhere about the same thing. I am as badly scared, and no worse, than when I speak in court."

The next year he made no set speeches, but in addition to the usual work of a congressman occupied himself with a bill that had for its object the purchase and freeing of all slaves in the District of Columbia. Slavery was not only lawful at the national capital at that time: there was, to quote Mr. Lincoln's own graphic words, "in view from the windows of the Capitol a sort of livery-stable, where droves of negroes were collected, temporarily kept, and finally taken to Southern markets, precisely like droves of horses."

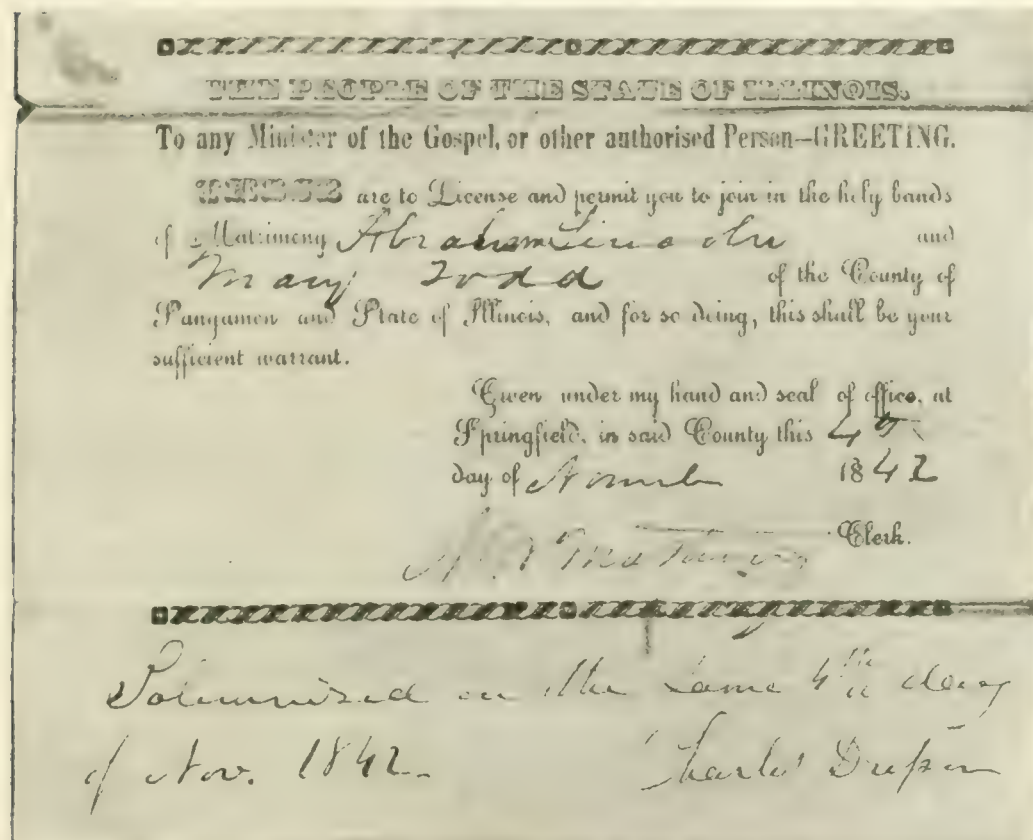
To Lincoln and to other people who disapproved of slavery, the idea of human beings held in bondage under the very shadow of the dome of the Capitol seemed a very bitter mockery. As has already been stated, he did not then believe Congress had the right to interfere with slavery in States that chose to have it; but in the District of Columbia the power of Congress was supreme, and the matter was entirely different. His bill provided that the Federal Government should pay full value to the slaveholders of the District for all slaves in their possession, and should at once free the older ones. The younger ones were to be apprenticed for a term of years, in order to make them self-supporting, after which they also were to receive their freedom. The bill was very carefully thought out, and had the approval of residents of the District who held the most varied views upon slavery; but good as it was, the measure was never allowed to come to a vote, and Lincoln went back to Springfield, at the end of his term, feeling doubtless that his

efforts in behalf of the slaves had been all in vain.

While in Washington he lived very simply and quietly, taking little part in the social life of the city, though cordially liked by all who made his acquaintance. An inmate of the modest

circle would be gathered around him, enjoying his enjoyment, and laughing at his quaint expressions and sallies of wit.

His gift for jest and story-telling has become traditional. Indeed, almost every good story that has been invented within a hundred years



REVERSE OF THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

boarding-house where he had rooms has told of the cheery atmosphere he seemed to bring with him into the common dining-room, where political arguments were apt to run high. He never appeared anxious to insist upon his own views; and when others, less considerate, forced matters until the talk threatened to become too furious, he would interrupt with an anecdote or a story that cleared the air and ended the discussion in a general laugh. Sometimes for exercise he would go into a bowling-alley close by, entering into the game with great zest, and accepting defeat and victory with equal good-nature. By the time he had finished a little

has been laid at his door. As a matter of fact, though he was fond of telling them, and told them well, he told comparatively few of the number that have been credited to him. He had a wonderful memory, and a fine power of making his hearers see the scene he wished to depict; but the final charm of his stories lay in their aptness, and in the kindly humor that left no sting behind it.

During his term in Congress the Presidential campaign of 1848 came on. Lincoln took an active part in the nomination and election of General Zachary Taylor,—"Old Rough and Ready," as he was called,—making speeches in

Maryland and Massachusetts, as well as in his own home district of Illinois. Two letters that he wrote during this campaign have special interest for young readers, for they show the sympathetic encouragement he gave to young men anxious to make a place and a name for themselves in American politics.

"Now as to the young men," he wrote. "You must not wait to be brought forward by the older men. For instance, do you suppose that I would ever have got into notice if I had waited to be hunted up and pushed forward by the older men? You young men get together and form a 'Rough and Ready' club, and have regular meetings and speeches. Let every one play the part he can play best—some speak, some sing, and all 'holler.' Your meetings will be of evenings; the older men, and the women, will go to hear you; so that it will not only contribute to the election of 'Old Zach,' but will be an interesting pastime, and improving to the intellectual faculties of all engaged."

In another letter, answering a young friend who complained of being neglected, he said:

"Nothing could afford me more satisfaction than to learn that you and others of my young friends at home are doing battle in the contest * * * and taking a stand far above any I have been able to reach. * * * I cannot conceive that other old men feel differently. Of course I cannot demonstrate what I say; but I was young once, and I am sure I was never ungenerously thrust back. I hardly know what to say. The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him. Allow me to assure you that suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation. There may sometimes be ungenerous attempts to keep a young man down; and they will succeed, too, if he allows his mind to be diverted from its true channel to brood over the attempted injury. Cast about and see if this feeling has not injured every person you have known to fall into it."

He was about forty years old when he wrote this letter. By some people that is not considered a very great age; but he doubtless felt

himself immensely older, as he was infinitely wiser, than his petulant young correspondent.

General Taylor was triumphantly elected, and it then became Lincoln's duty, as Whig member of Congress from Illinois, to recommend certain persons to fill government offices in that State. He did this after he returned to Springfield, for his term in Congress ended on March 4, 1849, the day that General Taylor became President. The letters that he sent to Washington when forwarding the papers and applications of people who wished appointment were both characteristic and amusing; for in his desire not to mislead or to do injustice to any man, they were very apt to say more in favor of the men he did not wish to see appointed than in recommendation of his own particular candidates.

This absolute and impartial fairness to friend and foe alike was one of his strongest traits, governing every action of his life. If it had not been for this, he might possibly have enjoyed another term in Congress, for there had been talk of reelecting him. In spite of his confession to Speed that "being elected to Congress, though I am very grateful to our friends for having done it, has not pleased me as much as I expected," this must have been flattering. But there were many able young men in Springfield who coveted the honor, and they had entered into an agreement among themselves that each would be content with a single term. Lincoln of course remained faithful to this promise. His strict keeping of promises caused him also to lose an appointment from President Taylor as Commissioner of the General Land Office, which might easily have been his, but for which he had agreed to recommend some other Illinois man. A few weeks later the President offered to make him governor of the new Territory of Oregon. This attracted him much more than the other office had done, but he declined because his wife was unwilling to live in a place so far away.

His career in Congress proved of great advantage to him in after life, having given him a close knowledge of the workings of the Federal Government, and brought him into contact with political leaders from all parts of the Union.

(To be continued.)

THE GOOSE THAT GREW BIG.

By MARGARET JOHNSON.



POLLY POPPETT went a-walking
On a summer's day ;
Close upon her little heels
Came her little goose on wheels
All the way.
Two more goosies came a-running
After Polly's goose so cunning :
Thought they saw a friend, you know : —
Goosies will be cheated so !

Polly Poppett out a-walking,
Peaceful as could be,
Heard a funny squawking sound,
Turned her little head around —
Mercy me !
Who 'd suppose that 'normous thing
From a tiny toy could spring !
Thought it was her goose, you know, —
Goosies will be cheated so !



THE SHEPHERD-BOY AND THE RAM.

By O. C. VICO.

IN mountainous districts of Norway the farmers usually in the spring send their dairy-maids, hired men, and shepherd-boys with their cattle—cows, oxen, horses, pigs, sheep, and goats—up on the mountains to the *saeters*, where they keep them in pasture during the summer. A *saeter* is a collection of houses, surrounded by green fields inclosed with a fence, and outside of this are stretched the great grazing-grounds, over mountains and valleys, through woods, along rivers, brooks, and lakes. When everything has been put in readiness and the weather has become more like summer, the housewives come and take the places of the dairy-maids, and these and the hired men are sent home.

I will not describe to you the many dangers to which herd- and shepherd-boys were formerly exposed, when wolves and bears were hunting around for lambs, sheep, calves, and other animals for their breakfast or dinner; but I will tell you about the bright side of these boys' life, to show that they can also play their little tricks and manage to get a good deal of fun out of their daily work, lonesome though they are in those lofty regions.

Nature has blessed them with a wonderfully clear and healthful air, with plenty of sunshine and outdoor life. Though they often are drenched in rain to the skin and have to wade in water all the day long, often for many days at a time, rheumatism, nervousness, dyspepsia, and toothache are unknown in their experience. Theirs is a life in clear, healthful, and invigorating mountain air, hundreds, often thousands, of feet above sea-level. They are very generally healthy, sound in mind and body, playful, and full of good humor. Their ringing laughter, a good sign of a sound constitution, reëchoed from mountain-side to mountain-side, is like the sound of pleasant music.

One summer my father and mother—living in Gol, Hallingdal, a mountainous district in

the southern part of the country—had in their herd a big ram with large horns bent backward into spirals. For some reason or other, this ram could not stand to see the shepherd-boy having on his rain-shawl—a large shawl that the boys put on to cover the head and shoulders on rainy days. As soon as he caught sight of the shepherd-boy with the shawl on, he would look at him a moment, his eyes would suddenly flash fire, he would display anger in his face, he would back up a few feet, and then with all his strength he would leap forward and butt the boy, so that he would tumble heels over head along the ground. This was quite dangerous, as the ram had great bodily strength, so the boy had to look out for him every time he wore his shawl.

One day the boy made up his mind he would play a trick on the ram.

The herd was grazing through the woods, at the foot of a high mountain, toward the shore of Tisleia Fjord. At this point the bank of the lake is very high, and it runs up nearly perpendicularly from the water. A few feet from the edge of the bank the boy found a stub of a tree. The stub was just of the same size as the boy, and it was so decayed that only a small kick would send it crumbling over the ground. Over this stub the boy hung his shawl, on its top he placed his cap, and in other ways made it look like himself. Then he hid himself behind some trees, watching the herd, that now was coming grazing toward the bank.

All of a sudden the ram caught sight of the stub-boy and the shawl! He threw up his head, looked at the figure a moment, the old fire came into his eyes again, he backed up a few feet, put his neck into a stiff curve, and laid his ears flat back on his woolly neck. You could read anger all over his face. Calculating only the distance to the stub-boy, he uttered a harsh *baa*, and then suddenly, with all his strength, threw himself forward into a run and rushed

toward what he supposed was the boy. The stub with a loud crack flew into a thousand rotten pieces that, together with a cloud of dust from decayed wood, completely covered the ram's face and the front of his body, the shawl covering his head blinding him,—and bump! with tremendous force out over the bank flew the ram, still covered with the shawl,—and with a great splash fell into the lake!

In a moment he came to the surface again,

But you should have seen the boy when the big ram started on that expedition of his through air and water!

As soon as the ram butted the stub, with that great "crack," and plunged out into the water, he jumped out from behind the trees, doubled up with side-splitting laughter.

And when the poor ram crawled up on the bank, drenched to the very skin and looking very "sheepish," the boy ran over to him



"AND I GOT WITH THE END—FLEW OUT OVER THE BANK, FLEW THE RAM, AND COVERED WITH THE SHAWL."

managed to get the shawl from his head, and swam to the shore. With drooping ears and water streaming down from all over his body, he crawled out and up the bank, every now and then shaking himself violently to get rid of the water. Having reached the top of the bank, he slowly rejoined the grazing herd.

and greeted him with peals of laughter again and again.

"Oh, Billy," he said derisively; "where have you been, Billy? How did you like it, Billy? Was it good—will you try it once more, Billy?"

But Billy never again tried to butt the boy.

FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON.

CHAPTER VII.

VIRGINIA.

As Virginia seated herself in the wicker phaëton, preening herself like a bird, and shaking out the dainty frills of her pale-green dimity, Mrs. Marshall, from the veranda, thought she had never seen her niece look so pretty. The dusky little face, under the big green hat with its wreath of hops, was all aglow with happiness. The dark eyes had for once lost their sadness, the soft red lips curled up instead of down, as lonely Virginia's lips were apt to do, and she was really lovely in her youth and joy.

"If you could only look like that all the time, sweetheart," called Aunt Sibyl from the steps, "I would n't need any other sunshine."

"Very well, aunty. I'll be all shine, now I have found Sue," Virginia laughed back, taking out her whip, which, with its scarlet bow, was used only for its touch of color that matched the pony's topknot, since Toddlekins had never felt the touch of its lash. "Just wait until you see Sue, Aunt Sibyl, and you will love her as much as I do, she is such a dear girl."

"Give Miss Susan Pepperpot my compliments," chuckled Thad, looking up from his book as he lay in the hammock. "Say, Virginia, bring her back to dinner. She is a hundred times more fun than that Cutting girl. Phew, did n't Sue sputter that day!"

"Sue does n't like boys," remarked Virginia, demurely, gathering up the lines. "At least not the boys with frills and quirks," she added, as she drove briskly down the road.

"Now, what did she mean by that, Aunt Sibyl?" grumbled Thad, as Mrs. Marshall waved Virginia a last farewell and turned a smiling face toward the tall, pale boy who lounged in the hammock. "Did she mean Miss Pepperpot didn't like me, or that I had frills and quirks? What are they, anyway? Somehow, I don't like the sound of them. Now, was n't it just

like Nixie to give me that parting shot, and then drive off where I can't get at her!"

"Well, Thad, my dear," laughed Mrs. Marshall, laying a gentle hand on the boy's head, "I've seen you when you had more frills and quirks—for I think I know what Sue means—than I like to see. That day with Miss Cutting, for instance."

"Oh, I just did that to tease Nixie, Aunt Sibyl. I saw she could n't endure the girl, she was so stiffly sweet to her. Girls are always like that; the less they like you, the more polite they grow. Nixie acted as if she had stepped out of a book on etiquette and frozen stiff; and as she had had one of her tantrums that morning and sailed out of the room with her head in the air because she thought I was rude to her, I took it out on her."

"I am afraid you take a good many things out on Virginia," sighed Mrs. Marshall.

"I'm a beast!" muttered Thad, shielding his eyes with his hand. "She's the best sister a fellow ever had, but she is so awfully meek under discipline it tempts one. If she would just sail in and give me a round or two, instead of walking off as if she were on stilts, we'd get on better. Sort of clear the atmosphere, you see. She has stood by me like a brick through this row, though. Don't know how I'd have weathered it without her."

"Have you told her so?" inquired his aunt, drawing her work-basket toward her.

"Well, no; not in so many words. You see, aunty, Nixie is n't like you. Now, I could go to you any time and say, 'Aunt Sibyl, I've behaved like a cad instead of the gentleman you have a right to expect me to be. Please shake and let's forgive and forget'; and you would say, "'It's all forgotten," cried the boy, and gave his hand with honest joy, and that would be the end of it. Nixie is the dearest girl in the world, but she has n't the slightest tact in managing a man."

"A boy, you mean, Thad; a man would n't care for a thing like that. He would think, 'I owed my sister an apology, and if she is unfortunate in her way of taking it, that has nothing to do with my duty.' See, Thaddeus, my son."

"I guess you are right," laughed Thad, reaching out to give Mrs. Marshall's hand a loving pat. "Anyway, you are a mighty nice aunty, and never ruffle feathers. Yes, I know what you want me to say, by that queer little wise smile. I 'll try," and Thad turned again to his reading.

To Virginia, as she rolled down the long, shady road, it seemed that the world had never been more beautiful.

Over to the right, the Tuscarawas River, all glimmer and shine, was wandering in and out among the meadows; and beside it, following every curve and bend, lay the canal, with only the grassy tow-path between. The willows growing on the river's edge leaned far out and gazed, like Narcissus, at their beauty in the gleaming water, and upon the surface of the canal the water-lilies nestled among broad leaves. Goshen Hill lifted itself straight and precipitous, wrapped about with blackberry bushes and hazel brush, while at its feet the wild roses hurried away around the bend in a sweep of bloom that turned the wayside pink and filled the world with fragrance.

Virginia Clayton had never found it very easy to form friendships. "Little Miss Disdain" one of her schoolmates had dubbed her, and the name had clung in spite of its unfitness, for Virginia was really never disdainful; she was longing for companionship, but her natural diffidence made it hard for her to go half-way, and the difficulty she had to forgive and forget caused her to cover her hurts with that which she intended for dignity, but what those about her were apt to consider scorn.

Virginia's mother had been her closest friend, and the relation between them had been so loving and sweet that the child's heart was almost broken when, two years before, she had lost her. Dr. Clayton was a dreamy, scholarly man, whose mind was absorbed by his work and research; and when Thad, impulsive, teasing Thad, had suddenly proved himself in the academy

contest to be a scientist of no mean parts, his delight had been so great that his heart had been since set upon his promising boy, and Virginia, his quiet little daughter, seemed almost forgotten in the lonely old house.

Virginia had the greatest admiration for her brother, and half her heartache came from the feeling that he misunderstood her. She longed to tell him of her pride in him, of her belief in what he would do and be; but no matter how carefully she had prepared her little set speech, her tongue always failed her at the auspicious moment,—which perhaps was as well, for Master Thad was getting quite as much praise as was good for him. It had piqued him more than he would have confessed that, no difference what prize he brought home, Virginia had never said more than the merest "I 'm glad, Thad." How should he know that she flew up to her room to cry for joy, and that she saved every program, every printed word about him,—yes, and treasured the prize long after he had forgotten its existence? For Thad, being his father's son, had no time for more than capture—he was too intent upon the chase.

When Thad Clayton had suddenly broken down from overstudy, it had been a heavy blow to all of them.

It was Virginia who had stepped into the breach and taken upon herself all she could of her father's sorrow and her brother's ill-temper. When the doctor told them that Thad must be gotten at once away from the water, it was Virginia who decided they would better spend the whole summer at Kinikinnick, instead of the month or two as was usual, though the summer by the sea was her delight. It was she who had comforted her father and sent him off East to his laboratory as soon as Thad was better, and it was she who had undertaken her brother's amusement during his convalescence; and if she was not at all times strong enough to keep from having tantrums, as Thad called her attacks of hurt dignity, she was at least trying with all her might to be "good," and her brother recognized the fact.

As Toddlekins trotted soberly up the lane to Cherryfair, there arose such shrieks of merry greeting that the little fellow stopped still in the middle of the road, shaking his berib-

boned head and pawing the ground with an impatient fore foot, refusing to move even at the cracking of the gay whip.

Davie and Ben sat astride the big balls of the gate-posts; Phil, silent but happy, was hidden safely among the leafy branches of his favorite tree; Peggy, stationed on the veranda, danced up and down, crying, "Here she comes, Sue; here she comes!" and only Betty, the proper, sat quiet and demure, swinging herself daintily in the hammock, her white skirts spread out, her flushed face bent over a book not a leaf of which had been turned in the last half-hour.

"Is Sue ready?" called Virginia, gaily. "If she is n't, here is a pony that would like to give two little boys a drive down the lane and back again."

Davie and Ben stayed not upon the order of their going, but went at once. Like small cyclones they "shinned" down the high-posts and flung themselves bodily upon Virginia and Toddlekins."

"Oh, you did n't really mean it!" gasped Davie, looking up into Virginia's face, his blue eyes fairly limpid with longing, the left one turned in a bit, giving a most bewitching twist to his glance that had served the rogue many a good turn. "Sue 's ready. She has been ready since daylight, I guess. But we did n't none of us ever ride with a pony in our born days; an' Ben he 's only a little chap, an' it would be awful nice for him, but I guess you better let me drive. I 'm 'most eight."

Bennie, having already climbed in after hugging Toddlekins's shaggy head and kissing his velvety nose, had reached for the lines, and there was a quiver of his lower lip as Davie made his modest request.

"I'll tell you," laughed Virginia, giving Davie's ear a gentle little tweak. "You drive down the lane, and Bennie up, and Phil is to walk at Toddlekins's head to see that he behaves himself and turns all right, while I have a little chat with Betty and Peggy. Hurry up, please, for I must not keep Sue waiting."

Betty, beaming with pleasure, drew her stiff little skirts aside to make a place for Virginia. The child, happy in the glimpse of her sister's friend, a girl with a real pony-carriage and a diamond ring, had gotten herself up "regard-

less," as Sue said. The ruby ring blazed on a forefinger that was stuck out straight as if to emphasize any remark she might make; she had traded dish-washings with Peggy for the privilege of wearing the gold beads; a pair of old white boots, two sizes too small, cramped her feet; and her blonde hair, from being done up in rag knobs all night, fluffed out in the manner of the side-show Circassian lady.

"You 'd hardly know it was Betty," complained Peggy, bitterly, to Sue when she caught her first glimpse of her twin: for Betty had locked herself up and accomplished her toilet alone. "I think you are lots prettier with your hair in braids and with shoes you can straighten your feet in, Betty. You walk just like a hen! Virginia will think you 're a silly! Won't she, Sue?"

"No, she won't," replied Sue, confidently, as she combed her pompadour before the misty old looking-glass. "She was a little girl herself once, and knows just how it feels to want to look lovely and not know how. You have n't got there yet, Peggy; for you are two years behind Betty in feelings, if you are twins. I had an awful case of it myself a year or two ago. Betty looks like a guy; but never mind, she 's happy. Oh, Peggy, do bring me the ink till I black the white thread I mended my glove with; the stitches gape till they look like teeth grinning at you!"

As Sue, followed by Peggy, came down the steps toward the big maples where Virginia and Betty swung in the shade, Virginia thought she had never seen a creature so vibrant with life, so joyous, so buoyant, as Sue.

"You look lovely sitting there among all those cool, green ruffles and that big, green hat!" Sue exclaimed; "like a dear bud that is going to burst into a flower right away. Oh, I am so happy we are going! I never rode in a pony-carriage before. This is Peggy, my other little sister: I see you know Betty and the boys. It was just lovely of you to let them take the pony; they 'll never forget it. Someway, we are always having the most beautiful things happen to us! Now, here are Cherryfair, and the flock, and Mandy, and, best of all, you."

Virginia felt that in some sweet way she belonged to every one of them: to the three happy, shouting boys who were now coming

scampering up the lane; to the twins—Betty with her absurd finery, but whose loving little hand was tucked into hers, and Peggy, whose round face was all a glow with admiration; and to Sue,—dear Sue,—who was offering her simple hospitality, her friendship, her family, her good

“And a share in the pig, too,” whispered Bennie, who, afraid something might happen without his hearing, had torn himself away from Toddlekins and was now snuggling himself in between Virginia and Sue as they turned toward the house, the twins having gone for their little drive.



"BETTY, THE OLDEST, SUE, THE YOUNGEST, AND THE TWINS, PEGGY AND BETTY, IN THE FARMHOUSE."

cheer, with such a prodigal hand. Dear Sue, who was so pretty and fascinating in her simple white suit and her sailor hat!

"And now I want you to come in and meet Masie, please," went on Sue. "You will find her one of the dearest of mothers, and you shall have a share of her and of father, too."

"I never heard of such generosity," laughed Virginia, with a choke in her voice. "You don't know how happy it makes me. Do you really mean you won't mind sharing with me, and will let me belong and come inside your happiness?"

"Indeed, indeed, we'll love it," cried Sue,

giving Virginia an ecstatic little squeeze in which Bennie quite disappeared. "Masie, here is Virginia Clayton, my parsley-girl; and, please, I have promised her a share in you because—well, I'm sure every girl needs mothering."

Then Virginia felt herself taken into loving arms, and a sweet face, all motherliness, looked into hers, as a soft voice said, "My child, if mothering is what you need, you can't come too often nor stay too long. Indeed, you shall have your place in my little flock."

"I don't believe there ever was such a family before," whispered Virginia, clinging close. "You are all so good and kind."

"Who began it?" asked Mrs. Roberts, softly kissing the little brown face. "Who set sweet messages all about the house, and thought of the comfort and pleasure of the stranger within her gates? Just tell me that, please; and always be sure, dear, that we need you quite as much as you need us; and if I can give you any comfort for the loss of your dear mother, I shall be so glad and happy; so come often, Virginia."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DRIVE.

"GOOD-BY! good-by!" called the children, swarming in the old gateway.

"Good-by! good-by!" cried Sue and Virginia, and away scampered Toddlekins down the lane.

"That," laughed Sue, poking with the tip of her parasol a fat little package that Mandy had run out to tuck in the phaëton at the last moment, "is 'sandwidges,' as Mandy calls them. She whispered to me she just knew we'd get 'faint for a bite.' So, now that there is no danger of our dying of hunger on this trip, let's have the time of our lives."

Down through the valley, up over the hills, through woodland roads, across bridges, by country lanes and shady dells, they jogged,—over them the blue sky, about them the summer greenery, and in their hearts the joys of girlhood.

It was delightful to hear of so many joyful happenings as Sue had to tell about. It seemed, to listen to her, that the Robertses had been the most favored of mortals; and yet when you had

unwrapped Sue's enthusiasm from each especial dispensation, it was apt to prove a very common, every-day little providence. But Sue knew how to get to the very core of joy, and so she chatted away, never knowing—nor would she have cared if she had known—that she was disclosing to a rich girl that she knew absolutely nothing of the ease, the luxury, the beauty, with which Virginia had been surrounded all her life.

"Sue Roberts," asked Virginia at last, when they were breathless with laughter over some absurd prank of Davie's, "did you ever have a sad hour? I never dreamed a person could be so happy. Don't you ever get blue and hate yourself? But, then, I suppose there is such a lot of you, and you all love each other so, you have no chance to grow gloomy."

"Do I get blue? Why, bless you, yes! I get so blue sometimes I could almost sell myself for indigo. Masie says a nature like mine, with such an up-side, would have to have a down-side too. I'm just like a teeter-board. I go up, up, up, till I almost touch the stars; then I go down, down, down, till they have to dig me out of the cellar. I am mostly up now, but it took a long time for Masie to get me to a little more of a level, and sometimes I come down now with an awful thump. But, you see, God has been so good to us that I would be a most ungrateful wretch to be blue often."

Virginia flicked a fly from Toddlekins's neck. It was so hard for her to talk out of her heart, and yet she longed for Sue to know and understand.

"Sue," she began again, "I mean, do you ever feel as if—as if there did not a soul in the world appreciate you—as if you would like to creep away and never try any longer—and—as if your heart was an old, cold stone and did n't love anybody or want to be loved?"

"Of course, honey, lots of times. That's what Masie calls 'girlism.' She says every girl she ever knew had touches of it, and it does n't mean a thing but that you are pretty sentimental and maybe your stomach is out of order. Masie says there is only one sure cure for it, and that's to go and do something kind for somebody else, quick. But sometimes I forget about the cure and am dreadful. Gracious! Virginia, I've gone and shut myself up in a

closet, and cried my eyes 'most out over not one blessed thing, when I had really threshed it all out. At the time it looked as big as Goshen Hill. Betty has severe attacks, but so far Peggy don't know she's got a heart to ache; but she will. Goodness! yes; that's part of the joy of being a girl, for, 'fess up, Virginia, one does get a sort of satisfaction out of it. It feels so painfully nice to think you are the only one in the world that is so abused or has n't a single friend, when all the time you know deep down in yourself there are lots that just dote on you. Don't ask me to explain; it's just girl, and you have got to let it go at that."

"Oh, Sue!" and Virginia laughed ruefully in spite of herself. "I think you are the dearest girl that ever lived. I never dared ask any one before. I suppose if I had mama, she would have explained, just like your Masie, and have made it funny to me. But I did n't suppose other girls knew about it—not happy girls, with mothers."

Sue's arm stole around Virginia, and the laughing face changed in an instant.

"That's different—the mother-sickness. I know that must be so hard, the greatest of all sorrows; but I meant the not being appreciated and the hating one's self. When I'm clothed and in my right mind I know I am appreciated far more than I deserve. I'm just a slam-bang girl, that troubles father so, and I won't mend skirt-bindings nor keep my temper. Oh, I've got lots of reasons to hate myself; but, after all, what's the use? Father always says the best way is to get up and go on doing better, and not to sit down and cry by the wayside, for you would never get anywhere that way. I can tell you, Virginia, it takes lots of managing to make six kids grow up into sheep instead of goats, though you might n't think so. I wonder sometimes that father and Masie don't throw up the sponge."

"Sponge?" inquired Virginia, wrinkling her brow in an effort to understand. "What good would that do?"

"There!" laughed Sue, half ashamed. "That is my pet sin—my slang. I mean I wonder they don't give up trying. But, Virginia, here I have been talking all this time about myself; I thought you were going to tell me how you came to be my parsley-girl. I'm just dying to

hear. Let's eat the 'sandwidges' while you tell about it."

When they were settled with a napkin and sandwich, and Toddlekens was brought to a walk, Virginia began:

"I suppose I ought to say 'once upon a time' to make it sound like a story," she laughed; "but it really did begin with my being blue and all that—that is the reason I asked you about it. When Thad was taken sick in the early spring, I was at Miss Davis's school for girls in New York, and we came right out here. I had liked the girls at Miss Davis's so much, and was very lonely; and Thad—well, I don't know what I should have done if I had n't found the dearest baby! She belongs to Mrs. Dixon, whose husband takes care of Kinikinnick Farm. Mrs. Dixon is such a dear, kind woman, and she let me take baby every morning for a canter down the drive on Toddlekens. Baby is just two years old and the cunningest thing. Well, I think Mrs. Dixon saw I was lonely and blue, and she used to tell me all the gay things she could think of. She belongs to your father's church, and her sister is maid at Mr. Reed's, where your father was staying when he came to supply the pulpit in the early spring. Now, can't you see how I heard about Sue, and the twins, and all the rest of you happy folks? We talked so much about you that I loved you more and more, and so did Mrs. Dixon. The day the congregation worked at the house, Mrs. Dixon was too busy to go; but she said if I would come after tea, we would walk over to Cherryfair and she would take the lilies-of-the-valley and some jelly. I don't know what made me think of it, unless it was because you had grown so real and dear to me; but that day, when I ran down to the housekeeper's room for something, I saw two pots of parsley growing in the window, and so I begged one of Mrs. Knox,—she is always so good to me,—and a new tea-towel. Then I ran to my room and dashed off those crazy verses and flew over to Mrs. Dixon. We took baby on Toddlekens, and had such a pleasant time. We climbed into the kitchen window—Mrs. Dixon's sister had left it open for us; and that is all."

"But that is n't all," cried Sue, giving Virginia a rapturous hug; "it is only the beginning.

How about the lunch, and the pink sunbonnet, and my eyes, and the apron? It was like a miracle!"

"Why, it was just as simple, when you know about it," laughed Virginia. "You see, that morning, when I went over to take the baby for her ride, Mrs. Dixon told me you had come,

thing, and I guess she thought it would do me good, and so in half an hour I was started."

"You darling! How I wish I had been along!"

"Carrying your own lunch, you greedy thing? Well, I meant to set the hamper down and run away as fast as I could; but the first thing I found was the whole family out on the veranda.



SUE ENJOYS A DRIVE WITH HER "PARSLEY-GIRL."

and that she was longing to take you over a nice lunch, but that her husband could not spare a horse, and it was too far to walk. Then I asked her if I could n't take it in a hamper strapped on Toddlekins, going across the wood-lot, and then carry the hamper the rest of the way. She was afraid I could n't manage Toddlekins, and that the hamper would be too heavy; but I was just crazy to do some-

I was so near I could almost have touched you. I could just hear my heart beat as I hid down behind a lilac-bush; but pretty soon you went upstairs, and the plan rushed into my head, for I heard you telling your mother about putting the boards on the barrel, and it seemed so nice to be able to leave the lunch all laid for you."

"Oh, what fun!" laughed Sue; "and there

you were hidden away! What would you have done if we had spied you?"

"I never thought of that until afterward, it all happened so quickly; and everything seemed to help, for you all went to the front part of the house, and I got the luncheon ready in a trice. I had meant to leave some sort of a verse,—I'm always scribbling nonsense,—so had a card along; and the black eyes and scarlet apron I had seen from my hiding-place, so everything went lovely. You would never have gotten a glimpse of me, if I had not stopped to throw in some purslane to that funny little curly-tailed pig, who was squealing like mad. I thought it was no more than fair I should give him his luncheon, too; and when I turned around I saw you children all come tumbling out of the house! Then if I did n't scamper!—keeping close by the wall as long as I could. I lost my bonnet as I climbed over the stile, but I had n't time to get it, and flew on. Just as I came to the fence where Toddlekens was tied out of sight in the bushes, I looked back, and there was Peggy, waving the bonnet and calling something I could n't hear. She looked so pretty standing on the stile, I could n't help waving back to her, and then I climbed over the fence, and Toddlekens and I flew home. Mrs. Dixon scolded me next morning, and said she would have been broken-hearted if you had caught me hiding there and had said something sharp to me. But I told her she did not know the Robertses yet, if she thought that; for I knew I would have been welcomed with open arms."

"Indeed, indeed, you should have been. It is the most delightful thing I ever heard! Did n't Thad laugh when you told him?"

Virginia flushed.

"No, he did n't. I told him the day after, and he said he did n't think my father would approve of my flying about the country carrying 'cold provender.' I am awfully sensitive, and I guess that at last we quarreled—at least I did n't speak to him all the evening. But when Aunt Sibyl asked what was the matter, she said she did n't think father would have cared at all, and that she herself thought it great fun, and if I had told her she would have gone along."

"There, that settles it!" declared Sue, vehem-

ently. "Aunt Sibyl and I are friends, but between Thad and Susan Pepperpot there is war to the knife!"

"Nonsense! You will be the best of friends. He said I was to be sure to bring you home to dinner. I told him you did n't like boys with frills and quirks. You will find he has a good many, but he really is a dear boy, and we are very proud of him. I know he did act dreadfully that day you ran into us; but, you see, he had been as cross as could be all morning, for, poor boy, he was battling with his weakness and his disappointment. He had felt sure they would let him go to college this fall, as he thought he was so much better. I was afraid you would never want to see me again when he was so horrid to you, and—and—I was very lonely for a girl friend."

"Bless your heart! You have one now, and don't you forget it! I shall stick closer than a bur. Besides, it would take more than such a little tiff as that with your brother to frighten me. My, was n't he sarcastic! But I suppose I deserved it."

"No, you did n't," protested Virginia. "It was Thad's quick temper; but he is such a dear boy under it all."

"Did I tell you," said Sue, when Toddlekens was trotting up the lane toward Cherryfair, "that I am going to spell my name S-i-o-u-x, after this? Masie let me order some calling-cards from a little lame boy in Monroe. He writes them in a most beautiful, flourishy hand, and I never had any calling-cards before. I never told a word at home, for I want to surprise them—but I told Jimmie to put on 'Sioux Roberts.' It will be awfully striking. Don't you think so?"

"I don't believe I ever heard of such a thing before," faltered Virginia, looking very puzzled. "I did n't know one ever wanted calling-cards to look striking. You ought to be 'Miss Roberts, of Cherryfair,' ought you not?"

"Pooh! that might do for Betty," scoffed Sue, airily. "I like something individual and sort of stunning. My! I don't believe I shall ever get to be Miss Roberts. I'm sure I don't feel like it now."

(To be continued.)

THE LANGUAGE OF THE MAP.

BY H. M. KINGERY.

Do girls and boys of to-day, on glancing over a map of the United States, wonder at the strange jumble of names from many sources? In no other country is this so noticeable. In England, for example, though the ancient islanders, the Romans, the Saxons, the Danish invaders, and the Normans all are represented in the geographical names, time and usage have modified and familiarized the words to such an extent that any sense of strangeness is lost. Chester, for example, impresses one as an especially English word, and yet it really is a modification of the Latin *castra* (camp), and dates from the first military occupation of the island by the Romans. It is the same, by the way, as the ending *chester* or *cester*, used in such words as Winchester, Worcester, and Gloucester.

Other old countries, such as Germany and France and Italy also have their lists of names from many times and many languages.

When the western hemisphere was discovered it was inhabited by scattered or wandering tribes. Of course these primitive peoples had names for their mountains, lakes, streams, and villages, many of which were adopted by the white men who took possession.

In the United States we find "Indian" names in profusion from ocean to ocean. All the great lakes except Superior, the largest rivers,—Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, Arkansas,—and countless other natural features, such as rivers, lakes, mountains, and valleys, bear names of Indian origin. So do a majority of our forty-five States, to say nothing of counties and towns. Many are of striking beauty,—as, for instance, Tippecanoe, Minnehaha, Susquehanna, Alabama,—and while some are harsh, they seem somehow to "fit" remarkably well.

Immediately on the discovery of the new world explorers flocked to it, and colonies were soon founded. The territory now included in the United States was entered almost at the same time from several sides. The earliest

naturally were the *Spaniards*, who founded St. Augustine in Florida and Santa Fé in New Mexico in less than a century after Columbus's first voyage. Their settlements were confined to the warmer regions, and it is in Florida and the Southwest, together with the Pacific coast, that we find the Spanish names most thickly sprinkled. Of State names we have inherited from them California, Colorado, Florida, Nevada, and Arizona. They named for us also the Sierra Nevada ("Snowy Saw") mountains, Blanca Peak, the Llano Estacado, the Rio Grande, and the Colorado River. From them come all the "Sans" and "Santas," as San Francisco, San Antonio, San Joaquin, Santa Barbara; names that use the article *el*, *los*, or *las*, as El Paso, El Moro, Los Angeles, Las Animas; and such words as Sacramento, Trinidad, and Pueblo.

Early in the seventeenth century the *English* made settlements at various points on the Atlantic coast, notably in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and in New England. Like immigrants of all ages, they sought to bring with them some reminder of the old home by bestowing familiar names on new places; hence the great number of "News"—New York, New London, New Hampshire, New Jersey; hence Plymouth, Worcester, Dover, etc. Honor was often shown to distinguished patrons by naming colonies or cities after them, as in Baltimore, Delaware, and Maryland. In some cases these were given their Latin forms by explorers of classical tastes, as Georgia, in honor of King George II; the Carolinas, in honor of Charles II; and Virginia, for Elizabeth, the virgin queen; and Nova Scotia, or New Scotland. In Pennsylvania we see the two ideas combined—Penn, the founder's name, with the Latin suffix *-sylvania* (woodland) to describe the nature of the country.

Meantime a third force had been at work. The valley of the St. Lawrence was visited early by

adventurers and missionaries from *France*, who combined the religious instruction of the natives with very extensive and romantic exploration. Up the St. Lawrence, over the great lakes, and through the dense forests they forced their way, discovering and traveling upon the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Ohio, besides many smaller streams. Among the notable explorers of this great inland region were the Chevalier de la Salle, Joliet, and the priests known as Father Marquette and Father Hennepin. But these were only the pioneers, and were followed by a host of others who have left lasting reminders of their service in the names that dot the map so thickly in the Mississippi valley. Lower Canada still is French. In the upper lake region, such names as Sault Ste. Marie, Presque Isle, Grand Marais, and Point aux Pins are common. All down the 2500 miles of the Father of Waters we find French names, from St. Cloud and St. Croix in the north, to Chouteau and St. Louis midway, and Baton Rouge near the delta.

These were the three great powers who sought political and commercial control of the new world, and incidentally contributed the largest proportion of its geographical names. Feebler efforts, and smaller contributions were made by the Swedes and the Dutch; but except in the vicinity of New York—originally a Dutch city, and known as New Amsterdam—these were unimportant. The three fought long and bitterly for supremacy, but in the end it was the Saxon who prevailed. The two Latin powers were driven out, but the marks they had made on the map were permanent. As is natural, each left its deepest impress in the region where it had been supreme,—the Spaniard in the Southwest, the Frenchman in the Mississippi valley,—while over both swept the tide of Saxon speech as well as military and civil power.

As an illustration of our very mixed assortment of names, we may take a certain western railway system whose official title consists of the names of three cities, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé. Of these names the first is English, the second Indian, the third Spanish; and within a single State the main line passes through towns bearing such English names as Turner, Morris, Reading, and Newton; others with such Indian names as Tecumseh,

Topeka, Wakarusa, Osage, and Pawnee; French, as Choteau, Lecompton, and Offerle; Spanish, as De Soto and Cimarron; and Greek, as Eudora, Emporia, and Syracuse. A well-known eastern railroad, in its list of stations, mingles indiscriminately such classical names as Batavia, Macedon, Palmyra, Syracuse, Ithaca, Rome, Troy, and Ilion, with others taken from French, Dutch, and various other modern languages.

The more recent immigrants have added certain names, too. Several northwestern States have been settled largely by people from Norway and Sweden, who have established here many names of places known and loved in "the old country." Thus, to go no farther, we meet in the one State of Minnesota a vast number of Scandinavian names, such as Denmark, Erickson, Ibsen, Lindstrom, New Sweden, Norseland, Norway, Oleson, Svea, Trondjem. The capitals of both the home-lands have their namesakes there—Stockholm and Christiania (the latter, of course, a Latin word naturalized in Norway). German names also abound throughout the country, while here and there we meet a Dublin or a Limerick to remind us of the Emerald Isle.

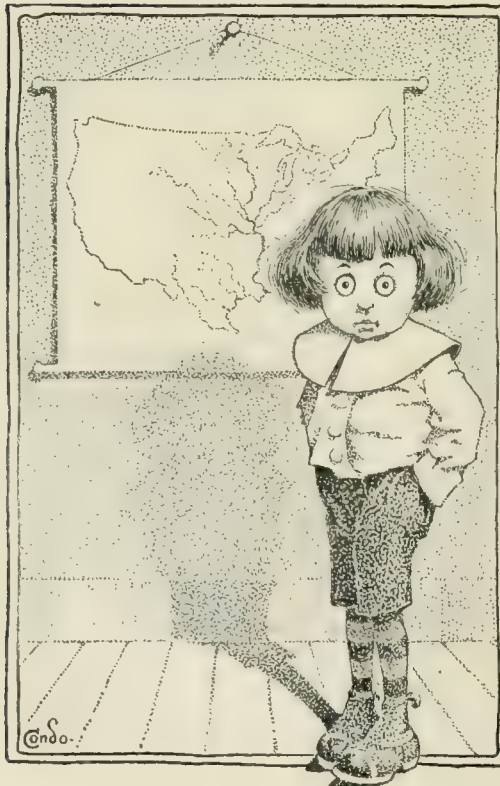
Hero-worship, too, has had a hand in the making of maps. We have post-offices bearing the names of every President down to and including Mr. Roosevelt. Only two of his predecessors are lacking in the list of counties. Naturally, the favorite in the naming of towns and counties is Washington, and he is the only President for whom a State has been named.

But others than Presidents enjoy these honors. Successful soldiers, sailors, statesmen, editors, authors, inventors, the heroes of ancient history and mythology, and even popular actors and athletes, share a like distinction. Our list of post-offices is a long one, and contains names from almost every language, living and dead, and chosen on almost every conceivable principle or impulse. Two counties in Kansas present a curious association of ideas: Greeley County has for its capital a town called Tribune, and Ulysses is the county-seat of Grant. New stations were to be named along a western railway some years ago, and they were named after the members of a professional base-ball team that happened just then to win the championship.

It has been observed that the language spoken in the United States is remarkably uniform. True, there are many dialects, but Great Britain, less in area than any one of half a dozen of our States, contains such very different languages as English, Welsh, and the Gaelic of the Scottish Highlands, to say nothing of the provincial dialects of Cornwall and Yorkshire, and the unique speech of the London cockney; while in this country, with its vast expanse of territory, its settlement by Spanish, French, Dutch, and Swedish colonists, and its millions of immigrants drawn from nearly every country, large and small, all over the world, there is far greater uniformity of speech than in any other land of equal area and population.

The causes can be readily seen. The public schools have made us a nation of readers, and

the press has supplied books and papers without limit. Press associations have done their part toward giving a uniform and fairly good tone to the newspaper language of the day. The telegraph, the telephone, and cheap postage have brought distant parts of the country into quick and easy communication, and so have aided in teaching a common language. The railroad has penetrated every corner of the land, and made us a nation of travelers. Countless human shuttles thus are thrown daily across the land in every direction, carrying with them the threads of thought and speech, and doing their part to make one pattern of the whole. No doubt, our maps, which still present so many different kinds of names, will in time lose the strangeness and the "foreign air" that are so noticeable now.



A PUZZLED GEOGRAPHER.

By A. D. CONDO.

Teacher says that Mississippi
Is the Indian name for
"Father of Waters."
Why don't they call it
Mistersippi?
And is Missouri one of his
daughters?

PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

HOW "PINKEY" BECAME A PHILANTHROPIST.

"PINKEY" PERKINS had not allowed sudden good fortune to turn his head in the least. He went among his companions in exactly the same way he always had, and never mentioned having jumped into the icy water to the rescue of the little crippled boy, nor his fishing up the bag of gold when searching for the skate he had lost while in the water. To have one hundred dollars in the bank, and to know that he was receiving the princely sum of six dollars a year interest, was a state of prosperity which it took Pinkey some time to realize.

When Mr. Warren had told Pinkey that as a reward for finding the stolen gold he had started a bank account for him, and that it would draw interest at six per cent., Pinkey had not understood exactly what that expression meant; but on inquiry his father had informed him that it meant he would receive six dollars a year as long as he left the entire hundred dollars in the bank.

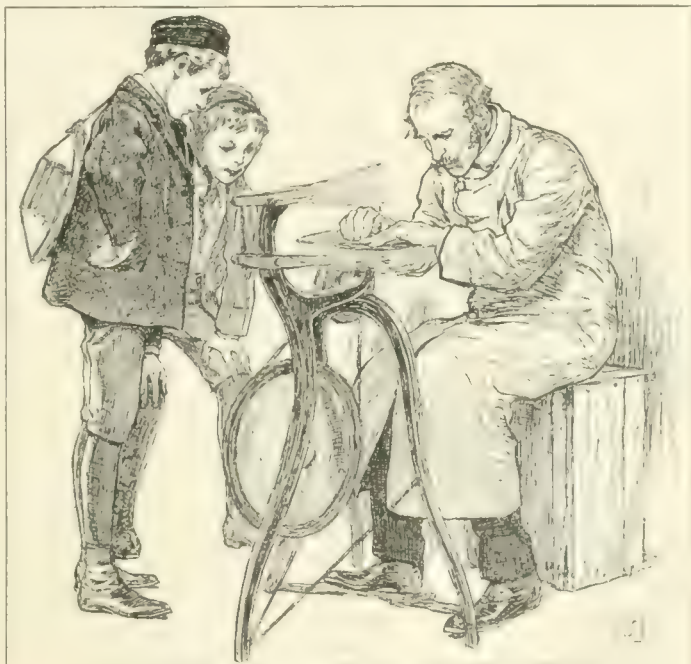
"Is it just the same as rent?" inquired Pinkey, trying to get the matter expressed in familiar terms.

"Yes," answered his father, "just the same as rent; only you don't have to make any repairs to keep your property in good condition. Your hundred dollars will be just as good as after Mr. Warren pays you the rent on it as it is now."

This presentation of the matter made everything quite clear in Pinkey's mind, and he could now make his plans for the future with a full understanding of his financial status.

"What you goin' to do with all the money, Pinkey?" asked Bunny Morris one day when he and Pinkey were discussing the bank account.

"I 'm not goin' to spend it right away, that's one thing certain. I may spend the interest, but I 'm not goin' to break into the hundred dollars if I can help it."



"MR. EVANS OBLIGINGLY SHOWED THE BOYS HOW TO WORK IT."

One day, however, Pinkey's resolve to keep his bank account intact experienced a severe test. As he and Bunny were crossing the public square on their way to school, they were attracted by the sight of a brand-new foot-power scroll-saw displayed in the show-window of a hardware-store. Both boys stopped short, and by common consent stepped up into the doorway to get a better look at the machine.

"Gee! Pinkey, ain't she a dandy!" exclaimed Bunny. "Wonder what she 's worth?"

"Come on, Bunny; we 'll be tardy," replied Pinkey, evading the subject. He had been completely and instantly captivated by the scroll-saw, and as the thought swept over him that he could buy it, he felt that he wanted to get away before the temptation should overcome him. Pinkey was naturally quick to make up his mind, and though he often wished for things in a general way, he usually knew when his desires were temporary and when they were lasting. Just now he knew that the desire to own that scroll-saw had come to stay.

"Oh, let 's go in and price it," urged Bunny; "'t ain't near time for the last bell yet," and Pinkey accompanied him into the store. Pinkey's reluctance was due entirely to the thought that now he knew he must break his bank account, and he hesitated at being in a hurry over it.

"You better ask how much it is," said Bunny, in an undertone; "there 's no use o' me askin'. I can't ever buy it."

Mr. Evans, the hardware-man, saw the two boys admiring the new machine and came up to the front part of the store.

"How much is the scroll-saw, Mr. Evans?" inquired Pinkey, going up to the window and starting the large driving-wheel going with his hand.

"What 's the matter, Pinkey? Have you got some more old wheels you want to trade for it?" asked Mr. Evans, dryly, with a wink at Bunny.

"No, sir," replied Pinkey, somewhat confused; "if it 's not too much, I may buy it and pay money for it."

"It 's worth five dollars altogether—saw, wrenches, oil-can, two dozen saw-blades, ten feet of white holly-wood, and a book of patterns."

Pinkey could feel his breath coming faster every moment, as Mr. Evans named over the different articles.

"Well, I don't want to buy it now, but we 'd like to see how it runs."

Mr. Evans obligingly took the saw from the window and showed the admiring boys how to work it; and when they saw it in operation they were thoroughly convinced that of all the

things they desired in this world, a scroll-saw stood first.

"Don't you sell it to anybody until I tell you whether I want it or not," said Pinkey, as he and Bunny went out the door, and Mr. Evans promised he would not.

Pinkey and Bunny talked nothing but scroll-saw all the way to school, and thought of nothing else all morning. Pinkey hated the idea of lessening his bank account by even five dollars, and had a long debate with himself on the subject. Finally he became convinced that if he bought the scroll-saw and the holly-wood, he could make enough wall-brackets, watch-holders, and photograph frames, such as he had seen in the pattern-book, to sell for more than the saw would cost him. This mental argument was convincing, and when he left the school-house at four o'clock his mind was made up.

Bunny was delighted when Pinkey told him, for he knew that he should have a good share of the use of the saw, as he did of all of Pinkey's possessions.

"Tell you what you do, Bunny," said Pinkey, as they parted at the court-house corner: "you go around the square and get a lot of cigar-boxes, take them apart, soak the paper off, and we 'll have some good wood to practise on and won't have to use the holly."

Bunny readily agreed to the proposition, for he was anxious to do something to make him feel entitled to use the saw.

That evening Pinkey told his father about the scroll-saw, and how much he wanted it. He reminded his father how he had wanted one for Christmas, and urged him to say he thought it would be a good investment.

"You think it over to-night, Pinkey," Mr. Perkins said finally; "and if you are still in the notion to-morrow morning, I won't object to your buying it."

Pinkey was more in the notion than ever next morning, his father's approval clearing away any shadows of doubt he might have had regarding the wisdom of his decision.

The bank was still closed when he went to school, but he took occasion to stop at the hardware-store and, with an air of importance, inform Mr. Evans that he would buy the saw and would bring him the money at noon.

He stood for a while and looked at the saw that was so soon to be his, and then started to school supremely content that he was to have something which he had long wanted — something none of the other boys had, and which would be a source of pleasure and profit.

As he reached the corner of the square and

the pump, and they seemed to be having a spirited argument about something. Pinkey and Bunny at once joined the crowd, to hear what might be the subject under discussion.

"Well, he just did," they heard Joe Cooper declare emphatically. "Tommy's mother told my mother, and my mother told me; so I guess I got it straight."

"But how could anybody carry measles in his whiskers, I'd like to know?" argued "Putty" Black. "He'd get 'em himself."

"All I know is that he did it. Doctors don't catch things, anyway. They put somethin' on 'em so they won't."

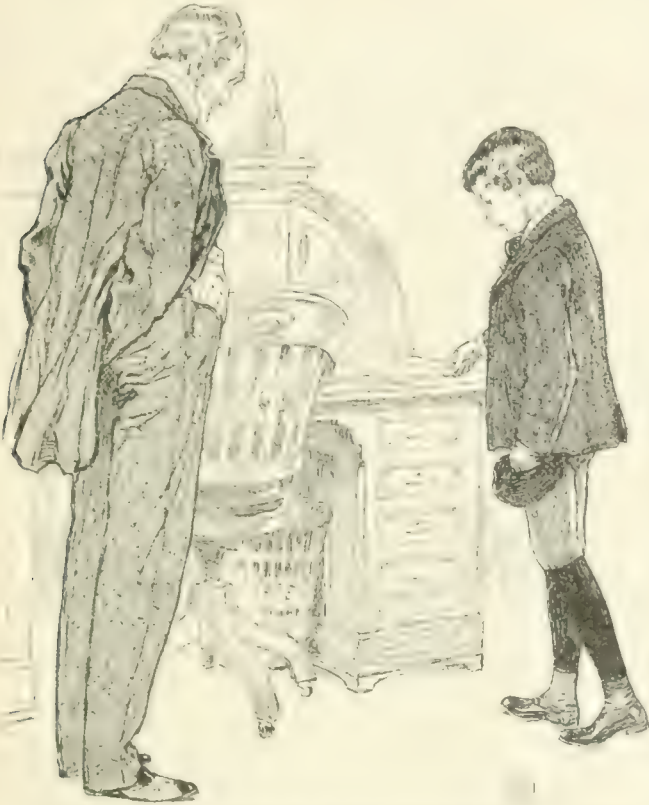
"If you have to carry measles from one place to another, how did the first person get 'em, I'd like to know? I tell you, measles and mumps and whoopin'-cough are just in the air, and maybe you catch 'em and maybe you don't."

"What 's that?" inquired Pinkey, unable to understand what it was all about.

"Why, Tommy Todd 's got the measles and is awful sick," explained Joe. "Old Dr. Rounds was there the other day, tryin' to collect two dollars Mrs. Todd owes him, just after he 'd been to see somebody who had measles, and now Tommy 's got 'em. Mrs. Todd saw in some paper that measles an' scarlet fever and all things that 's catchin' can be carried around

in your clothes or your hair, and she says Dr. Rounds carried the measles to Tommy in his whiskers; and now he won't go see Tommy, 'cause she said that and 'cause she owes him two dollars."

Tommy was the little crippled boy to whose rescue Pinkey had jumped into the icy water some weeks previous, and Pinkey was much interested in what Joe had said. He liked the little fellow immensely, and it pained him to hear that he was ill and that the doctor had refused to visit him. Like the other boys in the crowd, Pinkey was not familiar with the fine points of the germ theory.



"PINKEY WALKED STRAIGHT UP TO THE DESK NEAR WHERE THE DOCTOR WAS SITTING." (SEE PAGE 327.)

started toward the school-house, he met Bunny, likewise schoolward bound.

"I've bought 'er, Bunny!" he shouted. "I'm goin' to write a check and get the money out of the bank this noon and pay for 'er. Come down after school this afternoon, and bring your cigar-box boards, and we'll see how she goes. How many you got?"

"I got a dozen, all the tacks out and the paper off, all ready to saw."

"That will be enough to learn on, I guess. My! won't it be fun!"

As the pair reached the school-house yard, they noticed several boys congregated about

The ringing of the last bell put a stop to the discussion, and the crowd dispersed, with the question as to how Tommy had caught the measles still unsettled. To Pinkey the manner in which Tommy had contracted the disease did not amount to anything, but the fact that he had done so and had no doctor to attend to his case worried him.

All morning something kept reminding him of Tommy; and every time he began to feel jubilant over the thoughts of his new scroll-saw, a wave of depression would sweep over him and drown all his feelings of exultation. Pinkey's conscience was bothering him, and he spent a large part of the morning gazing vacantly at the open book before him, wondering if it would be just right for him to spend all that money for a scroll-saw when he might take it and employ a physician for Tommy, to whom, he felt, in a way belonged part of the credit for his having a bank account.

When Pinkey went home to dinner that day, it was plain from his manner that there was something bearing down heavily on his mind. He walked away slowly, preferring not to have even Bunny's company. His hands were shoved deep in his pockets, and as he walked he unconsciously lengthened and shortened his steps, so that the heel of his shoe would always strike one board of the sidewalk and his sole the one adjoining.

He avoided the hardware-store, lest what he should see there might influence him in deciding the matter which was so deeply engaging his thoughts. When he reached home his mind was made up, but he kept his plans to himself. He intended to act first and talk afterward.

"Father," said he, after dinner, producing his check-book, "will you show me how to make out the check for five dollars?" That seemed an enormous amount when he actually came to consider parting from it.

"Yes," said his father, "if you are really certain that you wish to draw that much money out of the bank."

Pinkey wrote the check as his father indicated, and together they went down town. Mr. Warren was in the bank, and smiled as Pinkey marched proudly up to the little window and laid his check on the counter.

"Going to see how it feels to draw out a little, is he?" said the banker to Mr. Perkins, at the same time setting before Pinkey five bright new silver dollars.

"Yes," answered Mr. Perkins; "a scroll-saw got the better of him, and I guess he'd have to have it if it took it all."

Pinkey said nothing in response to these pleasantries; he just pocketed his money, thanked Mr. Warren, and walked out of the door with his father.

Mr. Perkins stopped at the hardware-store with Pinkey, as he wished to make a closer inspection of the scroll-saw before it was paid for than could be had through the window. Mr. Evans came forward as he saw Pinkey and his father enter the door, and went at once to the window where the scroll-saw was on exhibition. As he started to lift the saw from the window, he was stopped by Pinkey, whose breath came hard, but he spoke decidedly.

"Never mind, Mr. Evans," said he; "I guess I won't buy that scroll-saw, after all. I just came in to tell you not to save it for me any longer. Tommy Todd's sick with the measles, and I'm going to hire a doctor for him with the money. I can get along without a scroll-saw, but Tommy can't get along without a doctor, and his mother has n't the money to get one for him."

Do not think it was easy for Pinkey thus to give up the pleasure he had anticipated, for it was not. But after devoting much serious thought to the matter, he had come to this decision and he was ready to stand by it. He could not think of buying the saw and employing a physician for Tommy too, for that would make too big an impression on his bank account. Besides, he did not know how long it would take for Tommy to get well, and he intended to see him through.

"Why, Pinkey," said Mr. Perkins, "do you mean to say that you are willing to give up the scroll-saw after wanting it so badly?" Both he and Mr. Evans were much surprised at what they had heard.

"Yes, sir," replied Pinkey, resolutely; "I do. I want it just as bad as I ever did, but I can wait. Tommy needs a doctor worse than I do a scroll-saw, and he's goin' to have one. If it

had n't been for Tommy I 'd ha' never had this money, anyway."

Mr. Perkins saw that Pinkey's mind was fully made up, and although he did not say so, it pleased him greatly to see the generous side of his son's nature come to the front against such strong temptation from the scroll-saw.

the steps leading to the office of his own family physician. The slate which hung beside the door indicated that the doctor was in, and in response to Pinkey's knock a voice inside bade him "come in." As he entered the office, a kindly face greeted him from behind a cabinet filled with bottles of all sizes and colors.



"MAYBE, TOMMY, I'D BE CATCHER IF I WISH, 'DOES IT SAY, Y'?" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"All right, then," said Mr. Perkins; "go ahead and do as you feel you should. I want to stay here and talk to Mr. Evans a minute"; and with that Pinkey left the store, without so much as a glance at the saw.

A few minutes later Pinkey ran hurriedly up
Vol. XXXIII.—43.

about having given up the scroll-saw, for he did not wish the doctor to think he was hinting for him to give his services on credit.

"All right, Pinkey," said Dr. Young, picking up the five dollars; "I'll go down there right away, and we'll try and bring the little fellow

"What is it, Pinkey?" inquired the doctor, surprised at receiving a visit from such a healthy specimen of humanity.

Pinkey walked straight up to the desk near where the doctor was standing, and, one after the other, laid down his five silver dollars side by side. Then he turned around and said:

"Dr. Young, I want to get you to go and see Tommy Todd. He's got the measles and is awful sick. When you've gone to see him five dollars' worth, let me know and I'll give you five dollars more. I don't want you to stop until he gets well."

After a few questions, Dr. Young learned the story Pinkey had heard at school, and the reasons for his wishing to employ a physician for Tommy. Pinkey admitted it was his own money he was using, but said nothing

around before long"; and in his own mind he resolved then and there that Tommy Todd should have the biggest five dollars' worth of medical attendance any one had ever received from him. Only the fact that he believed in encouraging unselfishness in children prevented him from returning the money to Pinkey.

Pinkey went to school that afternoon with his heart lighter than if he had bought a dozen scroll-saws. As he neared the school-house, Bunny came running toward him, evidently bubbling over with glee.

"I got a lot more cigar-boxes at home soakin'," he cried, "and I got the others all ready to bring down after school."

When Pinkey told him what he had done, and that he had given up having a scroll-saw, Bunny was very much disappointed. He felt that he had suffered a personal loss, as indeed he had, but he could not criticize Pinkey's admirable self-sacrifice.

"I guess you did what was right, Pinkey," said he, then added hopefully, "But maybe we'll have a scroll-saw sometime, so I'll keep my cigar-boxes, anyway."

When school was out that afternoon, Pinkey was kept in for some infraction of the rules, and it was an hour later when Red Feather, his teacher, liberated him from bondage. As he took his hat from its hook in the hall and went gloomily outdoors, he was surprised to see Bunny waiting for him at the bottom of the steps. Under his arm he carried a bundle of small boards, pieces of dismantled cigar-boxes.

"She's down at your house, Pinkey!" he shouted; "hurry up!"

"Who's down at my house?" demanded Pinkey, his mind too full of his recent troubles to grasp the meaning of Bunny's remark.

"Why, the scroll-saw, an' holly-wood, an' everything."

"How d' you know? Who told you?" Pinkey was unable to believe what he had heard.

"Mr. Evans told me. I went by the store

just to look at the saw, and it was n't in the window; so I went in and asked to see it, and he told me I'd have to go down to your house. He said he'd delivered the whole business there this afternoon. So I went home and got these boards, and have been sittin' here waitin' for you to git out. I kept out o' sight for fear Red Feather'd catch me and keep me in, too, for hangin' around."

Bunny was compelled to relate most of his story on the run, for as soon as Pinkey had heard the main facts, he had started for home as fast as his legs would carry him, Bunny doing his best to keep up.

On their arrival, Pinkey and Bunny rushed violently in the front door, as though they expected to see the saw installed in the middle of the parlor floor. A moment later, Pinkey heard his mother's voice calling for them to come upstairs. Imagine their surprise when, on reaching the room adjoining Pinkey's bedroom, they saw that what Mr. Evans had told Bunny was only a part of the truth. In addition to finding there the scroll-saw and all its belongings, they found that Mr. Perkins had converted the room into a workshop. The wrenches, oil-can, saw-blades, and book of patterns were all on shelves made for them; and besides there was a strongly built work-bench, with several tools, which Pinkey had always longed to own, arranged in order beside it.

It was hard for Pinkey to realize what had happened. Mr. Perkins had employed a couple of carpenters, and they had spent the entire afternoon on the room and had just finished. Pinkey was speechless with joy and amazement, and could only stand and look at it all.

"Well, Pinkey," said his father at last, "does it suit you?"

"Suit me? Why, it's better than Christmas. Is all this for me?"

"Yes, all for you, Pinkey," said Mr. Perkins, fondly placing his hand on Pinkey's head. "You see, if you did n't get the saw, it might have gone to some other boy who does n't deserve it as much as you do."

FROM THE "ROCKET" TO THE "ST. LOUIS."

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

DID you go to the St. Louis Fair? If you did, and you failed to see the railroad exhibit, you missed a wonderfully interesting part of "the show." You missed seeing what may be called the evolution or development of that wonderful invention, the railroad-engine. The trouble is that the boys and girls of to-day are so accustomed to the railroad that they think little of all that it represents. Some of them may be like a little girl I happen to know who once said:

"Why, papa, did n't we *always* have railroads?"

Just ask your grandparents about that. I have an idea that some of them will tell you that they were men and women long before they ever saw a railroad engine. A man but forty-five years old told me the other day that he walked ten miles with some other boys when he was ten years old to see a railroad-train.

It has not been so very many years since the most intelligent men and women laughed and even jeered at the mere idea of people riding at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour. When George Stephenson first began to talk about inventing an engine to be run on lines of wooden or iron track, the people looked upon him as a dreamer, a visionary who might not be quite "right in his head."

But this George Stephenson of Wylam, near Newcastle, in England, was not to be put down by sneers nor jeers, and he had the audacity to declare that he believed that he could invent an engine that would run at the terrific rate of twenty-five miles an hour, whereupon one of the most noted periodicals of the day said that he ought to be "put in a straight-jacket."

Stephenson went to work and built a queer-looking little railroad-engine called the "Rocket" in 1829, and that was the beginning of one of the most useful and wonderful things in the world — the modern railway system.

Then America, not to be behind any other country, got the "railroad fever," and felt that it must have one of those "strange inventions," a railroad. Such a queer thing as its first road with iron rails was! It was built in the year 1826, and it was but a little more than three miles long, and it was built for the carrying of stone from some quarries at Quincy, near Boston, to Charlestown, for the purpose of building Bunker Hill Monument.

What kind of an engine did they use on this road? A four-legged one, for the one and only motive power was a horse. Steam-engines did not come into use in America for some time after that. We had to get our first steam railroad-engine from England. It had a very fierce name, for it was called the "Stourbridge Lion," and it had a lion painted on it.

If our modern railway-engines had the same power to laugh that they have to scream, they might, as you children say, "nearly die" laughing over the way our first railway-engines looked. Little, queerly-shaped, puny things they were. The "Stourbridge Lion" did n't weigh one twenty-fifth part of the weight of an engine of to-day, and it looked as if people might well hesitate about risking their lives behind it. It was first used at Honesdale in Pennsylvania, and it ran on wooden rails with a thin layer of iron on them. People gathered from near and from far that 8th of August, in the year 1829, when the little British lion of iron and steel was to make its first run. The wisecracks shook their heads and prophesied all sorts of probable disasters, and people said that "nothing on earth" could tempt them to ride across the bridge spanning the Lackawaxen River on "that thing." But the little lion went safely over the bridge and over the eight or nine miles of track which was the entire length of this line of railroad.

Then a man of whom you must have heard, for he did so much good in the world, — Peter

Cooper, — built a railroad-engine much smaller than the "Stourbridge Lion," for it weighed but a single ton. This was in the year 1830. Peter Cooper called his engine the "Tom Thumb," and it looked for all the world like a huge beer-bottle out for an airing on a rude sort of a truck, as you will see by the picture

rying of freight, and the man who first suggested the idea that they might also be made to carry people was advised not to make himself ridiculous by proposing anything so absurd in real earnest. Some even thought that there should be a law against the undertaking of anything so dangerous to human life. But in August



THE "ST. LOUIS."

THE "TOM THUMB."

of it as it stands by the "St. Louis," the largest railroad-engine ever built. The "St. Louis" weighs two hundred and forty times as much as the "Tom Thumb."

Peter Cooper built his little engine to run on the newly constructed Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and on one of its trips a horse ran a race with it and outdistanced the little engine, but this was because some part of its machinery failed to work properly. When in right working trim it astonished the people by running faster than a horse could run. But people looked upon it with great distrust, and no one had any idea that the railroad would or could become all that it has become since that time.

The first railroads were intended for the car-

riage of freight, and the man who first suggested the idea that they might also be made to carry people was advised not to make himself ridiculous by proposing anything so absurd in real earnest. Some even thought that there should be a law against the undertaking of anything so dangerous to human life. But in August

of the year 1831, a train consisting of the "De Witt Clinton," the third railroad-engine built in the United States for real service, and several very queer-looking passenger-coaches started for a trip on the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad. So unusual an event was it that people came for many miles to see the strange sight, and one of the passengers has left us this account of the trip:

"The train was composed of coach-bodies mostly from Thorp and Sprague's stage-coaches, placed upon trucks. The trucks were coupled together with chains, or chain-links, leaving from two to three feet slack, and when the locomotive started it took up the slack by jerks, with sufficient force to jerk the passengers, who sat on seats across the top of the

coaches, out from under their hats; and in stopping they came together with such force as to send them flying from their seats. They used dry pitch-pine for fuel, and there being no smoke or spark-catcher to the chimney, or smoke-stack, a volume of black smoke strongly impregnated with sparks, coals, and cinders came pouring back the whole length of the train. Each of the outside passengers who had an umbrella raised it as a protection against the smoke and fire. They were found to be but a momentary protection, for I think in the first mile the last one went overboard, all having their covers burnt off from the frames, when a general mêlée took place among the deck-passengers, each whipping his neighbor to put out the fire. They presented a motley appearance on arriving at the first station."

I should think so! No wonder that one old gentleman who saw the train go wabbling by, with so many of the passengers whipping each other to put out the fire, remarked that he had

seen all he wanted of people traveling by the "engine-cars."

Very amusing stories are told of the fright occasioned among the domestic animals by the first appearance of the "engine-cars," and even people held their breath and felt a certain sense of relief when the "pesky things" went by without doing any mischief to the lookers-on or to the passengers.

No one ever dreamed of the possibility of dining-cars and sleeping-cars in those days, and the most hopeful and daring of the inventors of the railway had no idea that such wonderful things would come from their small beginnings. They had no idea that the quaint little "Tom Thumb" railroad-engine would one day stand side by side with a railroad-engine like the powerful "St. Louis," and that thousands and tens of thousands of people would look upon them and be glad that the mind and the hand of man had been able to work such wonders as are represented in the railways of to-day.

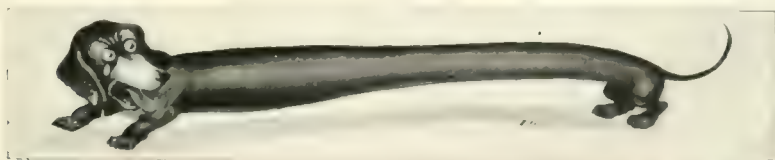
A MOVING TALE.

BY MCCLANDERGH WILSON.



THERE was a dachshund once, so long,
 You have n't any notion
 The time it took to notify
 His tail of his emotion.

And thus it happened, while his eyes
 Would weep with woe and sadness,
 His tail would still be wagging on
 Because of previous gladness.





A HUMMING-BIRDS' BANQUET.

BY MEREDITH NUGENT.

HERE is a strange flower. It has a set of little brooms laden with pollen, and five beautiful hood-like reservoirs stored with dainties for a bird feast.

The flower needs messengers to carry away the pollen from the brooms, and, being brilliantly colored itself, it fittingly employs the jeweled humming-bird as its messenger.

The humming-birds, like other messengers, expect payment for going upon errands; and so the flower, when it would attract the humming-birds, prepares a dainty feast. When all is ready, the hood-like petals are filled not only with nectar, but in the nectar are such insects as are especially relished by the birds. The birds cannot refuse so rich a treat, and they

eagerly eat and drink of the good things so daintily stored for them.

While the guests are busy over their feast, the little brooms are at work dusting with pollen the birds' feathered heads and backs. When the greedy little visitors have finished the nectar of one flower, they dart away to other flowers of the same kind for more.

At the second flower visited, the birds leave some of the pollen, and are again rewarded for their useful service.

This flower is a species of the *Marcgravia*, growing in tropical America. Humming-birds also act thus as messengers for the trumpet-flower, passion-flower, fuchsia, and lobelia; but none of these is so beautiful as the flower here shown.

THE ODD EVENT—AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

BY PARMALIE McFADDEN.

"I don't care if they have," declared Jessie Folsom, vehemently, throwing another pillow on the end of the lounge, so that she could sit up and more comfortably enter into the discussion, which was waxing warm in the "common" room in the third story of North Hall—"Third North" it was usually called. "I don't care if they have. I claim that the character of our victories outweighs theirs; and at the best—I mean at the worst—it is only a tie. And, besides, I don't favor leaving it to Miss Caldwell, because she is all for outdoor games, while two of our athletic victories were in the gym."

This emphatically delivered opinion was in reply to Lou Winslow's remark that the Solars had won in as many contests as the Polars. The "Solars" included those girls who roomed in the South Hall located to the south of the main recitation-building in the Grovemoor School for Girls, of which Miss Adeline Caldwell was principal—and had been when some of the mothers of her present pupils went to school there. The "Polars" included those in North Hall. The two halls were independent as regards their dormitories and dining-rooms, but all the class-room and gymnasium work was in common. In the main, the girls were loyal to the set in which Miss Caldwell had placed them, and this loyalty grew as the months went on. Naturally a friendly rivalry sprang up between the two halls.

It was now the end of October, and nearly all the old girls had come back, and there were but few newcomers. Custom in the school had set the day of the last cross-country run as the ending of the "Contest year," and the debit and credit of all events dating from the previous October were contrasted.

The discussion which was now going on in Third North was by all the girls of North Hall, called the day after the cross-country run, which had been won by South after a hard contest. Ethel Simmons, one of the young "day"

scholars, had, that morning, brought over from South Hall a letter claiming the championship and asking the Polars what course they intended to take to meet their claims to this coveted honor. Lou Winslow had reminded the meeting that each side had won an equal number of events, the result being—for South: Hockey, Oratorical Contest, Tennis, and Cross-Country Run; while North had to her credit Basketball, Golf, Gymnasium Team Work, and Debate. Jessie Folsom had been on the golf-team and in the debate, and no doubt the memory of the work required to win made her estimate at their full value the victories gained. Hence her belief that the balance was in their favor.

The discussion grew warm, and after nearly an hour's conference nothing further seemed to have been arrived at than that North had triumphed over her rivals—an opinion that each Polar had already held before she entered the room.

The strain of the fruitless discussion was wearing on some, and it was apparent that the meeting would break up if something was not done before long.

Louise Winslow was acting as chairman, and her eyes roamed about the room looking for help. They rested on Mary Flanders, who was coiled up in a wicker chair at the back of the room. "Polly Flanders," almost shouted the chairman, addressing that individual by the name the girls had given her soon after she had come to the school, "you have n't said a blessed word the whole afternoon. Have n't you an idea? What's the use of being on the golf-team if you can't help out in a simple thing like this? Can't you give us a suggestion?"

"Yes, I can," said Polly, jumping up from the lounge and leaning on the table around which the most of the girls were sitting. "I think I have a good suggestion but I don't believe any of you will take it. You don't want

Miss Caldwell to decide the matter, and you won't draw lots. Now I propose that we leave it to John." (John was the head gardener of the grounds.) "We all know he is fair."

Cries of "Oh! oh!" met this statement, for it was well known that old John, who had formerly been green-keeper on a Scotch golf-course, had coached Polly, and would have caddied for her in the tournament if he had

much looked forward to by every man, woman, and child who has the manhood, womanhood, and childhood" (Polly was growing eloquent) "to call himself a man, woman, and child—I mean *or* child—the harvest-time of the forest. Stripped of all its verbiage—I mean foliage—and getting down to the kernel, so to speak, I refer to the nutting season. Does n't that thrill you? But, honestly, joking aside, what do you say to challenging South to a nutting contest? Don't faint! It is n't intellectual, but it will be novel."

"Hurrah for Polly!" was the chorus that greeted this proposition. The relief was shared by all; and in the enthusiasm the meeting began anew, and before it adjourned the details had been worked out. They were simple. The challenge to South was to a contest of nut-gathering, to begin the next Saturday, thirty girls on a side, to start from the school at two o'clock and to be back at five-thirty, sharp. Nothing was to be counted but chestnuts and hickory-nuts, and four quarts of hickory-nuts were to equal one quart of chestnuts in the final measuring.

The challenge was accepted, and then began seven days of preparation for this novel "event," in which no previous training or mental qualities would render any assistance unless they were the keenness of observation and the memory of those who had "located" trees in their frequent rambles about the rolling country in the midst of which the school was situated.

Every man-servant and maid-servant on the premises was questioned as to the whereabouts of nut-trees; each side seeking information from every person who could possibly be of help. Long walks of inspection were taken. The teachers were in great demand as chaperons to accompany small groups from both sides—each with a different teacher, of course—to call upon neighboring farmers to learn all they knew on the subject and to get their permission to gather the nuts should any trees be on their place. One crusty old farmer, on whom a small party of Polars led by Jessie Folsom called, utterly refused his permission until Jane Olcott, in despair, offered to return him any nuts they might gather on his farm, after they had been measured at the school. And the offer was accepted.



THE BEARER OF SOUTH'S LETTER CLAIMING
THE CHAMPIONSHIP

not been ruled out at the last minute as being a "professional." Polly gleaned from this unanimous expression that her proposition was not acceptable. Indeed, she had not expected it would be.

"Well," she went on, "if you don't care for that, what do you say to this? I have been thinking of a plan for some fun this fall, and I don't see why we can't have the fun and at the same time settle this much-vexed question to the satisfaction of our friends the enemy. We are now in the midst of that delectable season

"The stingy old thing!" Jessie said as she left the house: "I've half a mind to pick out all the worm-eaten ones to give him."

It was fun to see the rival groups scouting the country in search of information. On one occa-

up: the kitchen had been drawn upon for small salt and flour bags. Helen Robbins and Louise Sinclair, the most ambitious among the Solars, had each ripped up one end of a small lounge-pillow and hopefully displayed them to encour-



"YES, I CAN!" SAID TOLLY, JUMPING UP FROM THE LOUNGE.

sion a North and a South group approached a farm-house from opposite directions, and a sprinting-match was inaugurated on the spot to reach the house first—only to find that a half-hour previously the farmer had "crossed his breath" and solemnly promised a third group of "Miss Caldwell's young ladies" not to tell anybody else what he knew. Whether these earlier callers were Solars or Polars of course he could not say.

At last Saturday came, bright and crisp. Impromptu bags of muslin had been sewed

age other South girls by what they had set for themselves as their "stint."

The group from South Hall, headed by Catharine Stearns, with Lou Winslow leading the North contingent, assembled before the entrance of Recitation Hall. Miss Caldwell had heartily entered into the contest, and stood with watch in hand. At the stroke of two she gave the word "Go!" and that assemblage of girls scattered as if a bomb had been exploded on the lawn. Each side had recorded the reports of each of its scouting parties during that week, and small groups had been assigned certain

"covers" in which to hunt, and had been given directions about other places to which they were to repair after having exhausted their first assignment. As might have been expected, certain trees were known to both sides, and lively contests were being fought out in half a dozen places at once. Perhaps the greatest fun was when one group would make for a tree unknown to the other side. It was amusing to see some hold back, not wishing to disclose a particularly rich "find" to the others.

Jessie Folsom drew Mary Flanders to one side as Louise Sinclair and Alice Gordon came along.

"Walk slowly, Polly, and let those Solars get ahead," she said; "I know two simply gorgeous chestnut-trees over by that big boulder; and you don't have to crack the burs, either. I found them yesterday. We'll take in our regular trees later." The other girls, seeing them fall back, of course suspected something of the truth, and they held back too. Then Jessie and Polly forged ahead and started on a run. Louise and Alice, fearing lest the others might be after the trees they were assigned to, hurried after the two North girls and soon passed them. When they were out of sight, Jessie and Polly walked over to the boulder and began in earnest.

What went on at a score of other places within a mile radius of the school can be imagined. Here there would be North and South girls gathering nuts side by side; over there, a group energetically scouring the ground for the easiest gathered before their "find" should be discovered by any rivals who might be in sight and who might have met with poor luck at their trees.

Everywhere there was a mad rush and intense excitement. Helen Robbins, justifying South Hall's faith in her "divining" powers, had at her first tree filled a modest bag, and was using her tam-o'-shanter, which seemed to reach a limitless depth as the growing weight of nuts stretched the loose wool into a veritable knit bag. Almost in every case the harvest had been underestimated, and every available pocket was brought into requisition.

As the town clock sounded five preparations were made for the return. Some struck across country, regardless of "No trespassing" signs,

in the hope of being able to locate some "uncharted" tree that had escaped the others, and so get a fleeting five minutes of especially rich picking.

The first to arrive at the school was Lou Winslow, bowed down with a ton of nuts, as it seemed to her—in reality but five quarts, the record of the day. In a few minutes three South girls came up, proudly displaying their burdens. Lou's heart sank within her as she feared that each had more than she. Polly Flanders's big bag encouraged her, but thereafter her spirits rose and fell as the other girls deposited their pickings on the porch, on either side of the steps. A few minutes before five-thirty the last girl had come panting up the steps and thrown herself on a piazza chair.

Miss Caldwell was there to meet them, and at once sent for John to bring his measure from the stable. In the meantime the chestnuts were being sorted from the hickory-nuts.

When John arrived the measuring began—first with South's harvest. It seemed to the girls on both sides that John was exasperatingly slow as his clumsy hands filled and emptied the wooden quart measure.

"Why did n't you fill your *peck* measure from both lots?" said Lou Winslow, as she viewed the huge piles of hickory-nuts, impatient at John's deliberateness, "and then use the quart measure for the rest?"

But John had begun, and nothing would stop him.

"Thirteen—yes, miss—fourteen—but it's—sixteen—too late now—seventeen—"

So they had to endure the agony of waiting. Miss Caldwell and several of the girls kept tally, and a shout went up from the South girls when John had called off "eighty-four, and that's all."

"First class in mental arithmetic stand up," announced Helen Robbins.

"If one quart of chestnuts equals four quarts of hickory-nuts, how many quarts of chestnuts will eighty-four quarts of hickory-nuts equal?"

That was easy, and a chorus of voices replied, "Twenty-one."

North's contribution was then measured and showed but sixty-eight quarts, an equivalent of seventeen quarts of chestnuts.

Then John began on South's chestnuts, which amounted to twenty-eight quarts, giving the total South score as equivalent to forty-nine quarts of chestnuts.

But that meant nothing until North's final measuring. Now the excitement was intense, and when John had measured thirty quarts it seemed as if the girls would go wild.

"Thirty quarts and the seventeen from our hickory-nuts make forty-seven. Two more

The old fellow's eyes twinkled, and, if the truth were known, he was no less excited than the contestants.

But all things have an end, and at last he had gathered in every stray chestnut in sight. Straightening up, he held in his hand a partly filled measure, and estimating by the markings on the inside the fractions of a quart, announced what every one by this time had known: "thirty-one and a half for the North young ladies."



"EVERYWHERE THERE WAS A MAD RUSH AND INTENSE EXCITEMENT."

quarts will tie them! Oh, why did n't we stay just five minutes longer at that last tree, Polly?" said Jessie Folsom, in despair.

How many quarts were there in that scattered remnant of a pile? That was the question in each mind. No one could guess, and nothing remained but to endure John's maddening deliberation.

The girls crowded around the old man until he had barely room in which to work. It seemed as if he were slower and clumsier than ever.

"Hurry, hurry, John!" they kept urging.

"Hurrah!" cried thirty excited voices from the South end of the steps. Caps were flung in the air, and such a hugging and dancing went on among that jubilant contingent that you might have thought bedlam had been let loose.

"Hurrah! Won by a pint! Hurrah for Old South!" And Catharine Stearns and Alice Gordon ran over to their dormitory to run up the Solar's flag.

In the meantime Miss Caldwell was preparing the "official" score to be handed to the leaders of the respective contestants.

"It's perfectly disgusting," said Jessie Folsom, struggling to hide her disappointment. "They act like an infant-school."

"So they do," said Lou Winslow, who was standing by her; "and they have sent over to

This is what had happened. When Lou had jammed her hands in her pockets she had thrust one of them through a hole in the lining, and had pricked her finger on a fragment of chestnut-bur. In an instant she discovered



"ONE BY ONE LOU BROUGHT THE TRUANT CHESTNUTS TO LIGHT."

run up their flag. I'm just mad clear through," and she violently thrust both hands in the pockets of her jacket and started to walk off.

But in an instant she gave vent to a loud "Ouch!" and then, a moment later, she had run up the steps, shouting the while: "Hold on! Hold on! I've got some more nuts. We are not all in yet."

This announcement caused an immediate rally of the North girls, while their rivals were too busy celebrating their victory and congratulating one another to take much notice.

that the vast recesses between the cloth and the lining were rich in chestnuts that had worked through an unsuspected hole of considerable size in the lining—a tear made larger by the weight of nuts with which the pocket had been stuffed.

Miss Caldwell stepped forward to investigate, and recognized the validity of the claim. By this time the South girls had begun to "take notice," and they pressed forward, fearing a recurrence of another tie. Again the measure, still containing North's precious three pints, was

produced by John, and one by one Lou brought the truant chestnuts to light. If there had been excitement before, it would be hard to say what this was now. Higher and higher rose the level of the contents, until John announced that the measure was legally full.

"Is that all?" shouted the Polars as in one breath.

"No, I've got some more," Louise replied, almost too excited to speak. "*The lining is open all the way around.*"

It took but a moment to pick up the front end of the jacket and shake the nuts down to where they could be reached by her hand, and in another minute she had pulled out a half-pint more.

Then it was North's turn.

The "disgusting" behavior of the Solars of a few minutes previous was repeated with interest, those erstwhile critics Lou and Jessie vying with the others in their wild jubilation.

"Hurrah!" went up the cry from thirty frenzied throats; "Hurrah for North! Won by a *half-pint*!"

Then Lou Winslow stepped down on the lawn, and looking up to the little balcony on the third floor of North Hall, where a neatly aproned chambermaid had patiently been sitting with halyards and a flag in her lap, waved her hand and shouted:

"All right, Mary!"

And slowly out the length of the pole went the blue flag of North Hall, bearing on either side, in large white letters, "Champions 1905."



THE PIPE AND THE SOAP-BUBBLE.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

"I AM little," the soap-bubble said, "just now;
Oh, yes, I am small, I know";

(This is what it said to the penny pipe);

"But watch and see me grow.

"Now look! and reflected in me you'll see
The windows, the chairs, and door.

I'm a whole little world; did you ever know
Such a wonderful thing before?

"And only look at my colors bright,
Crimson and green and blue.

You could hardly hope such a lovely thing
Would ever stay here with you.

"And I feel so light!" the bubble cried;

"I am going now; good-by!

I shall float and float away from here,
Out under the shining sky;

"I shall float —" But puff! the bubble broke.
The pipe near the nursery floor
Never looked nor spoke, but went on with
its work,
And blew a great many more.



FORKS.

By D. M. MORRELL.

WHERE is the man to-day who would count forks as a luxury? Even the poorest consider them a necessity of table service, and thereby they possess something which Queen Elizabeth and the grandees of her time regarded as both a luxury and a curiosity.

In the days before the latter part of the seventeenth century, meat was commonly stewed. When roasted it was cut in bits by the carver, that it might be taken by the guests without soiling more than the tips of their fingers. It was a part of table etiquette to keep the hands as clean as possible. After eating, the hands were cleansed by water poured over them into basins. These were the original finger-bowls. In the royal household there was a dignitary called the Ewrar, whose duty it was to superintend the necessary servants, basins, and towels for this service.

The Greeks and Romans, with all their luxury, ate with their fingers. They had large forks for hay and for taking meats from kettles, but they never dreamed of having small ones for table use. These are the only forms of forks known to have been in use before the fifteenth century. Sometime during that epoch the Italians began the practice, now common to all civilized people among the Western nations, of eating with forks.

There is an account given by a traveler in Italy in 1608, in which he says: "I observed a custom in all those Italian cities and towns through which I passed that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels; neither do I think that any other nation of Christendom doth use it, but only Italy. The Italians and also most strangers do always at their meals use a little forke when they cut their meat. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they eat the meat out of the dish, they fasten the forke, which they hold in their other hand upon the same dish; so that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of others at meals should unadvisedly touch

the dish of meat with his fingers, from which all the table doe eat, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the laws of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at the least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in words. This form of feeding, I understand, is generally used in all places of Italy; their forkes being for the most parte made of yron, steele, and some of silver, but these are used only by gentlemen."

Though the Italian had reached this degree of refinement during the fifteenth century, England was slow to follow the example. This was less from ignorance than prejudice. Having assumed that to seize one's food with one's fingers was the proper mode, the people persisted in eating according to their own code of etiquette.

At the middle of the seventeenth century the highest classes had adopted the use of forks, but few noblemen had more than a dozen silver forks, and possibly some of steel. During the early part of the eighteenth century these articles were so little in common use that it was customary for gentlemen to carry their own knives and forks with them. Silver forks were introduced into great Britain in 1814, and their extensive use marks the increase of wealth and refinement in that country.

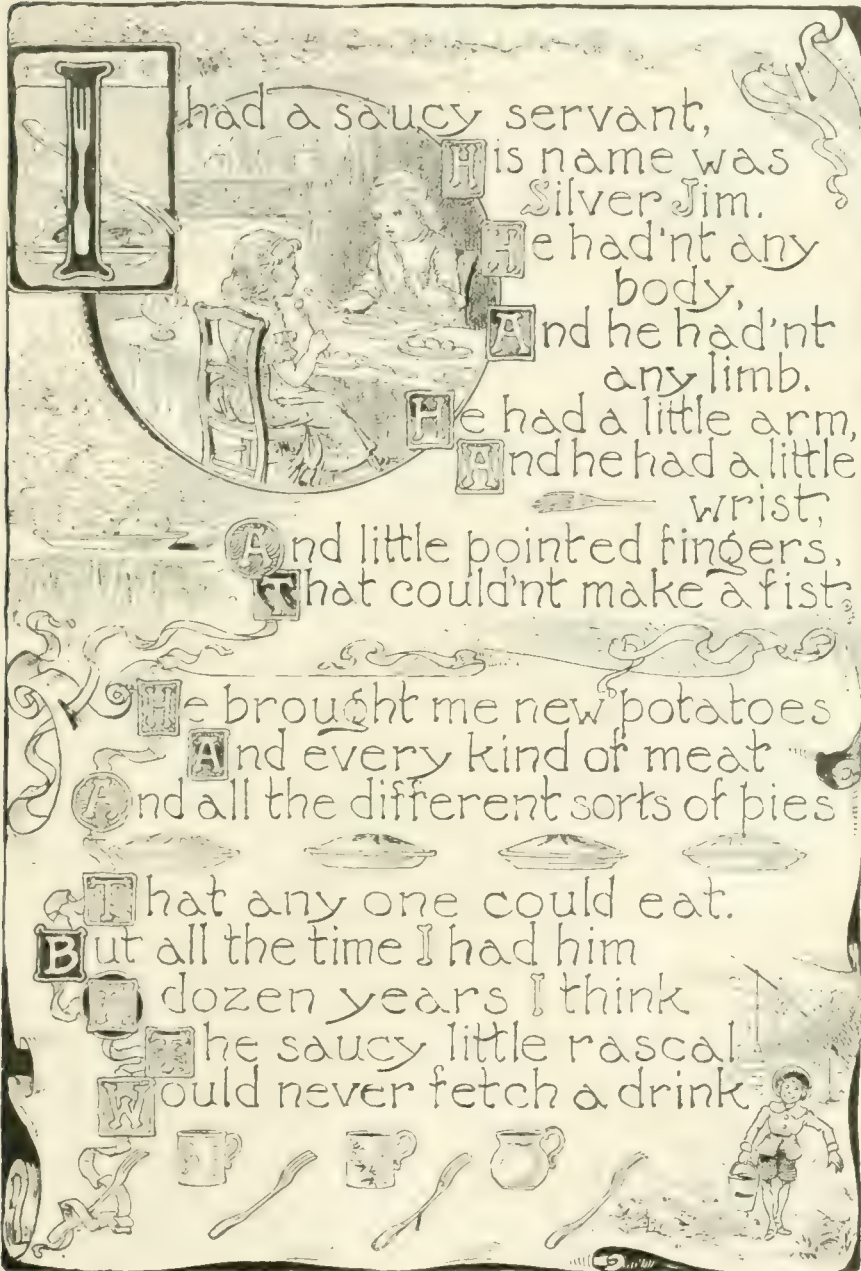
Queen Elizabeth was the first person in England known to have owned a fork, but she kept it for ornament, not for use. In "Nichol's Progresses," where is given an inventory of her appointments, are "Item, a knife and a spoune, and a forke of christall, garnished with golde sleightly, and sparcks of garnetts; given by the Countess of Lyncolne. Item, a forke of corall, sleightly garnished with golde: given by Mrs. Frances Drury. Item, one spoune and forke of golde; the forkes garnished with two lyttle rubyes, two lyttle forkes pendant, and a lyttle corall: given by the Countess of Warwicke." These forks undoubtedly were given

and prized as foreign curiosities of considerable value.

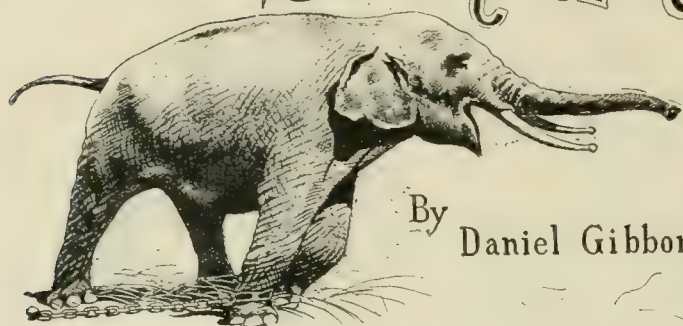
The fork takes its name from the Latin *furca*, a yoke looking like an inverted V. From this

comes the Italian *forca* and *forchetta* (little fork). The latter word gives the French their *fourchette*, while the English go back to the former and retain the louder sounding "fork."

A RIDDLE RHYME.



The Story of a Rogue.



By Daniel Gibbons.

It was in Ceylon that Bolivar's life began. Almost from the first he was a marvel to the natives, who were used only to his small and docile brethren and sisters. Strength and rapid growth were his wonderful attributes from the start; and so, too, was the disposition to use them. From his earliest days, as boy and man elephant, he was a sad bully. At length he became known, even to the men of the island, as a quarrelsome and dangerous fellow.

As he wandered up and down through the jungles, savage, morose, alone, he found his pleasure in attacking every living thing that came across his path. He trod down and tore, with fierce masterfulness, the plant tendrils which sometimes restrained him as he walked through the jungles on his way up to the foot-hills that surrounded lonely Adam's Peak, in the center of the island. And so he lived for years, until at last his fame spread through the land and to a far-away country across the deep water which Bolivar occasionally saw—to that land which men call "Europe." It marked the beginning of the second stage of his career; for in that far-away land lived a man who made his living by buying, training, and selling monsters of the animal kind to other men who thrived as rulers of the beasts.

Having once heard of Bolivar, it did not take Van Amberg long to plan an expedition to far Ceylon. He had already sent his men

up and down through continental India, even to the foot-hills of the Roof of the World, as they call the mighty Himalayas. But in no place did they hear of anything which compared with the fame that lauded the wonder of Ceylon. Over the water to the island went the party. Hiring some native guides, they were soon on his track.

His track was not hard to find. He scorned concealment. He was lord in Ceylon, with no one to dispute his mastery, man or beast. All that Bolivar had seen of any of them, for years, was their backs.

Days passed and, gradually, the party drew nearer to his place of abode. Bolivar became conscious of the fact that he now saw more signs of the nearness of human beings than he had ever seen before. And sharp eyes were watching him all the time. One morning Bolivar realized, with a sense of disquietude, that whichever way he turned he was confronted with huge barriers, strangely, unaccountably, impenetrable. Other elephants appeared and crowded around him. Something, that felt like the tendrils he had once trampled down in the lordly pleasure of destruction, clasped his hind feet; others, his front feet; and then, for the first time in his life, Bolivar could not do as he pleased.

He was a prisoner. He screamed; he trumpeted wildly; he struggled madly to wrench himself free. All the rage he had ever felt seemed concentrated in effort; but it was vain. Liberty was henceforth not for him.

"Oh," said one of the men he now saw on all sides of him, "what a monster!"

Bolivar's next experiences included some things he did not like at all. In the first place, he could no longer have the fresh tendrils and tree shoots, either to eat or to destroy. Indeed, he had nothing at all to eat until, after many furious outbursts of rage, he tired and calmed down. He was weak and dispirited with hunger before they fed him. Dry and miserable stuff it was, compared with the jungle food; but he did not stop to quarrel with his appetite.

He was taken aboard a ship, after much coaxing and some forcing, and was stowed in a big cage. After a long, long journey, terrible because of the fashion in which his new, frail world heaved and tossed and tumbled, he reached the place where lived the man Van Amberg, who had sent out the expedition.

Great had been the expectations that preceded his coming. The hopes of the master of the beasts were wrought up to the highest pitch. When the ship landed, he went on board at once. At sight of his prize he was fairly taken aback.

"Good!" he almost shouted. "All they said of him is true. What a mighty elephant!"

He came nearer, and looked into Bolivar's eyes. A new emotion overspread the master's face.

"Rogue!" he muttered under his breath; but aloud he said, "Barnum and Forepaugh will have a fine bidding-match for him."

There were giants in those days, among masters as well as beasts. Barnum and Forepaugh were the greatest of them. Even Van Amberg did their bidding. The earth held no part that escaped their searchers. Barnum, center of many a world sensation, was a writer and thinker as well as a showman. Smooth-shaven, boyish in heart as well as in face, suave, agreeable, he was a hero of the boys of the northern half of the United States. Forepaugh, famous among trainers of animals, was better known to the boys of the vicinity of Philadelphia and sections of the United States farther south. The two waged a perpetual war of business and enterprise, an endless struggle to determine which should obtain and present the greatest wonders of the earth. It went on for years—

as long as these two giants of the show business lived.

Such a close rivalry could not leave out of sight the most remarkable of the animals. At that time, Jumbo, the mighty, beloved of generations of boys and girls for his gentleness, his undaunted courage, and his great stature, was king of the menagerie world. He was in a great zoölogical garden in London, and was the pet of every boy and girl, of every man and woman, among the many millions of England who could go to see him. He was of huge stature. His fame as the largest animal known was such that he was one of the acknowledged wonders of the metropolis of the British Empire, and, for that matter, of the world. The sorrow, the real grief, of the English may well be imagined when it was discovered, one fine day, that Barnum, the American showman, had bought him and was going to take him to Yankee-land.

But the fates were kind to Mr. Forepaugh, too. He heard from Van Amberg that the Ceylon jungle monarch was the largest that had ever come from that land of small and docile elephant life. When he read the measurements and was assured, besides, that Bolivar was still young, he felt some degree of comfort. He began to hope the stranger might grow and become a possible rival to the great Jumbo, if nothing more. The negotiations closed. Again Bolivar took a journey, in a swaying ship, to the western land that was henceforth to be his home. As Van Amberg, the master of the beasts, saw him off in the steerage of a great liner, he breathed a long, deep breath. The master was easier in his mind at the thought of being rid of his bullying, harsh-tempered, powerful "rogue."

Soon the show-bills of Forepaugh began to claim for him the possession of the equal of Jumbo. Forepaugh was pleased; and, what was more important from the standpoint of the showman, he noticed that his "find" was indeed growing. In a short time Bolivar justified the enthusiastic prediction of his first owner. At the height of his career, he attained the stature of ten feet and came to weigh six and one half tons. Adam Forepaugh was satisfied.

But Bolivar's growth was not the only de-

velopment he exhibited. His evil temper, his disposition to bully, his unconquerable desire to give trouble of all sorts, grew faster than his stature and his value as a show animal. "Young Adam" Forepaugh, famous as a trainer, took him in hand and spent upon him the best of his skill, experience, and patience. It was all futile. Bolivar would not learn. Nothing could teach him that he must "play square," do his part, and go along with the menagerie's procession. At times he attacked his keepers with the utmost fury; and when his wrath was upon him he would bend and twist the iron rods of his cage as though they were saplings, though they proved in the end always stronger than he.

Many were the feats of strength and ferocity Bolivar performed; but he was to do one that was to surpass all that men knew of elephants. It was in the year 1880 that Forepaugh's circus was traveling through Kansas. It stopped at a little town near Topeka. The night circus had been showing, and, after the performance, the work of putting the animals on board the train was in progress. Bolivar seemed to be in a fair humor—for him. He went along quietly enough

speaking in low and friendly tones, endeavored to coax him to go onward. Not an inch would Bolivar move. He began, instead, the low, deep trumpeting which his keepers knew meant trouble. He moved forward a pace or two. The men hoped his fit might be put off this time. But Bolivar rushed at the car with one of his wildest screams. A blow of his head upset the great structure, hurling it off the track.

The men around him, seeking to terrify him, raised a tremendous shout. Thoroughly aroused, he turned upon the mounted keeper who had endeavored to coax him to move, wreathed around horse and rider his enormous trunk, and hurled them flying through the air.

His wrath spent, he quietly curled up his trunk, sank down upon his knees, and made as though he desired to go to sleep. The keeper was not killed, but the horse died from the shock.

The fame of Bolivar spread all over the land. People wanted more than ever to see him, but the circus-people were not so enthusiastic. They were in constant fear, for there



"A BLOW OF HIS HEAD UPSET THE GREAT STRUCTURE, HURLING IT OFF THE TRACK."

with the other elephants, until he was near the car on which he was to mount for the trip to the next show place. Suddenly he stopped. His keeper rode forward close beside him, and,

was no telling when one of his most destructive rages would burst forth. He was now, whenever on exhibition, confined in a cage. It was in sad contrast to the free life of the jungle,

and a great privation as compared with the sort of freedom he had formerly enjoyed.

And meanwhile, Jumbo, a noble animal indeed, magnanimous with all his strength, tender

that dulls the sharpest claws, muzzles the fiercest mouths, restrains the most tremendous strength. It is as merciful as it is mighty. It is a home, a hospital, a haven, a prison—all



"THE DOUGHEY ARGUED, HE TURNED UPON THE MOUNTED KILLER, WREATHED AROUND HIS TRUNK, AND HURLED HIM FLYING THROUGH THE AIR."

as a woman, though he was "only an elephant," had gone down to death on a railroad track in Canada in his effort to save a little elephant from a one-eyed monster—a great railway engine which spurted out white smoke and made a loud noise. Thinking it was about to attack his pet, he turned around and calmly faced it until it ran him down to an awful but glorious end. Such was the fate of the gallant old rival of the mighty Bolivar.

There are other masters of the beasts besides the collectors and the showmen. One man Bolivar despised; many men Bolivar could crush; but all men Bolivar, at the last, must submit to. There is a place men make

in one. The beasts of the wood and field, the fishes of the streams, the birds of the wide, free air,—the very snakes,—can have there whatever they desire, save liberty alone. It is called the Zoölogical Garden.

The time came when even "Young Adam" Forepaugh despaired of Bolivar without chains; and an elephant in chains is a "white elephant," very heavy to carry around and more than expensive. With Jumbo killed, and Bolivar determined on killing everything else, the greatest animal in the world, too valuable to be slain, were better given away than kept to do murder.

"A rogue," said Forepaugh, as Van Am-

berg, the first master of the beasts, had said before.

And they presented Bolivar to the Zoölogical Garden at Philadelphia—the only master he was fit for. Here he was chained fast, to spend his days until the end.

During the day the boys and girls gather around him; for, however cruel he was and can be Bolivar is still an object of interest. The children give him good things—apples, candy, and peanuts; and so, between regular diet and the day's dainties, Bolivar manages to endure life comfortably.

But the vigilance of his keepers never re-

laxes. Chains he must wear; and an iron guard extends all the way around his cage to keep him surely within bounds.

But no amount of docility, no continuing evenness of temper, no steady good faith, will avail to convince his custodians that he is really harmless. They think that he is only temporarily less bad; that is the best praise he can now win for himself.

His feet will never again press the verdure even of this less favored land. He has been taught, relentlessly, that the rights of those by whom he is surrounded are stronger than his will or his power.



BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP.

I AM a little fellow,
 Though I 'm always up to date.
 The days I hold within my hand are only twenty-eight;
 But I just save my moments up,
 And count them o'er and o'er,
 Till in four years I 've saved enough to make up one day more.
 But little folks that kindly are, and pleasant in their play,
 May save enough in far less time to make a happy day.

PENNY SAD AND PENNY GLAD

By STELLA GEORGE STERN



WHEN a little penny's dingy
And a dull and ugly brown,
From the fingers of the butcher-boy
And every one in town,
I feel sorry for the penny,
And I say it is too bad—
Don't *you* think the little penny must be sad?

Then I rub it on the carpet
With all my main and might,
Till it gets all warm and shiny,
And so pretty and so bright
That I 'm sure it has forgotten
All the troubles that it had—
Don't *you* think the little penny must be glad?

PLANTATION STORIES.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

THE BIRD THAT BOUGHT BARGAINS.

ON his seventh birthday little Pate received a silver quarter for one of his gifts; and he was allowed to go down to the small country store with Uncle Bergen, the coachman, that he might spend it. He returned with—of all things, on a plantation where fat poultry were plenty—a lean and protesting old speckled hen!

His mother was upstairs in her own room; Aunt Jinsey, his colored "mammy," received him on the front gallery.

"What you got dar, honey boy?" she asked curiously. "What you do with dat ol' hen?"

"I bought it with my silver quarter," returned Pate, stoutly. His own belief in the suitability of the purchase was beginning to weaken.

Aunt Jinsey threw up her hands and laughed. "Oh, yah — yah — yah!" she shouted. "Ain't we-all got chickens 'nough on dis Broadlands plantation, widout you go to de sto' an' buy dat ol' hen what look like she belong to Mathusalem' grandmudder?" she inquired.

Patricia and Isabel here joined the court of inquiry. Perhaps they had hoped for some small treat when their brother returned.

"But she was so cheap," murmured the little boy, disconsolately, as he seated himself on the gallery steps and nursed his purchase.

"Nothin' ain't cheap what you don't want," said Aunt Jinsey, conclusively. "Suttin'ly not a sorry ol' hen like dat, when we-all got de finest chickens in Miss'sippy, an' mo' dan we-all kin eat."

The gloom deepened on Pate's countenance. The old nurse saw it, and to relieve the situation offered one of the ready tales with which she was wont to instruct and admonish her little brood. "You minds me o' young Miz. Song-Sparrer. Dat lady wuz what you might call a bargain-seeker. She ain't think 'bout much else. She ain't talk 'bout much else. All she kin say dest, 'Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!'"

This sounded promising, and all three chil-

dren settled themselves to listen. "Mr. Song-Sparrer talk to her dest like I been talk' to you, little Marse. He beg her look at sumpin' 'sides de cheapness when she go to market.

"De lady ain't listen'. She fotch home string in place o' worms; an' when Mr. Song-Sparrer ax how he gwine eat sich truck, she say, 'Oh, but you must mind how cheap dey wuz. A body got to scratch for worms; but I dest pick up des'-hyer strings for a song. Dat what I give fur 'em — a song — yes, sir, an' I sung dat song myself. Dey ain't cost me nuffin'."

"An' dey ain't wuth so much as totin' home," said poor Mr. Song-Sparrer, as he peck at de string, an' try to make a snack on 'em."

Pate let his bargain slide from his knees to the steps. Somehow, there was a likeness to string in the hen's scrawny neck and legs, the latter tied with a bit of gingham rag.

"Matters rock along with de Sparrer family tell after de eggs been laid in de sparrer' nest, an' Miz. Sparrer settin' on 'em all de day long, so she can't go out an' seek no bargains, an' Mr. Sparrer feedin' her so she have her time for to do so. Hit come to de fourth day o' July—dat late for a sparrer to be hatchin' out a brood, even when hit de second brood in de year. Miz. Sparrer felt dat she ort to make dem eggs hurry up; an' she wonder heap o' times is dey any cheap truck layin' round on de bushes dat Mr. Sparrer might as well pick up, an' dat he ain't a-gittin'."

"Dest at dat time de little boy what live in de house near by de tree whar de sparrer' nest build, come out an' fling sumpin' down in de gyarden walk. Den he run 'way.

"Miz. Sparrer peek over de aidge de nest. What de boy flung down look dest like a nice red stick wid a string at one eend. Miz. Sparrer ain't study 'bout what use she got for a red stick wid a string at one eend."

The old negress looked from the corners of

her eyes at the little boy. Pate occupied himself with the knot on the legs of his hen.

"No," Aunt Jinsey went on; "de little sparrer lady ain't axin' no sich quist'ns. 'Dest goin' for nothin,' she say, as she look at hit. 'A body kin git dat for dey own price.' An' she fly down right quick, pick up de little red stick, an' pack it back to her nest, an' tuck it un'neath her wings wid de eggs.

fat worm for her, dest 'bout skeerd out'n his wits when he see her shoot up in de air, wid egg-shells all 'bout her, an' fall down a-hollerin'. De little boy laugh; but 't ain't no laughin' matter to de Sparrer fambly.

"I 'spect dey built 'em 'nudder nest, an' dat little Miz. Sparrer lay some mo' eggs in hit. But she l'arn dest what I been tel' little Marse — no truck hain't cheap unless you wants hit."



"GINSLEY RING LIME-RUM RUD LAY THE RACKER GO OFF."

"De little boy what brung hit dar, he watch. Now he holler to he mammy in de house, 'Oh, ma! De bird carry off my fire-cracker — an' hit a-burnin'! What you reckon hit gwine do to her?'

"Nobody did n't have long to wait to find out what dis-hyer last cheap business gwine do for Miz. Sparrer. She dest 'bout got herself fixed good wid de fire-cracker 'mongst de eggs when — Bingety — *bang!* Bim — *bam!* BLIP! — dat fire-cracker go off. De eggs dey splosh all 'bout. Miz. Sparrer git her wings an' her tail-feathers singe'. Mr. Sparrer, comin' home wid a good

Pate pushed the scrawny hen with his bare foot. "You can have it, Aunt Jinsey," he said doubtfully.

"Thanky, little Marse. Thanky greatly," said the old nurse, bowing and smiling as she picked up her hen. "I 's mighty proud o' my bargain, dat I is. I *needs* a chicken down to my cabin. I gwine git yo' ma lef' me make you a whole pan o' gingerbread men, an' beastes. Dat suit little white ladies an' gentlerman a heap better dan a sorry ol' hen."

And the three children all cried together that it would.



The birds are all social and gregarious in winter, and seem drawn together by common instinct. Where you find one, you will not only find others of the same kind, but also several different kinds.

— JOHN BURROUGHS

GOLDFINCHES, PUR-
PLE FINCH, SONG-SPAR-
ROW, AND MEADOW LARK

There is a foot, more or less, of clear open water at the edge here, and seeing this, one of these birds hops down, as if glad to find any open water at this season, and after prinking, it stands in the water on a stone, and dips its head, and flirts the water about vigorously, giving itself a good washing. I had not expected this at this season. No fear that it will catch cold!—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

FAITHFUL FEATHERED FRIENDS.

In each season some birds come to us, while others depart; and in every season we look in vain for some that were recently numerous. How unsatisfying it would be were all birds equally restless! But Nature, with her usual forethought, has given us many of domestic habits, as if foreseeing that our attachment to her most beautiful creatures would be too strong to be satisfied unless we had them for permanent neighbors.

Most of our winter birds are those that are permanent residents, although we are likely to think of them as birds of the winter only, because they are not so noticeable among the gay species that attract our attention during the warmer months. One is not likely to search for woodpeckers and chickadees when tanagers, orioles, and humming-birds are singing or building.

Let us take a look at some of our permanent residents. Crows are not nearly so numerous in the winter, in northern New York and in places equally cold, as they are in summer. Yet many of them gain a living by picking up the grains of corn that have fallen from the freight-cars and been scattered along the track. And since they cannot long exist without water, they also find much food on the river-banks and along the spring runs when the snow is deep. No other bird will better reward close observation, the study of his language alone being an endless source of amusement and instruction. Crows are among the earliest birds to build. They lay their dark-green eggs before the last snow has fallen.

While there is still snow on the ground I go to the woods, looking for nests of the larger hawks. The loggerhead shrike is then building in the pasture-thorn. Usually I find the nest half made, but sometimes with many little

white feathers fluttering around its rim, to tell me that its soft lining is already in place. By the time the maple sugar-works are in full blast I see prairie horned larks flying across the road with their bills full of nesting material, and if I follow I shall find a cozy hollow somewhere in the brown sod lined with down. All the birds are ready to take advantage of the first indications of spring to begin house-building, having had the entire winter in which to select the best places.

Although most of our permanent residents build before any of the spring migrants, two of them—the cedar-waxwing and the goldfinch—are, strange to say, the last of all to build.

The waxwings, be it remembered, are not to be seen every winter, but only when their favorite berries stay on the trees and vines in sufficient quantity to



THE CEDAR-WAXWING'S WINTER HOME IN THE HOLLY-WHITE.



RED-SHOE EARED HAWK (UPPER RIGHT) AND SNOWS (LOWER PART OF FIELD).

Feeding under difficulties.

give them a living, when they are often seen in flocks of from ten to twenty or thirty. Like the cedar-bird, the robin feeds in winter on the berries of the mountain-ash, and upon others which are likely to fail in severe seasons. Robins are never so numerous as waxwings in the winter. On the bleak shores of Lake Michigan and of the St. Lawrence River I have seen in midwinter not only robins and waxwings, but even song-sparrows.

One cold midwinter day, as I walked along the top of a steep sand-bank, a short-eared owl now and then flew out from the face of the cliff below. I looked over the edge to see where it could have found a resting-place, and discovered that the bank was honeycombed with holes made by bank-swallows and kingfishers. What a snug place for the owls to spend the cold days—those long, dark passages of the kingfishers! At another time a short-eared owl flew up from the ground at the edge of a frozen brook, and there I found a bower among the tall, thick grass, which had been parted by the bird for door and window.

The neighborhood of water is a good place to search for birds when the snow is deep and the rivers and ponds are mostly frozen. The few springs which are still open are then sure to attract all the birds in their region. They come to drink or to bathe or to seek food;



DASHING, ROLLING FLIGHT OF BLUE JAY IN A SNOW-STORM.

the great red-shouldered hawk often hovering there, like a kingfisher, looking for frogs and crayfish.

The bird-life of February does not greatly differ from that of January, except in those sun-shiny days that often occur toward the end of the month, when the rail-fences begin to steam under the earliest rays of the morning sun. The snow is in patches here and there, on fences and walls and in the crotches of the trees. From the fields and meadows the meadow-lark's song begins to vibrate with something of gladness in it. The birds are beginning to make merry, and to hold reunions in the fence-corners, where they sun themselves and play among the raspberry-bushes, the goldenrod, and last year's brown grasses. Shell-ice

covers the brook, and you sink deep in the snow beside it; but the song-sparrow is there, skipping before you among the weeds, flitting his tail and wings, and uttering his lively notes to show that he is happy and to cheer you. How delightful it all is!

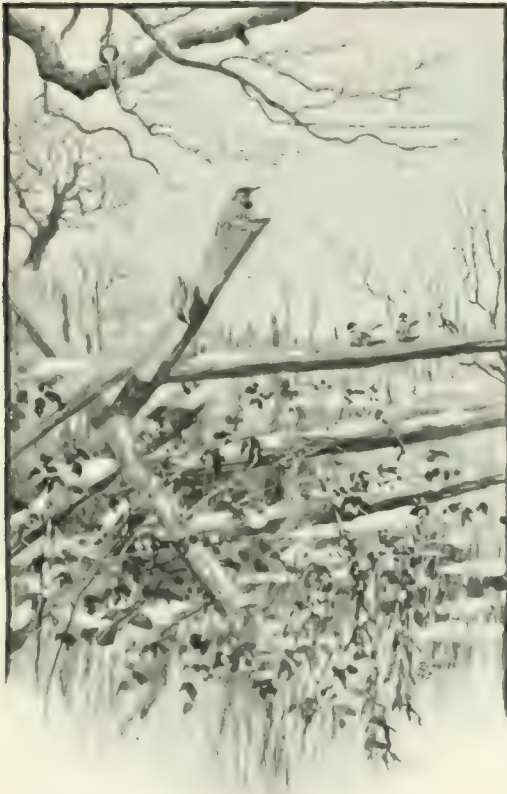
Now and then we observe a flicker on a fence-post; perhaps we see him fly to the frozen ground to investigate the subject of ants. At this season I have seen him pecking at the hard earth and evidently thinking of ants, recollecting their delicious flavor when taken on an empty stomach. His little black-and-white cousin, the downy woodpecker, seems more at home in the cold and the snow, as he hammers the trees in the gray woods, with sleepy owls and hardy ruffed grouse for neighbors, and fidgety nuthatches and lively chickadees for comrades.

Most of these permanent residents seem to have rather an unpleasant experience when the deep snows and the freezing days set in, for they must rake and scrape to keep from starving. But the ruffed grouse appears to be always at his ease, and he is always at home. He burrows in the snow and never cares how deep it is above him, while he sleeps away the night. His feet have grown fringes of little



THE RUFFED GROUSE.

In right, diving into the snow; in lower left, in burrow down in the snow; in upper left, change of feet between summer and winter.



OUR FINEST BIRD RESIDENTS IN A COSY CORNER.

On left: Tit; at top, cowbird; woodpecker on top of stake in fence; flicker; going down stake, white-breasted nuthatch; two on fence; on right, chickadees, in flight near the ground, song-sparrow.

scales, which are long enough and strong enough to bear his weight when the snow comes. When spring arrives, does he condescend to remove these snow-shoes? Not a bit of it. He calmly waits for Nature to do it for him. And she always does.

In the woods, too, we shall find the goldfinch and the purple finch, the former feeding on birch seed, perhaps, and always cheerful. Who ever heard of a goldfinch being anything else? But the young folks must not expect to find in winter the goldfinch in the plumage indicated by its name. In the winter months he is drab or brown, with tinges of olive or light yellow on his head. The purple finches are feeding on the elm, the maple, and the berries of cedar trees. One cold day, not long ago, a fine pair of these birds flew up from the

ground in front of me and alighted near by. When I had passed they had returned to the ground. I wondered why. To drink from an icy spring that quivered in a hollow.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

A NOVEL FLOATING ISLAND.

ON my summer vacation among the Green Mountains of Vermont, I found floating near the edge of a large pond an old plank that had been taken possession of by a colony of water-loving plants. The photograph will give a much better idea of its looks than any words. The plank was floating entirely free, and some of the plants had apparently been on it for more than a year.

The largest plant was a marsh St.-Johnswort that had gone to seed; its long rootstocks were trailing beside the plank. The second largest group is mainly water-bidens. This is one of several kinds of bidens that bear the two-forked barbed seeds that cover your clothing after an autumn tramp. These seeds, or rather fruits, are called sticktights, pitchforks, and sometimes beggar's lice.

There were also in this island colony the cut-grass and two or three species of sedge. It is not an uncommon thing to find water-plants growing on the ends of logs and sticks that project out into the water, but this is the first time I ever saw them afloat.

A. J. GROUT.



THE FLOATING ISLAND.

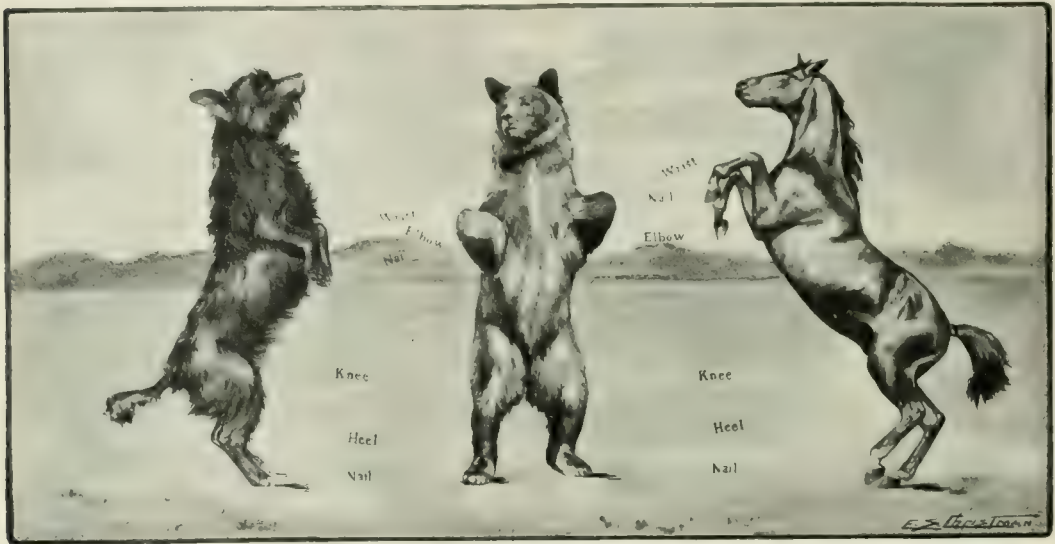
ARMS AND LEGS OF MAN AND OTHER ANIMALS.

SOME day, when puss is stretched out at full length, try to make out how nearly her two pairs of limbs correspond to our own arms and legs. One sees at a glance that the bones of puss's arms and hands are very like ours, except that the part next the shoulder is hidden in her loose fur overcoat, and she does not put-down her whole palm as she walks.

The other two limbs are not so much like ours. If the second joint, which is free from the skin, is the knee,—as, of course, it must be,—then the one next below must be the ankle. Sure enough, here is the sharp heel-bone, with

The bears, however, go flat-footed, and so do nearly all the cold-blooded quadrupeds, like the turtles, newts, and lizards.

Now the horse never puts his heel on the ground, nor even the ball of his foot. He stands up on the very tips of his toes, and this is, in part, the reason why he can trot so fast. Dobbin's heels are half-way up his hind legs, and what we call his knees are really his wrists. The part corresponding to the upper arm is short, and is so embedded in the muscles of the shoulder that the elbow comes next the body. But the horse has only one digit on each limb, and the wrist-bones are comparatively small. The so-called ankle, then, is the



THE HANDS AND FEET OF THE DOG, BEAR, AND HORSE.

The bear walks like a man, with his heel on the ground, and his hands are short and flat. The hands and feet of the dog are long and round, like his legs, but still one can see what they are. Those of the horse are so changed that they are commonly mistaken for parts of the legs. In the figure the joints and the nails are marked.

the great tendon of Achilles running up to the muscles of calf of the leg, with the bunch of little ankle-bones just below the joint. Evidently, then, what seems to be the lower portion of the cat's leg is really a long, slender foot, in which the bones between the instep and the toes are so closely set together that, when felt through the skin, they seem almost like a single one.

Puss, then, when she chases a mouse, runs on her toes and the balls of her feet, where the pads are; but when she sits up to wash her face after dinner, she puts down her heels.

knuckle where the digit joins the hand or the foot, and the "foot" is only a single thick finger or toe, with a great nail for a hoof.

The lower half of the horse's fore leg is really a gigantic hand with only the middle finger and a piece out of the middle of the palm, while the corresponding part of his hind leg is a big, single-toed foot. But the cow has two fingers on her hand—the third and fourth. So has the camel; while the pig and deer lack only the thumb, though the fore- and little fingers are much smaller than the other two, and do not usually touch the ground.

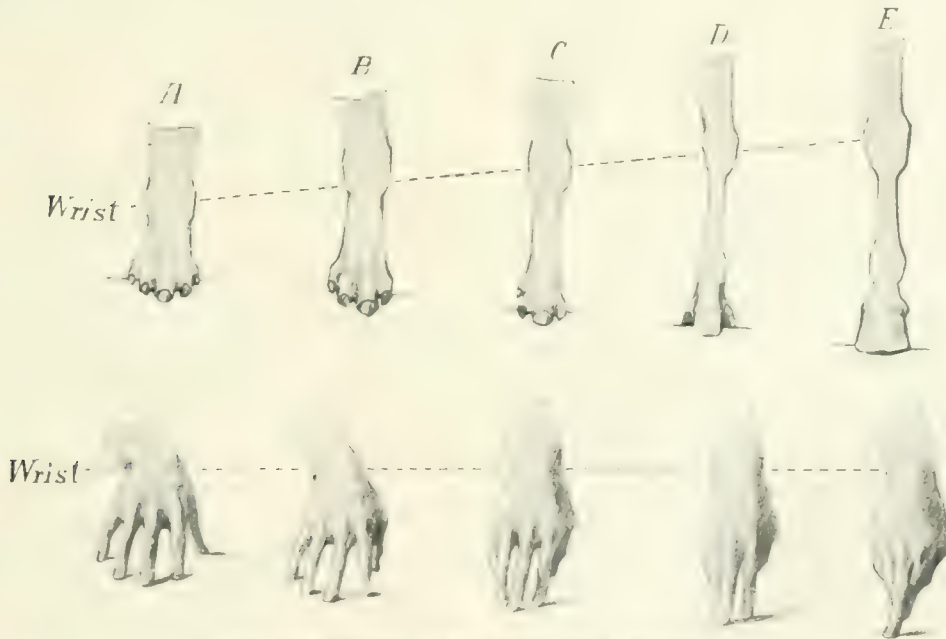


This is one of the earliest and smallest horses whose bones have been found. It was about the size of a fox terrier, which indeed it resembled, though in the shape of its legs and teeth.

One of the strange things about feet is that, although no quadruped has more than five toes, the creatures which have fewer always have some trace of the missing parts, as though a five-toed foot had been cut down and made over to fit them. This appears clearly in the horse. For at the side of each cannon-bone are two little useless "splint-bones," which are the remnants of the bones that, in other animals, carry the second and fourth toes. But the horse which lived just before the glacial period

had much larger splint-bones. These in turn were descended from still smaller horses, which lived at about the same time as the earliest men. Still earlier and smaller horses had three nearly equal toes; while the earliest horses thus far known, which were no larger than foxes, had four toes in front and three behind. These earliest forms had an ancestor with five toes which was not a horse, but a mixture of horse, cow, pig, deer, camel, tapir, and hippopotamus.

E. T. BREWSTER.



HOW THE HORSE CAME TO WALK ON HIS SINGLE TOE AND A HUMAN HAND.

A shows the dog-like foot of the original horse, with all five fingers. Below it is a man's hand in the same position. B is one of the earliest horses whose bones have been found. The hand is growing longer and the thumb is disappearing. In C the little finger no longer reaches the ground and the middle finger is becoming larger than the rest. In D the hand has become long and curved and very horse-like, but the index- and ring-fingers still remain. Finally in E only the middle finger is left. The human hands below show how long with each stage the wrist gets straighter as the digits are lost.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT"

USE OF CAT'S WHISKERS.

NAALEHU, KAU, HAWAII.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me the use of cat's whiskers? I have heard that they help a cat to scent out a mouse. Your interested reader,

DOROTHEA WOLTERS (age 9).

They have no connection with the olfactory nerves, and are of no use as organs of smelling. They are supposed to act only as feelers, helping the cat in the dark, and especially when in a narrow place.

REMARKABLE EGG-CASES.

BADDOW, MARYBOROUGH, QUEENSLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The inclosed were found hanging on a tree in a garden about two years ago. They have been hanging up in my bedroom ever since. Will you please tell me something about them?

Yours sincerely,

HARRY E. ALDRIDGE.

The specimens you sent for identification are evidently the egg-cases of a certain species of spider.

WILLIAM BEUTENMULLER,

Curator Department of Entomology, American Museum of Natural History.

These cocoon-like egg-cases have interested me very much, and I am confident that they will also be of interest to Nature and Science



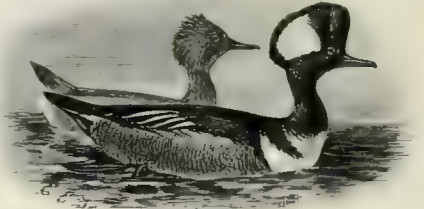
SILKY EGG CASES OF A SPIDER.

young folks. The cases were from three to four inches in length, soft, silky, of dainty light-brown color.

DUCKS IN ICE-WATER.

ELGIN, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about some ducks that have aroused a great deal of curiosity among



THE HOODED MERGANSER.

the people around here. It has been a remarkably cold winter, and the river has been frozen over almost the whole time.

About a week ago two small ducks came down the river, and later two more followed them. It seems very curious how they can live in the cold weather; but they don't seem to mind it at all.

The ducks are a dull brown, with white patches on them. Sometimes they come almost under the bridge, and it is very interesting to watch them dive and then see them on the bottom. They root around the rocks for food, and then pop up again very quickly. I should think they would freeze in the cold, icy water, should n't you?

We watch them almost every day when we come from school. Some hunters said they were "saw-bills" or "fish-ducks."

I read the ST. NICHOLAS almost every month, and enjoy it very much.

Very truly yours,

MARGARET E. NEWMAN (AGE 14).

The young lady's observations are certainly very interesting, though it is rather difficult to determine from the description just what she actually may have seen.

I have about agreed with myself that they in all likelihood were the female of the hooded merganser (*Lophodytes cucullatus*), which is a common winter resident on Lake Michigan. These ducks were undoubtedly forced down from the Fox Lake region—drained by the Fox River passing through Elgin—by the unusually severe winter weather, as those lakes must have frozen over solidly. I do not know the cause for open water in the river at Elgin.

B. T. GAULT.

A FISH'S SENSE OF PAIN.

WASHINGTON, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me if it hurts a fish after it has been caught and the hook taken out of its mouth and thrown back into the water. Does the fish die soon?

I have often seen a small trout caught and thrown back into the brook again.

Your interested reader,

ROBERT E. NATHANSON, (age 13).

The fish is hurt some by having the hook taken out of its mouth, probably, for it struggles violently to get away. But the sense of pain in fishes is not nearly so acute as in human beings, and ordinary hook-wounds in the mouth are not serious. Small trout thrown back into the stream probably suffer only momentary discomfort. When the mouth is badly lacerated, the sore may be invaded by germs of fungus (which is a very common parasite of fishes), or the fish may be prevented from feeding freely, and will thus lose its vitality and more readily fall a prey to other fishes. Certainly it is cruel for us to catch them merely for the pleasure of success in fishing, and especially cruel if for "playing" with the struggling fish.

NOVEL "NATURAL HISTORY" BY TRICK PHOTOGRAPHS.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you these trick photographs of the "sea-serpent" and "web-footed boy," which were given to me by a very kind friend who is a great lover of children, hoping they may interest the young readers of the ST. NICHOLAS as much as they have me.



"THE WEB-FOOTED BOY."

The boy with the web-feet has been out in the rain so much that he has become web-footed, and this great serpent was captured at Gull Lake, Michigan, July 16, 1905. As we all know a rail is twelve feet long, you can imagine the length of the serpent.

As I said before, these are trick photographs, and, if I must tell the truth, the serpent is only a



Both photographs by F. D. Schell. Through the courtesy of the Kalamazoo Public Library.

small grass-snake laid on a miniature rail-fence. The photograph of the web-footed boy was taken in this way: paper "feet" were cut out and tied around the boy's ankles and then the photograph taken.

Your interested reader,

CAROLYN LOUISE WINDOM.

FEEDING SQUASHES, PUMPKINS, AND MELONS.

DUNELLY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read some time ago that melons could be made sweeter by putting some part of the plant in a bottle of sugar and water. I have a patch of muskmelons and would like to try this. Could you tell me how it is done? I think I understand about it, only I don't know which part of the plant ought to be put in the bottle.

Yours sincerely,

GERALD SANDERSON.

For many years I have heard, personally and by many letters, of feeding pumpkins and squashes on milk, and melons on sweetened water; but, notwithstanding an extensive correspondence, articles of inquiry published in periodicals, and many personal inquiries, I have not yet found a person who has actually done the feeding with success. But I have found plenty of people who have heard of grandfather, grandmother, father, cousin, uncle, neighbor, "hired man,"—somebody, somewhere, doing it. But what troubles me is to find the "somebody," and ascertain the exact method. Will our young folks, and old folks, too, come to the aid of the editor of "Nature and Science" in this dilemma of feeding squashes, pumpkins, and melons on milk or sweetened water, and find the man, woman, or child who has actually done it?



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY KENNETH HARRISON, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE)

Lacework on the window-pane—
Ferry bower and plummy shine:
February 's here again,
And Jack Frost sends a Valentine.

WE did not have the usual February subjects this year. We omitted valentines, and stories about Washington and Lincoln, for the reason that we have had something about valentines now and then before, and most of the stories about Washington and Lincoln have been told. We had a very large competition, nevertheless, and the Roll of Honor shows how many good contributions were received besides those selected for use.

Perhaps what most impressed the League editors this month was the number of members who in the prose competition on the subject, "Day-Dreams," revealed the fact that their heart's desire is to be a prize-winner in the St. Nicholas League. Of course we knew that to each striving member the winning of a gold or a silver badge was an earnest wish. But it has not been brought home to us so clearly before that perhaps the dearest hope and most fondly anticipated joy of a host of boys and girls throughout the land is the possession of one or more of those tokens of merit which we award from month to month in recognition of superior work. Realizing this somehow fills us with a sense of deeper responsibility, and the thought that we must be very, very careful, indeed, to award the prizes exactly where they should go—to consider and to reconsider well.

But that is a difficult task. It is not so hard to decide for Roll of Honor 2, but when we get to the next step, and begin to select, from a large heap of manuscripts or drawings, a very few for prizes and publication, when all of them are worth publishing and a great many are good enough for prizes, then the trouble begins. We should be more than human if we did not make mistakes sometimes. We can only be conscientious

and as capable as we can, and if there are any members—we never hear of them, but perhaps there are a few—who think that they have not been fairly considered, then we can only ask that they feel as kindly toward us as possible, taking in the thought that one story or poem does not make an author, nor one picture an artist, and that if their stories or poems or pictures were really of a very high order of merit, they can do something just as good another time, and surely we will not continue so dull as not to recognize true genius, soon or late. For we mean to be fair and impartial and to encourage every sincere and striving soul, asking only fairness and consideration, and maybe a word of encouragement now and then, in return.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 74.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Jessica Nelson North** (age 14), Edgerton, Wis.

Gold badge, **Joan Hooker Packard** (age 14), Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Silver badges, **Helen Norris** (age 12), Glen Cove, L. I., and **Adelaide Nichols** (age 11), 280 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, **Mary Pemberton Nourse** (age 14), Casanova, Va., and **Elliot C. Bergen** (age 12), 350 Montrose Ave., South Orange, N. J.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth R. Hirsh** (age 13), 922 S. 48th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; **Ida C. Kline** (age 11), Bovina, Miss.; and **Dorothy Jean Stewart** (age 9), 2235 Putnam St., Toledo, O.

Drawing. Gold badge, **Kenneth Harrison** (age 16), 1780 Lyndale Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Silver badges, **Claudia Paxton Old** (age 15), 509 High St., Portsmouth, Va., and **Alwyn Carlyle Brown Nicolson** (age 17), Bankside, Christ Church Rd., Hempstead, London, Eng.

Photography. Gold badge, **R. W. Williams** (age 15), 151 S. 1st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Walter White** (age 12), 23 Kineo St., Roxbury, Mass.; and **J. W. Davie** (age 14), 19 Gordon St., Glasgow, Scotland.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Bittern," by **William Whitelock** (age 15), 1407 Convent Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Chipmunk," by **L. P. Emerson** (age 17), Hackley U. S. S. S., Yonkers, N. Y.; "Blue Jay," by **Harold C. Egan** (age 14), 843 S. 5th St., Springfield, Mass.

Puzzle-making. February and March winners will both be announced in March.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Florence Lowenhaupt** (age 14), 151 S. 1st St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **May Richardson** (age 15), 1610 McCulloh St., Baltimore, Md.

Silver badges, **Mary Aurilla Jones** (age 13), 305 N. 64th Ave., Oak Park, Ill.; **Agnes Rutherford** (age 16), Hintonburgh, Ottawa, Can.; and **Helen Sherman Harlow** (age 13), 21 Middle St., Plymouth, Mass.

Subjects. (Best list.) Silver badges, **Katharine Morton**, 216 Homer St., Newton Centre, Mass., and **Elizabeth R. Marvin**, 20 Arnold Park, Rochester, N. Y.

THE SUNKEN ISLAND.

BY JESSE A. NEEDS, NEW YORK CITY. (14.)

(Cash Prize.)

In the blue Atlantic Ocean,
So the legends used to say,

In days of old,
Where the waves with measured motion
Swell and settle, swing and sway,
Told us told,

Once there lay a lovely island
On whose shore the waves, in glee,
Long did leap.

Hill and valley, plain and highland,
Now have sunk beneath the sea —
Deep, ah, deep!

First into the lowest valleys
Spread that rising sheet of blue,
Slowly, slowly;
Till the high-built marble palace
Of the king was hid from view,
Sunken lowly.

Now, within that sunken palace
You may hear the mermaids sing,
If you listen;
And above those hills and valleys
Now the waters sway and swing,
Gleam and glisten!

DAY-DREAMS.

BY JESSE A. NEEDS, NEW YORK CITY. (14.)

DAY-DREAMS are looked upon by some as airy nothings and a waste of time. But a writer with a clearer, truer insight has said: "Everything that we achieve is self-promised." And what are these "self-promises" if not day-dreams? And what is their realization but the noble achievement of a high ideal?

Those who have built up literature and science have dreamed—dreamed of the truths of history and science, and of life and nature, which they have made immortal by their burning words.

They have dreamed also of the success and recognition which they longed to have, but which often did not come until they were past the caring for it, happy in a higher recognition than can ever be attained on earth.

Spenser dreamed of the noble knights whom he made to live. His thoughts and his dreams were pure; and spurred on by his ambition, he wrote a book of hope and holiness. Shakspeare, that noblest of English writers, began his dreaming young. His dreams were



"A HILLSIDE IN MONTANA." E. E. W. WILLIAMS, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

closely connected with nature, and his simple little home was peopled, for him, by the characters whom he afterward made immortal.

The boy dreamed; the man gave us the boy's dreams, enriched by a clearer knowledge of life.

Sir Walter Scott, inspired early by his mother's tales of the brave Scots, dreamed his dreams of noble things amidst the natural surroundings which he loved. From these he wrote his wonderful portrayals of life in all spheres, with a high aim and noble purpose.

Tennyson, less ambitious than the rest, in his quiet life dreamed of the truths of God, of the beauty of the world, and of the other higher thoughts that keep a man unstained. He dreamed, and left to us his dreams in the music of our language.

And were not the day-dreams of these great men a strength to them in their disappointments, a joy when all seemed hollow and ungrateful?

All of us have the power of thought. Our thoughts are our own, to make pure or otherwise.

The coming ages are ours, to make better or worse than those before. And may they be better than any that have yet dawned! May each life be enriched by the realization of some great dream that may make the world more noble!



"A HILLSIDE." BY ROLAND F. CARR, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

And so they wake with lovely tales
Of what they've dreamt all night,
When snuggled in her sheltering arms,
All safe from harm and fright.

MY DAY-DREAM.

BY ELIOT C. BERGEN (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

"CLEAR for action!" ordered the captain; "they're upon us!" Our ship was a small, unprotected cruiser, having one roundtop on the foremast. We were trying to escape from two torpedo-boats which had been sent after us. It was now beyond a possibility of escape, and our brave captain was determined to hold out to the last. Our ship mounted fifteen guns, the largest being two six-inch rifles.

Suddenly we heard a roar, and a small shell exploded near us. We looked out into the gloom, for it was night, and perceived the two boats close by. I ran my eye along the barrel of a one-pounder rapid-fire gun which had been loaded, and fired. The bullet went through a funnel on the foremost boat. The two boats now opened on us with all their guns, and soon I heard a whirl above me, and a large piece of cloth fell over my head. I pulled it off, and saw that it was our flag. I immediately tied it loosely around my neck, and commenced to ascend the shrouds. "Where are you going?" shouted the captain. "The flag fell, and I am going to put it on the mast again," I replied. When I reached



"A HILLSIDE." BY J. W. DAVIE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE ISLAND OF DREAMS.

BY JOAN HOOKER PACKARD (AGE 14).

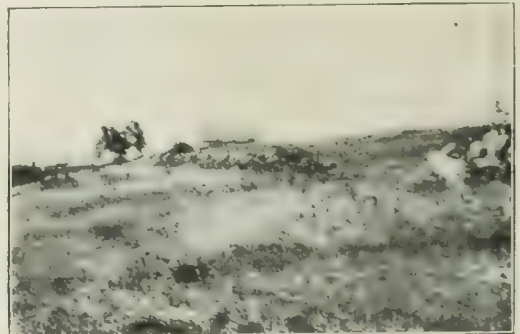
(Gold Badge.)

THERE is an island far away
Where I should love to go,—
The Isle of Dreams,—the road to it
All little babies know.

It lies within the Lake of Sleep,
So pretty, soft, and green;
A tiny boat runs to and fro,
Steered by the Slumber Queen.

And on this isle a lady dwells —
Sweet Lady of Repose;
And every day with poppy-seeds
Her garden green she sows.

So when the babies come at night,
Each one may pick the flowers;
And from the poppy-beds she shakes
Sweet little dreams in showers.



"A HILLSIDE." BY WALTER WHITE, AGE 12.



"MILLIE'S." BY WILLIAM WOODWARD, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

the roundtop, I stopped long enough to shoot the gun there at the enemy. With much difficulty I made my way to the top of the mast, for the shrouds extended only to the roundtop,—and fixed the flag in its place. At that moment a shell burst near me, and then another and another. I had been discovered, and was a fine target for the enemy. I slid quickly down to the roundtop again, loaded the gun there, and killed two men on the enemy's boats,—at least, I thought they were killed. Our ship was in a battered and sinking condition, but the enemy was in a worse condition; for, as far as we could tell, every gun was dismounted. In five minutes more the torpedo-boats surrendered. I was afterward promoted to the rank of second lieutenant.

This is my day-dream.

FAIRY ISLANDS.

BY HELEN NORRIS (AGE 12).

ONCE UPON A TIME

There is a group of islands

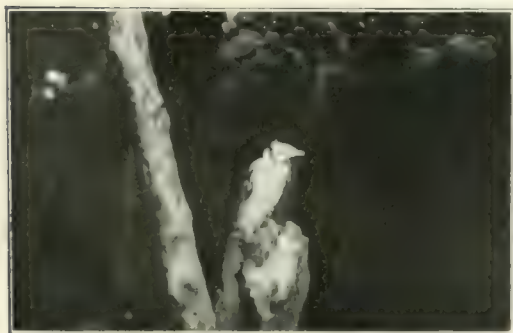
Far out in the deep blue sea;

I've hunted for them far and wide,

But they are hid from me.

For all the fairies dwell there,

And every moonlight night



"YOUNG, THE 'TAY." BY HELEN NORRIS, AGE 12. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

They dance upon the fairy green—
It is a pretty sight.

Their beds are made of mosses,
Their tables mushrooms small;
The food they eat is honey sweet
From the sweetest flowers of all.

And if you ever find them,
Just whisper it to me—
That little group of islands
Far out in the deep blue sea.

MY DAY DREAM.

BY JOHNNY SECORE (AGE 14).

ONCE UPON A TIME

ONE day, as I sat with my book of fairy-stories upon my lap, the warm glow of the sun and the wash of the waves set me dreaming, and I drifted into fairy-land. There I saw a little girl lying on the grass. Pretty soon a frog came along and asked the way to Cedar Point. The little girl, whose name was Dorothy, said that her mother could tell him; and the frog asked, "Where can I find your mama?" and she replied, "She is sitting over near the house, among the flowers." "All right," said the frog, and hopped off as happy as could



"FROG HOP." BY JOHNNY SECORE, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

be. When he found Dorothy's mama he said, "Can you tell me the way to Cedar Point?" When she told him the way to go, he went merrily on his way.

Then Dorothy's mama called her to her and said, "Dorothy, I want to know who sent that frog to me?" and Dorothy said, "I did, mama." "All right, dearie; I only wondered where he came from, he seemed so queer," her mama said as she returned to her work. Dorothy returned to her book.

Pretty soon the frog returned and said to Dorothy, "May I stay here with you for a while?" and Dorothy and her mama told him he would be welcome. As the weather was a little cool in the evening, they had a cozy fire in the grate. When they were seated around the fire the frog said, "Cover me over with ashes," and Dorothy did so; and when he shook the ashes from him he was a little boy. Dorothy and her mother were greatly surprised, for it was Johnny Secore. My book dropped from my lap, my dream was over, and there beside me stood the real Johnny Secore, laughing at me.



"MY FAVORITE STUDY." BY WINIFRED B. WARREN, AGE 17.
(GOLD BADGE.)

A DAY-DREAM.

BY ANNE EUNICE MOFFETT (AGE 5).

ONCE upon a time there was a lovely garden, with a tree in the middle, and goldenrod, pansies, roses, buttercups, chrysanthemums, and forget-me-nots. The little girl who belonged to these flowers liked these flowers, but the naughty little girl saw the flowers and said to herself: "I'm going to pick those flowers and throw them away. I hate those horrid flowers." But they were really very lovely and sweet. The birds heard her. The good little girl did n't hear her at all. That night she came with a saw and a hammer and scissors, but the birds made a cover all over the flowers, like good little birds. It was very hard work to do it, too. In the morning they lifted it off.

The mother came out. "You must water your flowers, and then we'll have to go to the country," she said.

THE BLEAK ISLAND.

BY ADELAIDE NICHOLS (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

FAR away o'er the dancing sea
Is an island bleak and lone;
The fierce waves beat upon its shores
And the winds around it moan.

A lonely tower is on this isle,
And through the dark, wild night,
When the sailors toss on the roaring deep,
From its summit gleams a light.

Now some one must live on that lonely isle,
To light the beacon each night;
For every evening when I look out
It is guiding the ships aright.

What can life be in that lonely place,
In that tower strong and high,
With naught but the sea and the wind for
friends,
And the gray, unchanging sky?

Is there a fire upon the hearth,
And a soft and cozy chair?
There is surely no friend in whom to confide
Each sorrow and trouble and care.

But perhaps each night, as the light is lit
By this man so true and kind,
He remembers what help to the sailors he gives,
And in that doth comfort find.

MY DAY-DREAM.

BY IDA C. KLINE (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

To dream of the future, I go to a secluded woodland spot where a stately oak-tree warms its branches in the golden sunlight. A mocking-bird welcomes me with a melodious song, and showers of autumn leaves are wafted about by the sweet breath of evening.

On the distant horizon a misty, opal-tinted haze spreads itself before my mental vision. I see a ladder of many rounds, up which I am climbing, and high up in the clouds I see the Temple of Fame. I have passed over the bridge of years and at last have reached my goal. For I have written sweet stories like Mrs. Dodge and Miss Alcott. Thousands of children thrill with delight when reading my books. My mother's and father's hearts overflow with pride when they hear I am a great authoress.

I have been able, with the money received for my books, to give my brother and sister a good education. He is a famous lawyer, and she a great musician. I have given money to the helpless orphans and helped so many poor and needy that I close my eyes in an ecstasy of delight.

When I open them again night has drawn a starry curtain, and I find the lovely vision was only my day-dream.

THE ISLAND.

BY SIFILA BENSON (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

THERE was an island in the sea,
As lovely as an isle could be;
Fertile it was in every way,
With palmy beach and sandy bay;
But in the middle, dark and gray,



"MY FAVORITE STUDY" BY CLAUDIA PAXTON OLD, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)



(SILVER BADGE.)

The HERBERT was
was not dead!

And when the sun shone forth
anon
The lovely island-town was gone.

FEBRUARY

MY DAY DREAM.

BY ELIZABETH WIGGIN FARRER (AGE 16)

SOMETIMES, when I sit by the fire at twilight on a dreary December day, I indulge in day-dreaming. Another time when my thoughts wander toward the future is when I swing idly to and fro in a hammock under the trees, in lovely summer weather, the kind of day of which Lowell thought when he wrote:

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

When the sky is a beautiful deep blue, with fluffy white clouds scattered in billowy masses over its surface, and the gentle zephyrs ruffle the leaves in the tree-tops, then I am in dreamy mood.

I ponder on what my future will be, whether I will be insignificant and unknown, or noted and admired at home and abroad for some great work I have accomplished.

First my thoughts dwell on art, and I long to be a great artist and be able to portray on canvas the beauties of nature. As I think of the beautiful paintings which artists of the past have left as their legacy to the world, I soon dismiss this dream as being far too lofty for attainment by one who possesses so little talent as I.

Then I dream of being a great musician. How inspiring it would be to move thousands by one's own exquisite music!

This, too, is soon rejected, and, finally, my thoughts turn to the most possible day-dream, and probably the one I desire most of all,—to be an authoress.

Oh! the wonderful productions that have been penned by great authors of all ages! Masterpieces of literature which are beautiful or thrilling, humorous or pathetic, have been bequeathed to us; and these works, having lived through the ages, will continue to live to the end of time. As I think of the awe and reverence with which most people are wont to regard these masters, it delights me to dream of the satisfaction I would feel in being counted among them.

The people thought its crater
dead:

"There is no danger," so they said.
Thus in the valley far below
A little town began to grow,
Sheltered from all the winds that blow
By that great mountain, dark and gray,
Upon the island far away.

But suddenly, from underground,
The people heard a thund'rous sound,
And from the crater overhead
Fast flames and lava poured out.



"MY FAVORITE STUDY." BY ALAN CARROLL (AGE 15)
NICHOLSON, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY" BY WILLIAM C. ENGLE, AGE 13.

LONG ISLAND.

BY HELEN ELIZABETH SECKERSON (AGE 9).

I LIVE upon Long Island;
It is long the whole year round;
And right beside this island
There is Long Island Sound.

Long Island 's a very nice place, I think,
Though some do not think it so nice;
And in winter the Sound is frozen over
With very hard, thick ice.

The reason it 's called Long Island
Is because it is so long;
And now I 've nothing more to tell,
So I will end my song.

MY DAY-DREAM.

BY ELIZABETH SWIFT BRENGLE (AGE 13).

It was a chill November day. The snowflakes hurried down, behind them came the wind "Keewaydin," and with that there came a dream.

Thus it was.

Long years ago, in the hills of North Dakota there lived a mighty chieftain by the name of Matawon, with his wife, "The Wild Rose of the Prairies." Their two elder sons had long been heroes on the war-path, but their little brother, too young to hunt or fight, was living in the wigwam of his father.

Many happy days he spent there, till one dark autumn night the dreaded Indian fever entered.

Five short days went by; then Matawon, with his Wild Rose of the Prairies, took the trail which leads

"To the islands of the blessed,
To the land of the Hereafter!"

Then the young son of that mighty chieftain sought the wigwam of his brothers. He entered.

They motioned him to a corner of the wigwam, and gave him a wolf-skin robe to lie upon. He shivered. It was bitter cold, and he wondered why—oh, why!—the Great Spirit of his fathers had turned his face away.

When morning dawned he was given a bit of uncooked meat and left to shift for himself.

Thus many weary days dragged by, and at last his brothers neglected him entirely and left him to get his food as best he could. How he was to get it they neither knew nor cared.

At first it was n't very hard to dig the different roots and berries, but as winter advanced upon the northland

and froze the soil, it took him longer each day to get the needed food.

One day, as the twilight fell, his eldest brother was returning from his hunting in the forest, when he heard a child's voice singing. He stopped to listen, and he heard these words:

"The forest wolves more kind I see
Than you, my brothers, are to me."

He followed up the voice to the edge of a thicket, and there beheld a strange form, half wolf, half human.

His heart was touched with pity, and he cried: "Oh! younger brother, wait!" but the transformation was completed before his eyes, and with a long-drawn howl a young wolf vanished into the darkening woods.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS.

BY MARGARET ABBOTT (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

OH, come at dusk to the wide sea-shore,
And look to the west with me:
I'll show you there the Fairy Isles
That lie in the Sunset Sea.

Those magic islands are wondrous fair:
They are colored gorgeously
With crimson and gold and lavender,
In the midst of the Sunset Sea.

They never are still, but float as they will
Past mountain and meadow and lea;
They change as they go, and are drawn to and fro
By the tide of the Sunset Sea.

Did you never see in those islands fair
A castle or mountain or tree?
They are all the work of the Sun Elves there,
That flit o'er the Sunset Sea.



"MY FAVORITE STUDY" BY MARGARET A. ABBOTT, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

Ah, I would I could go to those Fairy Isles,
With the elves forever to be;
But no mortal can cross the magic bridge
That spans the Sunset Sea.

For the Sun makes a bridge with his golden beams,
And the lord of this land is he:
The tinted clouds are the Fairy Isles,
And the Ocean is the Sunset Sea.

MY DAY-DREAM.

BY ELLEN L. CORDON (AGE 13).

THE days are cold and dreary now; yes, so cold that sometimes for weeks I hardly get out, except for a little walk around our square and back. So I have time now to read, time to think, and, above all things, time to dream. Often in the afternoons, when I have finished my lessons, I snuggle up in the soft, silky pillows on the little couch in my room and close my eyes and dream. Oh, the joy of it! The perfect bliss is too hard to explain. I dream of the future, and the present, and all sorts of things; but my principal thoughts, the main thing I dream of, is the past—the dear, dear old past, when I was in my old home with my chum and boon companion.

I dream of the happy times we had in that dear little school together, of all the mischief and trouble we got into, and of the fun we had after school when we first learned to skate on the ice, and how she—my bosom friend—fell in. I remember, too, how we first learned to swim in that same little lake, and the races we had after. And then I dream of the many times that we would climb the apple- and pear-trees to gather their rosy fruit, and how the farmers would chase us. And then how we would go chestnutting in the woods near by, and bring our hats and pockets home full of them to roast; and then, oh! how eagerly we would watch them pop, and how we would go sleighing on a crispy night! Ah, those indeed were good old days! But we are parted now; she has gone abroad, and I have moved from that neighborhood, so my pleasantest hours now are in dreaming of her.

MY ISLAND.

BY ISABELLE DOUGLAS (AGE 17).

My Island.

TITE tall ships come and go in the bay,
And they bring rich cargoes from far away;
But there's no chart tells where my island may be—
My Island of Dreams in the Unknown Sea

My island lies to the west of the world,
Where the winds come to rest with their great wings
furled;
And its dim cliffs loom like a cloud on the sky,
Or the glimmer of wings as a gull goes by.

My island lies past the sunset bars,
Where the still sea cradles the sleepy stars;
And it gleams itself through the trailing mist,
Like a star in a sea of amethyst.

And some day a ship will come, I know, —
A silver ship, with the sunset glow
On her dim white sails, —and she'll carry me
Far to the west, to my own country,
To my Island of Dreams in the Unknown Sea.

MY DAY-DREAM.

BY LENA MORRIS DANCHE (AGE 15).

ONE autumn afternoon I went to the Public Library with the firm intention of looking up something about Shakspeare for my English lesson. But alas for my firm intentions! There on the table lay the latest copy of ST. NICHOLAS.

"I'll just look at this a minute," I said as I sat down. Of course I read the League department first,



"MY FAVORITE SCENE." BY HOWARD JOHNSON, AGE 17
(HONOR MEMBER.)

then the contests for next time, and then the body of the magazine.

After reading the contests I thought despairingly, "Why, I never have day-dreams—or night-dreams, either, for that matter."

Leaning my chin on my hands, I looked thoughtfully out of the window. The leaves had nearly all fallen from the trees, so I had a splendid view of the sunset.

"There's a day-dream, or rather a dream o' day, out there," said I to myself. "That brilliant pink strip is a public highway in some fairyland, and where it deepens into orange the street is paved gold. Some of those larger clouds are castles, and that dainty little cloud is some fairy lady going out for a walk. See how she floats along! Over there must be a park, for the clouds are shaped somewhat like trees."

The sun sank lower and the gold of the highway vanished. Large purple clouds formed and lazily floated over the sky. I could still see the little park. But misfortune hovered near. One of the larger clouds (one that looked like a face with the mouth open) approached the park and threatened to swallow it up, lady and all. I was so interested in this sky scene that it was several minutes before I heard the attendant say, "Very sorry to disturb you, but it is closing-up time."

Gathering together my books, I went from the library home. I had neither seen the fate of the sky-lady nor found anything about Shakspeare, but I had read and enjoyed the League stories.

"A HEADING
FOR
FEBRUARY."



BY EDW. I.
KASTLER, AGE
17. (HONOR
MEMBER.)

THE ISLAND OF AMBITION.

BY MARGARET STUART BROWN (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

THERE is an island, far athwart the West,
Low in wide waters fringed with sullen foam:
It is the place where, on the highest hill,
Ambition has her home.

She stands upon the summit of the rock,
And watches how the whirling sea-birds fly
Across the meadows which the irises
Have striped with Tyrian dye.

She calls across the waves, and many hear,
Who, with wild longing, start in fragile skiffs—
Alas! how often beaten by the storm
And shattered on the cliffs!

A few there are who reach this distant isle,
After long years of hopelessness and pain,
And sometimes wish, when on the shore they stand,
They might sail back again.

Heartache of failure, heartache of success,—
Are they not often very much alike?
For round Ambition's garden many a heart
Bleeds on a golden spike.

For those you love, pray that they will not long
To leave you and to seek that distant shore;
For, once Ambition's servants, from her realm
They can return no more.

MY DAY-DREAM.

BY HARRIETTE K. PEASE (AGE 17).

It was a chilly October evening, and my chum Marge and myself lay on the hearth-rug, telling each other stories of what we saw in the fire; but the fire finally died down so low that subjects for stories ran out, and Marge said, "Now, Kit, tell me one of your day-dreams, and then I'll tell you one of mine." So I began:

"I am a beautiful, beautiful princess, and I live in a magnificent castle called—let me see—Standish Court, I guess. I have a lady to wait on me, and every time I go into the village all the people wish to have me touch them, as they believe I have the power to make them fascinating, being so fascinating myself.

"One day I get lost in the woods and a peasant-boy finds me and takes me back to the castle, where he is rewarded by a purse of a thousand pounds. He comes to the castle frequently with game. One day my father happens to say the name Ethelred, and this boy starts and grows white; father notices this, and begins to ask him what made him start so and grow white. This inquiry is the commencement of a series of questions whose answers finally reveal the startling fact that this boy is the son of a great lord—and when I grow up I marry him."

Then Marge began: "My dream is—" just then mama came in and said it was time for us to be in bed; so Marge had to put off telling her day-dream until some other time.

THE DREAMLAND ISLAND.

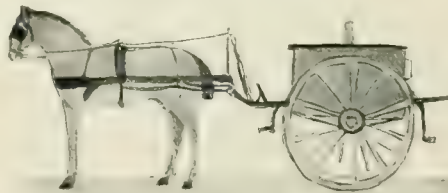
BY ELEANOR R. CHAPIN (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

WHEN all around is dark and still,
And you are tucked in bed;
When mother's turned the lamp-light low,
And bedtime story read,
Then up and softly, softly creep—
A journey is ahead.

The moon-path is the only way,
And that is strong and true;
The silver gates are large and firm,
But they will let you through
Into the wondrous land beyond,
Where pleasures wait for you.

And this is yours, your Dreamland Isle,
Where there is naught but play
In meadows green, and glist'ning sands,
And piles of new-mown hay;
While merry children flock about
With laughter sweet and gay.



"MY FAVORITE STUDY." BY DORA GREY, AGE 11.

The clock strikes six! Oh, quickly speed
The silvery moon-path o'er,
And climb into your little bed
To cozy down once more.
You close your eyes, then start and wake—
'T is mother at the door.

OUR ISLAND.

BY DORIS HALMAN (AGE 10).

WE were rowing to our secret isle
That Bob and I had found;
We then used to consider it
As valuable ground.

'T was small and green, a graceful elm
Shadowed the mossy bank;
And then there was a little spring
Where oftentimes we drank.

Under that elm we used to lie
And listen to the surf;
And then we played "wild Indians"
Along the grass-grown turf.

And always when we landed there,
We gave a shout for joy;
Then played we were some pirates bold,
Not merely girl and boy.

A LULLABY.

BY HANNAH C. EGGLESTON (AGE 16).

THE sandman is coming, coming, coming;
Slowly, but surely, he's coming along;
Softly he's humming, humming,
To put you to sleep with his cradle-song.

Then he will lift you, lift you, lift you
In his arms as light as a thistleblow;
And then he will drift you, drift you, drift you
In his boat to the island where dreamlets grow.

There he will shake you, shake you, shake you
A wee, pretty dream from the golden tree;
Then he will take you, take you, take you,
And carry you safely back to me.

TO AN UNINHABITED ISLAND.

BY HILDA B. MORRIS (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

YOU lie apart, cut off from all the lands;
Gray ocean laps your shore on every side;
The sun and moon shine on your gleaming sands;
Afar, perchance, lone, wandering vessels ride.
Can these, and the far-traveling winds that blow,
Tell all that you have ever longed to hear
Of distant countries, where the same tides flow,
Where all the seasons live and die each year?

Why are you exiled from the rest of earth?
Were you held sacred in the ancient lore,
As some fair virgin goddess' place of birth,
That must be undefiled by death and war?
Or were you punished for the sin of pride?
Did you boast loudly of your tiny hills,
The pleasant meadows on their sheltered side,
Made verdant by your noisy, singing rills?

You lie apart, no man inhabits here,
No lofty buildings hide you from the sky;
To you the stars seem nearer and more clear;
At dusk the ocean sings your lullaby.
Above night's starry banner is unfurled,—
The stars' bright rays and sea's dark depths hold
more
Of heaven's secrets than the whole wide world;
What have they whispered to your lonely shore?

LEAGUE NOTES, ETC.

We have been obliged to discontinue the Souvenir Postal Exchange feature, for the reason that some card's member failed to exchange with a good many of those who sent cards. One member writes that she did not receive half as many cards as she sent, and there were other complaints. We cannot afford to have a feature in the League, be it ever so popular, which may result in dissatisfaction among our members.

Chapter 847 writes that they gave the play "Snow White" at the request of the high school principal of Jefferson, Wisconsin, and



"MY FAVORITE STUDY" BY KATHARINE DULCIBELLA BARBOUR, AGE 9.

were paid for playing it. They could spend the money profitably for books, thus beginning a chapter library.

The secretary of No. 867 wants a name for that chapter. She also wishes to know if one receives anything for being an Honor Member. Yes, one receives honor. The words Honor Member, as we have often explained, mean that the member entitled to use them has already received something—i. e., a gold badge or a cash prize.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 860. "Blue Violet." Zana Richardson, President; Ruth Pritchard, Secretary; six members. Address, 201 W. King St., Franklin, Ind.

No. 861. "Vanostrand Jolly Five." Alfred Germann, President; five members. Address, 418 Ocean Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

No. 862. Elizabeth T. Harned, President; Victoria Searle, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, 3800 Powelton Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 863. "Four Lakes Chapter." Sumner Slichter, President; Tatnall Edsall, Secretary; five members. Address, 524 N. Henry St., Madison, Wis.

No. 864. Halfred Hackley, Secretary; fifteen members. Address, 3023 G St., Sacramento, Cal.
 No. 865. "The Saturday Journal." Josephine Holloway, President; Dorothy Cathell, Secretary; four members. Address, 1032 Maple Ave., Merchantville, N. J.
 No. 866. H. Brown, President; J. Boudwin, Secretary; six members. Address, Girard College, Philadelphia, Pa.
 No. 867. Gail Gorham, President; Marie Stuart, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, 118 Green St., Marshall, Mich.
 No. 868. Emily Cale, President; Jeannette Fuqua, Secretary. Address, 27 Lenox Place, St. Louis, Mo.
 No. 869. "Little Women Club." Ida Kline, Secretary; six members. Address, Bovina, Miss.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY FLORA SHEEN, AGE 10.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Olive Mudie-Cooke
 Elliot Quincy Adams
 Helen Josephine Hunter
 Elizabeth Morrison
 Marguerite Hunt
 Lucile Delight Woodling
 Rose Haxall
 Phyllis Sargent
 Marguerite Radley
 Elizabeth Toof
 Katharine McKelvey
 Thoda Cockroft
 Edna Holroyd
 Maud Dudley Shackelford
 Primrose Lawrence
 Gertrude T. Nichols
 Aileen Hyland
 Aileen Barlow

VERSE 2.

Florence Hanawalt
 Mary Elizabeth Mair
 Conrad Elwin Snow
 Elizabeth A. Steer
 Margaret B. Smith
 Virginia S. Coit
 Margaret Kennedy
 Louisa F. Spear
 Alma McGreaham
 Bernard F. Trotter
 Maude H. Brisse
 Nannie Clarke Barr
 Miriam Allen Deford
 Julia DeWindt Snow
 Corinne Benoit
 Winona Montgomery
 Anna Eveleth Holman
 Dorothea Bechtel
 Herman Heinze
 Maude W. Fowler

E. Vincent Millay
 Alice Blaine Damrosch
 Esther Galbraith
 Marie Armstrong
 Sumner H. Slichter
 Constance Hyde Smith
 Dorothy S. Ingalls
 Ruth F. Roe
 Corona Williams
 Julia S. Clopton
 Helen Coolidge
 Lucia Warden
 Herbert Dean
 Gladys Müller
 Esther Lindner
 Josephine Freund
 Eleanor Johnson
 Isabel Westcott
 Harper
 Helga M. Stansfield

PROSE 1.

Walter Otey McClellan
 Gladys M. Manchester
 Alice Cone
 Carolyn Houston
 Ellen E. Williams
 Irene J. Graham
 Helen Everett Bye
 Elsie F. Weil
 Persis Parker
 Alice Nahaelelua
 Helen Schoeneck
 Lucia Raymond Byrne
 Horace G. Stewart
 Blanche Leeming
 Ruth L. Northup
 Reginald A. Utley
 Abigail E. Jenner
 Helen Belknap
 Marion A. Rubicam
 Elaine Sterne
 Laura F. Lacy

Miriam C. Alexander
 Eleanor Selden
 Alma Liechty
 Buford Brice
 H. Louise Mick
 Adele Sidney Burleson

PROSE 2.

Gladys Alison
 Helen Schmidt
 Ruth Alice Russell
 Dorothy W. Barney
 Edith Bacon
 Jeannette Westbrook
 Sanford
 Allen Frank Brewer
 Helen B. Wise
 Geneva R. Wood
 Frances Basner
 Sarah Brown
 Inez Overell
 Mildred H. Cook
 Marjorie Lane
 Ruth Dickinson
 Mary B. Goodhue
 Mary Patience Parker
 Helen E. Scott
 Margaret E. Everett
 Flora A. S. Thayer
 Isabel Coolidge
 Albert L. Rabb
 Lorraine Grimm
 Ottillie Schmucker
 Marian Feustman
 Albert Sachs
 Linda Thomas
 Marie A. Pierson
 Beatrice M. Burt
 Margaret Owen
 Flagler
 Margaret Smith
 Eleanor M. Hobbs
 Margaretta W. Hobart
 Mitchell Noxon
 Gretchen Pease

Florence R. T. Smith
 Helen Walker

DRAWINGS 1.

Lois D. Wilcox
 Florence DuBois
 Kathleen Judge
 Margaret Carpenter
 Peggie Grey
 Alice R. H. Smith
 Richard A. Reddy
 Albert Hart
 Melville C. Levey
 Jessie Louise Taylor
 Rena T. Kellner
 Charles Bigelow
 Helen Beatrice Mansell Merry
 Edith Hutchinson
 Everard Armand McAvoy
 Mary Powell
 Frances T. Carr
 Mary Taft Atwater
 Vera Marie Demens
 Frances Ward
 Ruth Marshall Brown
 George Washington
 Muriel Emma Halstead
 Dorothy Hamilton

DRAWINGS 2.

Elinor Clark
 Howard Buse
 Emily Thomas
 Mary Lloyd
 Josephine Sturgis
 Elmer E. Silver, Jr.
 Helen Clark
 Hall Funke
 Frances Burt
 Robert Halstead
 M. Ward
 Elliott M. Kahn
 Mabel Colgate
 Morris A. Copeland
 Margaret Grace Lowe
 Dorothy Holt
 Hilda M. Hichens
 Annell Howell
 Ida F. Parfitt
 Marian Walter
 Amy Owen Bradley
 Webb Mellin Siemens
 Isabel M. Scott
 Katharine C. Miller
 Margaret Lighthall
 Charles A. Donelan
 Helen M. Adams
 Helen Townsend
 Christine Stanley
 James Watkins
 Marion S. Ackerman, Jr.
 Arthur H. Washburn

Dorothy Eaton
 Celeste Young
 Jeanne Demeter
 Marjorie Chase
 Anita Brown
 William Peles
 Sybil Emerson
 Laurence B. Siegfried
 Katherine B. Decker
 Ruth Silver
 Charles R. Peters, Jr.
 Edith M. Clement
 Emily L. Cale
 George E. Washburn
 Grace Cutter Stone
 Josephine Holloway
 Anna A. Flichtner
 Edgar R. Payson
 Mary McCain
 Mabel W. Whiteley
 E. Marguerite Routledge
 Marie Seton
 Esther C. Tiffany
 Carol F. Spratt
 Ruth A. Woodward
 Nellie G. P. Price
 Olive Mary Simpson
 Cecile Moore
 Lily Eckstein
 Elizabeth Eckel
 Katherine Mary Keeler
 Enid E. Jones
 Florence Webster
 Bertha G. Stone
 Emily W. Browne
 Charlotte Waugh
 James L. Frise
 Grace F. Slack
 Mary Edmunds
 Frank Sohn
 M. Pierson Turner
 Girard C. Delano
 Nettie Duke
 Archibald MacKinnon
 Carl B. Timberlake
 Reginald C. Foster
 Beth May
 Genevieve A. Ledgerwood
 Raymond Rohn
 Ruth Cutler
 Mildred Willard
 Elizabeth Schwartz
 Esther G. Parker
 Elizabeth L. Curtis
 Stasito Azay
 Agnes Menary
 Alma W. Ward
 Katharine Duer
 Irving
 Esther F. Aird
 Joseph B. Stenback
 William W. Westring, Jr.

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Katharine E. Pratt
 Hilliard Comstock
 Kate S. Tillett
 William Fleming
 F. W. Foster
 Alice S. Willis
 Florence Doyle
 H. R. Carey
 Gladys S. Bean
 Helen Walcott
 John Butler Jessup
 Howard John Hill

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Carl C. Glick
 Elsie Wormser
 Christine McCordic
 Ferdinand W. Haasis
 Amy Eliot Mayo
 Clara Koulstone
 Williamson
 Marian Greir Bartol
 Dudley Wall
 J. Parsons Greenleaf
 Sidney S. Morris
 Dudley Wallace
 Arla B. Stevens
 Natalie Ott
 Rosemary Baker
 Lucy Marcel
 Margaret P. Ivins
 Frances Paine
 Katharine Mitchell
 Howard L. Seamans
 Mary R. Paul
 Helen Parfitt
 Cora Weir
 J. E. Fisher
 H. Ernest Bell
 Gertrude D. Wood
 James P. Cahen, Jr.
 Katharine Robinson
 Adelaide Helen Page
 Frank Graydon
 Marjorie Crabbe
 Henry S. Kirchberger
 Dorothy Arnold
 Arthur N. Reed
 Bettine Paddock
 Margaret Davis
 Roger W. Sterne
 Mary E. Spear
 Lawrence Winn
 Lewis Rosenbaum
 Charles T. Olcott
 Susan J. Appleton
 F. Foster
 W. Earle Fisher
 William Allen Putnam, Jr.
 Carl Stearns
 Marjorie Carpenter

LEAGUE LETTERS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My highest ambition is to win the gold badge awarded for the best stories or poems. I think there never was or never will be any magazine one half so good as the ST. NICHOLAS, and I shall always take it if I can.

Would it be all right for a story written by one person and illustrated by another to be sent in if only one name was signed, and if it deserved a prize, the prize could be sent to that person and the two might share it? If you are busy, don't hurry about replying.

Please, always keep up the League. I like it better than any other part of the whole interesting magazine, and always read every article printed, whether story or poem.

Yours truly,

KATHARINE NORTON.

Answer to query: A story written by one person and illustrated by another could not compete.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was so happy when I found that my picture was among the League pages, and then I was just as happy when my badge came. Thank you, many times!

Here on the plantation we are harvesting peanuts and ginning cotton. The harvest season is an interesting time. The year is

trying to renew his youth out in the woods, for the honeysuckles are blooming again and there are blossoms on the yellow jessamine where it trails along the fences.

But the holly berries are red and the mistletoe berries are white, so he has not forgotten that Christmas will soon be here.

Devotedly,

ALICE J. SAWYER.

MILTON, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When my first picture was published, in June, 1903, you became to me one of my most precious possessions. If treasured then, more than ever valued now, since your last number has brought me the news of the success of my October Heading. I would give much to be able to express my gratitude to you for the three prizes you have given me, for your continuous encouragement, and, most of all, for the awakening and development of a dormant ambition. In departing from the League, which I do with deepest regret, I can only express the wish that you may give to others in the future the great happiness you have afforded me in the past.

Most faithfully yours,

ROBERT E. JONES.

INDEPENDENT, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When one of my schoolmates offered congratulations to me, the other day, I was very much surprised and could not think what I had done to merit them. She told me that I had won the gold badge, and I hurried to the office, found my St. NICHOLAS there, and lost no time in seeing if my name was really among the prize-winners. Yes, there it was; but I read it again and again before I could believe it. I could only smile to myself while I was on the street; but as soon as I reached home—well, mama says she is glad I do not win a prize every day.

The badge is very beautiful, and every time I look at it it spurs me on to greater efforts.

I have had the St. NICHOLAS for over three years, and I think each number more interesting than the last. I am especially interested in the League.

Thanking you for the kind encouragement you have given me by printing my name on the Roll of Honor several times, and for the beautiful badge, I am,

Your affectionate reader,

MARGARET GRIFFITH.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you so much for the very beautiful gold badge which you sent me. It is so precious to me that I hardly dare to wear it, and when I do I keep looking at it every few minutes to be sure it is safe.

When I won my lovely silver badge, three months ago, I felt certain I would have to work a long time to be worthy of a gold badge, if, indeed, I could ever win it. So it was a very great surprise to see in the August ST. NICHOLAS that my drawing had received such pleasant recognition. It seems reward enough to be successful in competition with so many other league members, but to receive, in addition, such a beautiful pin, makes it well worth while to persevere although there may be many disappointments at first.

Thanking you again for the great encouragement the League has given me, I remain,

Your interested reader,

CHARLOTTE WAUGH.

41 ELPHINSTONE ROAD, HASTINGS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My badge has arrived, and I admire it very much indeed; I have worn it every day since it came.

I have sent in a drawing for this month's competition. I hope I shall be able to compete every month, as I should so like to have a gold or silver button. I mean to try hard to get one.

I have been bringing up some tadpoles this year; some have turned into frogs, but I put them out by a pond as they tried to jump away.

It is so interesting to watch the tadpoles' tails getting smaller and smaller. As they absorb their tails, they develop lungs, and then they like to be out of water, so I made a bank of mud all round the basin they are in, so that they can get out of water. I am,

Yours sincerely,

OLIVE SIMMONS (AGE 13).

WELCOME letters were received from the following-named members: Hannah McAllister, Robert Parker Cudworth, John D. Butler, E. Marguerite Routledge, Agnes Curran, Helen Parfitt, Charlotte Baum, Albert Radich, Antoinette Rogers, Vera Demens, Miriam C. Alexander, Clarice Barry, Tatnall Edsall, Adelaide Packard Vaughan, Miriam H. Tanberg, Von McConnell, Everard A. McAvoy, Genevieve H. Norwood, Marion Bradley, Jeannette Hitchcock, Mervin Ray, Willa M. Roberts, H. H. Houston Woodward, Victoria Searle, Margaret and Ted M. Douglas, Rispah B. Goff, Margaret Whitcomb, Elizabeth B. Berry, Gladys Cherryman, Erman B. Mixon, Margaret Peckham, Mildred Wakefield, Harriet Bingaman, Edith M. Barber, Elizabeth Pilsbry, Elizabeth Toof, Mary F. Underhill, Dorothy Bullard, Reginald Field, Elliot M. Kahn, Given Swinburne, Arline Elizabeth Abel, Alice Precourt, Ruth P. Brown, Isabella M. Holt, Ida Kline.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 77.

Subjects. By Elizabeth R. Marvin.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal Photograph" prize-winners winning a higher prize will not receive a second badge, but only the cash award.

Competition No. 77 will close **February 20** (for foreign members **February 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **May**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, "The Flames."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "An American Statesman."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Street on which I Live."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "At the Blackboard" and a Heading or Tailpiece for May.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"TAILPIECE FOR THE LEAGUE" BY SAMUEL HALL-STEAD, AGE 11.

BOOKS AND READING.

A BOOK WE ALL WRITE. A GREAT French author once spoke of life as if it were a book, or rather a great library of books, in which one could never look forward, but through the memory could turn back to earlier portions of the stories of which each day tells a new paragraph or chapter.

We wonder if our young readers have ever looked upon their own lives as books which they are writing, each day a page, each year a chapter? Rightly regarded, you should find your own story the most interesting of all—though you need not always regard yourself as the hero or heroine. Kingsley's advice to make life "one grand, sweet song," may equally be read as counseling you to make your own life a book the reading of which will delight those who can follow it.

"WALDEINSAM-KEIT." THE title of this item is the name of one of Emerson's poems, beginning,

I do not count the hours I spend
In wandering by the sea.

It is an exercise well worth the time of any young reader to see whether he can learn to appreciate Emerson's poetry. There is in it so much more care for big things than for little, that you will be likely to think the poems crude until you see that their spirit controls their form. From the poem mentioned comes this excellent bit of advice to the bookish:

See thou bring not to field or stone
The fancies found in books;
Leave others' eyes, and fetch your own,
To brave the landscape's looks.

We should like to hear from any of our bright young readers who will explain to us the use of the words "brave" and "looks," in the last verse of this stanza.

A YOUNG GIRL'S COMMENT. UPON hearing the above lines read aloud, a young girl said, with a little look of defiance, "The poets give most of the beauties to nature"—

which certainly amounted to disobedience of Emerson's charge. It is undoubtedly right to learn from poets and authors to see the beauties of nature, but after we have been taught to use our eyes, we should use them to discover new beauties for ourselves.

By the way, who can give us a short quotation referring exclusively to the beauty of the clouds or sky?

"BOOKS." A VERY thoughtful writer, in talking about the meaning of words, suggests that the meaning of even the commonest terms is very doubtful. The example he takes is the word "chair." On hearing it we each think we have a clear idea of what he means. But it may be that his idea and ours differ widely. This, too, is true of the idea "book." The idea that this conveys has existed in very many forms; at first a book or its equivalent notion meant a story carried in the memory by a poet like blind Homer; later it came to mean a collection of sentences, whether those were imprinted or cut upon tablets, or scratched upon the surface of leaves; and still later it was applied to rolls of parchment; then to the leaves of parchment fastened into something like the oblong shape we know; and it is only within a few centuries that "book" took on the meaning it has most commonly with us. Yet, though the outward form has changed, the *literary* meaning of "book" has been always the same—that literary meaning which is used when we speak of the Old and New Testaments as the "books," which is the meaning of the word Bible.

WHAT INTERESTS YOU? WE wish to repeat in this department once more the offer made to suggest lists of books for those who are interested in particular subjects. Nearly every boy and girl has a desire to learn about some subject especially interesting to him or to her. Thus, one romantic youngster may wish to know about the knights of old,—how they wore their armor, what it cost, who made it, how long it took, and so on,—while a young girl

may be interested in the girl-life of queens or celebrated women authors, or, possibly, in the daily life of peoples of long ago.

Whatever subject attracts you, you may be sure that there are plenty of books about it, and we shall be glad either to give you lists of such books or to tell you where you may get them. Edward Everett Hale has said, perhaps a little rashly, that by reading carefully on one subject for two weeks you may know more about it than any one else. But whether this be true or not, it is true that there is available plenty of knowledge on all subjects.

TO DICKENS LOVERS. WE should be very glad to hear from some of the lovers of Dickens. We are sure that he has many loyal admirers who would gladly tell of the pleasure to be found in reading his stories, and which ones they consider best for beginning acquaintance with him. We should be glad, too, if some Dickens lover would mention the most attractive of his short stories, so many of which are so good.

THE CARE OF BOOKS. IN a useful magazine for writers we have read a set of rules for the treatment of books. They would fill perhaps a column of this department, and at first we cut them out and laid them aside with some idea of showing them to you. Upon more careful consideration, we feel that they are not really needed for our readers, or, at least, can be expressed in fewer words. The first five rules, for example, begin with the word "never," and forbid one to hold a book near a fire, handle it with damp hands, and so on. But such rules can be condensed into one piece of advice: Handle books with care. Surely you all know that a book is no more than a pile of sheets of paper fastened together by means of string and glue, consequently whatever distorts a book or strains it will shorten its life. The other rules contain a few suggestions worth remembering. These we quote:

"Always keep a borrowed book covered with a paper cover while in your possession.

"Never attempt to dry a book, accidentally wet, by the fire, but wipe off the moisture with a soft, dry cloth and place it under a pile of books to prevent the cover's warping.

"Never cut the leaves of a book or maga-

zine with a sharp knife, as the edge is sure to run into the print.

"Never write on a paper laid upon the leaves of an open book, as the pencil or pen-point will either scratch or cut the book leaves.

"Never lend a borrowed book, but return it as soon as you have done with it, so that the owner may not be deprived of its use."

As to the last of these, a lawyer friend tells us that no one has the right to lend a borrowed book except by express permission. He says this case comes under the Latin rule, *Potestas delegata delegari non potest*; that is, permission given to you cannot be given by you to another. Your friend says, "*You* may read my book," but that is a very different thing from saying, "You may lend my book."

Possibly our young readers may not see the reason for this sensible rule, but it is very simple. Willingness to put the book in your hands, does n't prove willingness that you should put it into other hands.

MORE STORY-POEMS. WE are always glad to add to our list of the poems that tell stories, for a young writer can acquire nothing that will contribute more to his future pleasure than a love of poetry, and this is best gained by beginning with the story-telling verse. A Philadelphia correspondent, who has before given us good suggestions, sent us a list from which we may select these few names of poems with a strong story-interest: Wordsworth's "Hart-Leap Well," Kingsley's "Andromeda," Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," many episodes from Spenser's "Faery Queen," and, as our correspondent puts it, "*all* of Scott's longer poems." Have we already mentioned Tennyson's ballad of "The Revenge"? No matter. Better mention it five times than have you leave it unread.

Will not some of our readers make up a list of a *few* of the best poems for young people to read in beginning their acquaintance with Tennyson, Browning, Bryant, Lowell, Coleridge, and other poets whom they ought to love? Of course there are books of extracts for young readers, there are editions of each poet for the young; but we should like a list of not more than two or three of the best poems to introduce children to the reading of each greater poet.

THE LETTER-BOX.

"RENZELVER," RHINEBECK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a number of years, and you are my favorite magazine, of course as everybody else's, I hope.

Every birthday my father binds the last year's magazines for me; it is the best of all my presents, because I have the magazines all together then.

Good-by, from ADELE MAE BEATTYS.

MAES-Y-BRYNAR, DOLGELLEY, N. WALES.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I always read "Queen Zixi of Ix" first. I like the Letter-box very much too. I will soon be nine years old. We have lots of pets. I like going out in the motor-car best. Mother was a little American girl. She used to take you. She once wrote a letter to the Letter-box and you printed it, and I hope you will be kind enough to print mine.

Yours very truly,
ALEXANDER ROBB COX.

MICHIGAN CITY, IND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for one year and think you are the best magazine for children. I am so sorry that "Queen Zixi of Ix" ended this month, but I hope I will find another story that I will like as well. I have two birds; they are so cute, they sing all the time. I am so anxious to join the League, but I am afraid I cannot, for I cannot draw. We go to Harbor Point, Michigan in the summer, and have a fine time going in bathing and playing golf and rowing. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will close.

From your little reader,
CATHERINE BARKER (age 9).

DULUTH, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for several years. I especially enjoy the story of "Pinkey Perkins," and the Nature and Science department.

Some of your readers may like to hear about the aerial bridge which was built here last year. It is the second of its kind in the world, and the only one in America.

Duluth is a city of 65,000 people; it is built on a side hill, with many ravines running through it. Many bears have come down these ravines from the woods, this fall, into the city. One mother bear and cub came into one of the school-yards last week, and one was run into by a car, but not killed.

Yours truly,
ROLLIN HAWKES (age 10).

GERMANTOWN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for six years. I am now thirteen years old, and I look forward with great pleasure to the end of the month when you come. I think you are the very nicest magazine for children there is, and I read you from cover to cover. How do those poor children who do not take you get along?

I liked "Kibun Daizin"; or, from Shark Boy to Merchant Prince," "Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy," and "Queen Zixi of Ix" very much, and of the latest short stories I like "The Maids and the Motto" and "Two Boys and Ten Million Mosquitos" the best.

Now I must close, and I am,

Your devoted reader,
MARIAN F. BUTLER.

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for more than a year. I am ten years old, and I am an army girl. I have lived at West Point, New York (where I was born), Virginia, Maine, Michigan, California, and I have been in "The Garden of the Gods" in Colorado.

My mother took you for a while when she was a little girl. We have some old ST. NICHOLASES dating back from 1876 to 1878. I remain,

Your faithful reader,
MARGARET T. BARRETTE (age 10).

RIVERSIDE, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five years. Last Christmas you were given me as a present, and before that a friend sent you to me for four years. I enjoy you very much, and can hardly wait for you to come. I am very much interested in "Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy."

I have a brother and sister whom I like to play with. We live in an orange-grove and have plenty of oranges to eat. I am collecting postal-cards; I have eighty-five very pretty ones.

From your devoted friend,
MARTHA ELLIS WHITE (age 10).

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On Hallowe'en night we (my two sisters and my small brother and myself) had a Hallowe'en party like the one described in the October number of ST. NICHOLAS. It was a great success, and, as we lived in the city, and had n't any lawn, we used the cellar to put the witch with the presents in. She was dressed in white, and looked very imposing in the darkness. We put a waste-paper basket with the presents in it upon her arm, and as each child passed by, he or she took one present and passed on. The presents were wrapped in cotton, so that you could not tell whether you had a silver spoon or a cotton dog. It was great fun. Your reader forever (while I have enough money),

B. A. COLONNA.

WEST MEDFORD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much interested in the article written for the November magazine about the Old South Meeting-house. Particularly so, as I am leader of the first violins in the orchestra mentioned. Perhaps an account of it would incite other high-school pupils to try the work and enjoyment found in an orchestra.

Our leader is master of Latin and Greek in the Medford High School. There are five first violins, two seconds, a cello, viola, first and second cornets, trombone, clarinet, drums (snare and bass), and piano. The leader plays the flute. Four of the first violins are girls, but all the other members are boys. We attend the debates in which our high school participates, and are cheered as enthusiastically as the debaters themselves.

Our rehearsals take place every week at the High School, and we have jolly times whenever we meet.

We have a great quantity of engagements, not only in our own city, but in others as well.

Hoping this account will interest a few of your readers, I remain, yours sincerely,

ELEANOR GORDON, M. H. S., '07.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

AN EGYPTIAN ACROSTIC. Fourth row, Cleopatra. Cross-words: 1. Crocodile. 2. Ptolemy. 3. Ramesses. 4. Antony. 5. Memphis. 6. Bonaparte. 7. Thothmes. 8. Pharaoh. 9. Pyramids.

CHARADE. Bee-leaf; belief.

A SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC. Cordelia. 1. Cordelia. 2. Ophelia. 3. Rosalind. 4. Iago. 5. Ophelia. 6. Lysander. 7. Antonio. 8. Nerissa. 9. Ursula. 10. Sebastian.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE. I. 1. H. 2. His. 3. Hides. 4. Sea. 5. S. II. 1. C. 2. Cur. 3. Cubit. 4. Rid. 5. T. III. 1. Aster. 2. Shore. 3. Total. 4. Erase. 5. Relet. IV. 1. L. 2. Fur. 3. Lures. 4. Red. 5. S. V. 1. L. 2. Tea. 3. Leads. 4. Add. 5. S.

RIDDLE. Islet, eye let, ay, let, I let, eyelet.

REVERSIBLE WORDS. From 1 to 2, revel; 2 to 3, loops; 3 to 4, strap; 4 to 5, peels; 5 to 6, speed; 6 to 7, defer; 7 to 8, rages;

2 to 7, loots; 3 to 4, sexes; 4 to 7, ports; 5 to 7, stops; 6 to 7, draws.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Kite. 2. Idol. 3. Toll. 4. Ells.

TRIPLE CURTAILINGS. Theodore Roosevelt. 1. Inter-est. 2. Ochre-ate. 3. Chest-nut. 4. Stock-ade. 5. Alder-man. 6. Cross-eye. 7. Carol-ine. 8. Pleas-ure. 9. Parch-esi. 10. Flour-ish. 11. Quota-ble. 12. Asses-sor. 13. Event-ide. 14. Sever-ity. 15. Steep-les. 16. Pales-tra. 17. Aster-isk.

HALF ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, St. NICHOLAS; from 3 to 4, Santa Claus. Cross-words: 1. Speechless. 2. Stentorian. 3. Condo-lence. 4. Meditation. 5. Abdication. 6. Rough-casts. 7. Accomplish. 8. Felicitate. 9. Marvellous. 10. Sereneness.

AN ANAGRAM RIDDLE. Disease, seaside.

GEOGRAPHICAL CUBE. From 1 to 2, Andover; 1 to 3, Antwerp; 2 to 4, Rosetta; 2 to 7, Raleigh; 7 to 6, Honiton; 3 to 4, Prussia; 3 to 5, Paisley; 4 to 6, Avignon; 5 to 6, Yucatan.

NOTE.—Puzzles: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from "Duluth"—Helen Sherman Harlow—Florence Lowenhaupt—"Chuck"—Nessie and Freddie—"Mili and Ali"—Walter Dammannbaum—Marguerite Hyde—Mary Aurilla Jones—Clare and Jean—Harriet Bingaman—Agnes Rutherford—Mary Richardson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from C. Baum, 1—"Jolly Juniors," 5—M. L. Macdonald, 1—K. Blue, 1—Edna Meyle, 5—Arthur A. Donchian, 3—Aunt Emily, 1—Isabel McGillis, 3—"Jo and I," 8—Edith M. Barber, 1—Agnes M. Holmes, 1—Bertha Stratton, 1—A. Greenberg, 1.

No prize-puzzles are printed in this month's Riddle-box. The four prize-puzzles sent during November will be duly announced and printed next month, as well as those from the usual December competition.

ZIGZAG.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell a famous exclamation often heard in the early part of 1898.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A gorge. 2. A sea-bird. 3. To claim, as something due. 4. An indication of a cold. 5. A prawn. 6. To bury. 7. Cowardly. 8. A talking bird. 9. Flowers that bloom in the fall. 10. To fix or demand as a price. 11. To render opulent. 12. A blot. 13. A common rock-crystal. 14. A body of officers whose duties are to preserve order. 15. A lament. 16. An imposing procession.

B. WARFIELD KERR.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

1. DOUBLY behead a tree, and leave an instrument for writing. 2. Doubly behead to wink, and leave a useful liquid. 3. Doubly behead to stupefy, and leave without sensation. 4. Doubly behead cooking, and leave a

monarch. 5. Doubly behead to trick, and leave to consume. 6. Doubly behead a famous chevalier, and leave a measure of length. 7. Doubly behead to give, and leave a portion. 8. Doubly behead cargo, and leave a number. 9. Doubly behead to make furious, and leave anger. 10. Doubly behead capturing, and leave a sovereign. 11. Doubly behead to grasp tightly, and leave part of a foot. 12. Doubly behead foot-notes, and leave a term used in arithmetic. 13. Doubly behead a malicious burning of a house, and leave a child.

When the words have been rightly guessed and beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a popular story in ST. NICHOLAS.

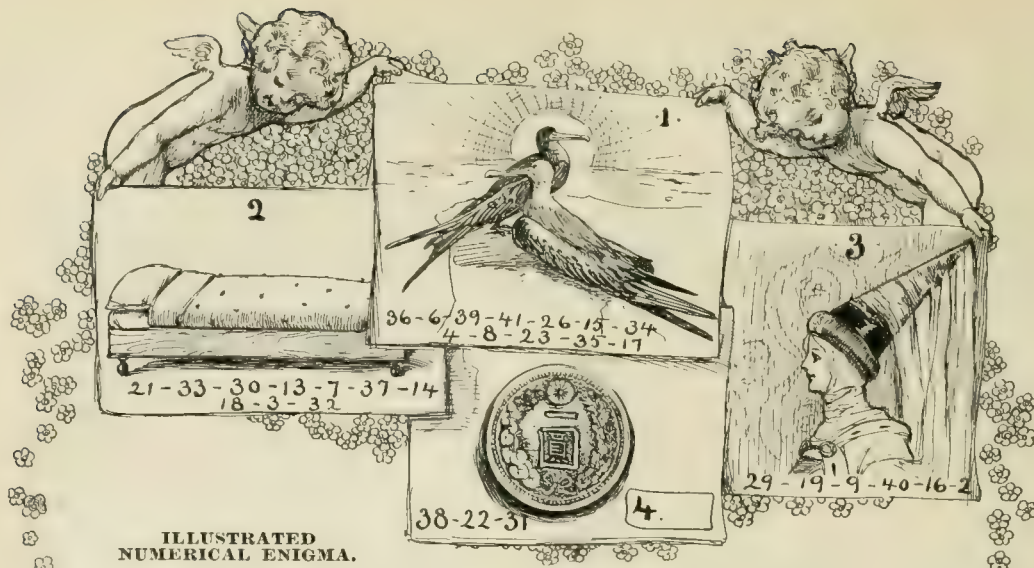
BUFORD BRICE (League Member).

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A CITY of India. 2. Come. 3. A charioteer. 4. Splitting. 5. A broad street. 6. Certain twilled woolen materials.

II. 1. A fruit. 2. A feminine name. 3. A gift of charity. 4. Imprudent.

MIRIAM W. and I. BAUER (League Members).



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

IN this numerical enigma the words are pictured instead of described. When the seven objects have been rightly guessed, and the forty-one letters set down in proper order, they will form a Hebrew proverb.

CHARADE.

My *first* has rare discerning power;
My *whole* is made in idle hour,
So any man would say.
Now, guess my *last* and tell me how
It can both hinder and allow,
Each in a perfect way.
And now, when all is said and done,
My *whole* 's a hole, a little one,
And yet it stops a fray.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

CONCEALED CITIES.

IN the following sentences are concealed the names of twelve cities, the letters forming them being reversed.

We lived in Cairo, Ephraim and I, where

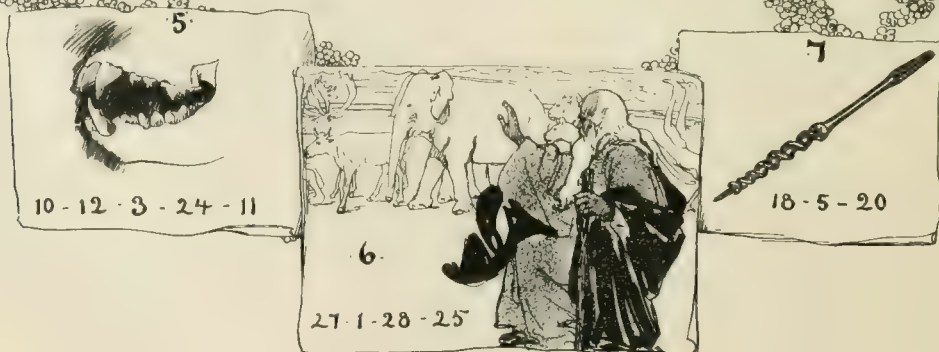
you may see the big log-rafts float by. There was an orchard near and I often sold the apples. One morning a Swede named Olaf Fubberson, and who played the piano dismally, came to the door and said, "Give me some apples!" I replied, "Sir, apples cost money." I saw he was not sober. He added, "Your brother struck me last night!" I noticed that his cheek was raw and I saw him snatch a pan of apples. But he soon returned. "Please excuse me, for I acted rudely," he said. I felt very tired, and as I am curt when weary or tired I only said, "You may have the lot, sir, but go away."

W. S. MAULSBY (Honor Member).

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *firsts* are in governor, not in bill;
My *seconds*, in seek, but not in gill;
My *thirds* are in rowboat, not in lead;
My *fourths*, in formerly, not in bed;
My *fifths* are in good, but not in brace;
My *sixths*, in remain, but not in lace;
My *sevenths*, in take and also in skates;
My *wholes* are three of the United States.

MABEL HOWE (League Member).





ACTEON IN AN ATTITUDE OF ALARM.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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*Head of a doe in February, 1904.
A little later the doe appears in
the heavy winter coat of fur.*

THE STORY OF "ACTLEON," A VIRGINIA DEER.

BY ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.



*Head of a doe in August, 1904. Not
too long after the doe comes into her
summer coat of fur.*

ON a bright May morning in 1904, a sinewy white-tailed doe was picking her way daintily along a ledge of rocks jutting from the slope of Croydon Mountain, New Hampshire. Behind her, a fawn, bright-eyed, but somewhat wobbly on his legs, followed her for the first time. Along the ledge they wandered slowly in single file, when, nearing a stretch of woodland, the fawn stepped on a little patch of drifted leaves. Alas, that patch of leaves hid a fissure in the rocks, and into this the fawn's right hind leg slipped down, and for a moment was held as in a vise. Terribly startled, the little fellow plunged forward, and out came his leg; but the brief strain had proved too much for the slender limb, and the bone was broken just above the fetlock. Of course he did not know what had happened, but the injured leg would not do its duty, and he could not follow his mother as fast as he had done before. She did not know what had happened, either, but she seemed to realize that something was wrong, for she kept running back to her baby every now and then as if to see what kept him.

ON a bright guide and hunter, May morning in sat at the win- 1904, a sinewy dow of his cottage,

and as he ran his well-trained eye over the slopes of Croydon, the moving figure of the doe caught his attention, and as he marked her unusual actions he arose from his chair. With a field-glass he quickly took in the situation, and in less than a minute he was on his way up the mountain-side. When he reached the ledge, the doe had disappeared, but he found the fawn, still limping along and bleating faintly. Knowing that if the youngster was left on the mountain, thus disabled, he would soon fall a victim to some hungry fox or wildcat, Kimton approached gently, picked the little fellow up, and carried him home in his arms.

The patient was placed in a narrow box, where he could neither run nor jump, and he was fed on cow's milk from a baby's bottle. He did not attempt to stand on the injured member, but allowed it to hang down straight, and in a few days the broken bone had knit, and the little black hoof was allowed gently to touch the floor. Then it was that Kimton took the fawn once more in his arms and drove five miles across the mountain and turned the little

Far away, down in the valley, Forest Kimton,



THE FAWN WITH A PLAYMATE.

fellow over to me. We put him into one of the stalls in the barn, boarding up the rear of it to a height of four feet. He was still pretty lame, and at once lay down on a bed of hay. When he got up he was better, and strove to let us know that he was hungry by bleating softly

and by looking toward us wistfully with his big, soft brown eyes.

Soon after his arrival, some one called him "Actæon," and that was his name thenceforth. He was an extremely beautiful creature, and no photograph could possibly do him justice. His glossy coat was reddish-brown, and was spotted with white. His legs were a lighter brown, unspotted, but gracefully slender, one only being marred by a swelling around the point of fracture. But the most beautiful feature was his head. The soft, expressive eyes, in combination with the large, shapely ears, which moved back and forth in response to every sound, showed pleasure, excitement, astonishment, fear, and other emotions almost as plainly as a human face could show them. No disposition could be gentler than his; he was always ready to be caressed, and he never tired of licking one's kindly hands, which afterward felt as if they had been treated to a coat of glue.

One morning, a few days after he arrived, I went out to the barn to feed him, and was astonished to find him standing on the floor of the barn. On inquiry I found that no one had been near him since I left him in the stall the night before, so it was evident that he had



THE FAWN FEEDING FROM A BOTTLE.



FIG. 1. ACTÆON, JULY, 1904.

cleared the four-foot barrier—a formidable jump for so young and slender a creature. I took this as a hint that he needed more exercise than he was getting, and thereafter we took him for a run over the hills, using a bottle of milk to coax him back again afterward. Sometimes he would run clean away from us and it looked as if we had seen the last of the fawn. Then, a few minutes later, we would get a glimpse of him as he was coming home like a race-horse, with ears laid back and white tail in the air, rising like a “hunter” at every rock and bush in his path, only checking his speed as he drew near us, breaking into a brisk, elastic trot, and finally pulling up, with heaving sides and with his long tongue hanging from his open mouth.

It was a morning in July when I was first particularly struck with the protective value of the white spots on my fawn's brown coat. I was playing with the little fellow in a field of oxeye daisies when suddenly he disappeared, and on searching for him with my eyes, I found him again close by me. He had been there all

the time, but his spots so closely resembled the white flowers among which he stood, that he had escaped my notice. Since myriads of white flowers are blooming at a season when white-tailed fawns are young and helpless, it seems that nature seeks to protect them by making them resemble patches of these flowers. In the autumn, when the white flowers are over, the spots have disappeared, but nature apparently still protects the deer by changing its reddish coat for a brown one, which so closely resembles the withered grass that it is sometimes impossible to follow the outline of an animal standing fifty feet away. Thus it was with Actæon; by the end of September all his spots had disappeared, and he had a brown coat, which grew longer and thicker as the winter approached.

For many weeks we fed the fawn on milk alone, and the quantity was increased from a quart a day on his arrival, to three quarts a day in September. To this he added more or less green stuff, gathered during his romps afield. As he became used to the place we gave him more and more liberty, until in October we did not shut him up at all, but left him the run of the country-side. He could now get so much



FIG. 2. ACTÆON IN JULY, 1904. NOTE THE PROTECTIVE VALUE OF THE FAWN'S WHITE SPOTS IN A FIELD OF Daisies.

food for himself, that we reduced his milk-supply to a pint night and morning. But he did n't

forget this pint, and as we sat at breakfast he would usually come to the window, stand on his hind legs with his feet on the window-sill, and gaze wistfully at us with his big mild eyes. Then I would go out to feed him, and if I did not present his bottle promptly, he would rise on his hind legs and strike me sharply with his front hoofs. He was very clever at balancing,

usually left no mark when he walked or trotted on level ground, but their imprints were plain to see when I examined his trail after he had descended a steep hill or had been traveling at great speed on the level. In such cases they seemed to serve the same purpose as spikes often worn in the shoes of mountaineers or in the running-shoes of athletes.



FEEDING ACTÆON IN LATE AUGUST, 1904. NOTE THAT THE WHITE SPOTS ARE DISAPPEARING.

and often I would hold the milk-bottle high in the air and make him walk along on his hind legs for twenty yards or more. While doing this, he would spread his hind toes as far apart as possible—no doubt to give himself a broader base. I noticed, too, that he could move his toes at will, and could spread them before the foot reached the ground. He always did this when he was walking down a flight of steps. I have since noticed that sheep and buffaloes can do the same thing. The dew-claws of the fawn

Actæon seldom wandered more than a few hundred yards from the house by himself, but nothing pleased him more than to go for a walk with some member of the family. Very often he went with me, and I never tired of his company. He was quite fond of the water, and if in our rambles we came upon a marsh or shallow pond, there was sure to be a performance. Usually he would begin by running into the water half-way to his knees, and then he would paw the water vigorously with his fore feet, one at

a time, throwing the spray over himself in a shower, and lowering his head as if to get the full benefit of the shower-bath. Sometimes he would race back and forth through the water at full speed, pausing perhaps to skip about coquettishly or to leap into the air as high as he could. Once, while jumping thus, he lost his balance and fell on his side, his entire body being submerged. When he arose it was evident that he was not wet to the skin. Most of the water rolled off at once, and the rest, which stood in drops on the hair, flew into space the moment he shook himself.

The chief companions of his youth were "Jimmy," a black bear cub, and "Romulus," a young prairie-wolf. These animals, also, had their liberty, and played and squabbled much like other children. There was a tame fox "The Sprite" as well, but he was a year older, and too dignified to take part in the gambols of a frolicsome fawn. Usually the bear and the deer got along nicely together, and would eat together from the same dish. But, sometimes,



ACTIONS WADING IN THE POND, SEPTEMBER, 1914



ACTÆON IN MARCH, 1905.

when the fawn was eating a slice of bread, the bear would stand on his hind legs and take the food from his companion's mouth. For a moment the fawn would look astonished, and then, raising one fore foot, he would hammer the head of his burly playfellow, a proceeding the bear did not seem to mind in the least. But the cub was too clumsy and rough to be very companionable, and the slender-legged deer would avoid his mad rushes and go off to play with the coyote, who was more nearly a match in speed and strength. For hours at a time these two would chase each other around the house and garden. Whenever the wolf was successful, he pulled out a tuft of the fawn's brown hair; and whenever the fawn overtook the wolf, the latter was bowled over on his back and received a thorough hammering with the deer's sharp hoofs. Frequently the two would race over the piazza at top speed, dodging and turning and leaping the railings like school-boys playing tag. On one occasion, when he found that he could not dodge his playmate, Actæon leaped clean through my study window and alighted on the floor in a shower of broken glass.

All winter the fawn was at liberty about the garden, coming to the doors or windows when he was hungry, or when, apparently, he felt lonesome. Often he would walk round and



ACTÆON IN DECEMBER, 1904, AT THE AGE OF SEVEN MONTHS.

round the piazzas, stopping for a few seconds to look in at each window as he passed. He slept in the snow, chewing the cud in comfort, even when the thermometer registered twenty-five degrees below zero. Sometimes the snow would fall on him until nothing was to be seen of him but his ears. Then, when he was ready

for a walk or a romp he would rise, give himself a vigorous shake, and scarcely a flake would remain upon him.

Early in the spring of 1905 I restored Actæon to his native forest on Croydon Mountain. I expected to have a garden, and I knew that the young buck could clear a six-foot fence

showed through in patches. On his head were two small dark, rounded lumps covered with short, fine hair—his budding antlers in the velvet. He licked my hands and face and nibbled at my coat-sleeves as of yore; and when I finally left him, he stood gazing after me until a bend in the hills shut out his view. I did not see



ACTÆON AND HIS FRIEND

without trying. For some time we got occasional glimpses of him; but when browse became plentiful he disappeared, and we doubted if we should ever see him again. In May, however, I caught a glimpse of a deer far away on a hillside, and on calling to him he proved to be Actæon, who came bounding toward me as though really glad to see me again. His winter coat was falling out, and the red summer hair

him again until the latter part of July, when, as I was walking through a dense bit of woodland, I caught a glimpse of red. Dropping behind a mossy knoll, that I might examine the object unobserved, I saw that it was a handsome young buck deer, and also that it was Actæon. When one is really very familiar with an individual animal, that animal looks different from all others of its kind. I once had a

fox which, close at hand, I could distinguish from all other foxes I had ever seen; and so, at short range, I believe I could distinguish Actæon instantly from any one of ten thousand other white-tailed deer. He was lying half hidden beneath the low-growing branches of a spruce, and calmly chewing the cud. I called to him softly, and he started and turned his great dark eyes in my direction. His ears were bent to catch the slightest repetition of the sound he had heard. I spoke louder, and he sprang to his feet; then he gave a little snort and was about to dash away among the trees, when I spoke again and held out my hand to him. Instantly he stepped forth and strode out to meet me. After advancing a little way, he stopped, shook his tail, and moved his head from side to side a time or two to make sure he was not mistaken; and then he came up and began licking my hands and clothing. He was wonderfully beautiful. Not a vestige of his winter coat remained; he was clad completely

in his thin red summer pelage, which displayed his graceful, sinewy form to the best advantage, and gave him a look of great refinement, especially about the head, the beautiful modeling of which had been completely hidden by the heavy mass of brown hair which had lately fallen from him. Upon his head were his antlers, now fully six inches long, thick, blunt at the ends, and covered with the velvet. They were warm to the touch, and the young buck seemed to enjoy having them rubbed, for he lowered his head and pushed them into my hands as if to get the full benefit of the rubbing. By and by he dropped to his knees and lay down again, and I lay down close to him that I might stroke and admire him. When we arose he began to browse, and bidding him goodby, I started for home. But he was not going to lose me this time, and I had not gone far before I heard him pattering behind me. Sometimes he would stop a little while to nibble the leaves or grass by the way, but before I was



ACTÆON WADING IN A ROUT BROOK, AUGUST, 1905.



ACTÆON WITH ANTLERS IN THE VELVET, SEPTEMBER, 1905

out of sight he would come bounding after me, over the hills, through the swamps, and across the trout-brooks. All the way home he followed me, and then, after taking some candy very daintily from a paper bag, into which he thrust his slender muzzle, he turned and walked away briskly in the direction of the woodland.

When next we saw him, in September, he was strolling along the border of a distant wood with three does. We could not tell at that distance if it were he or not, but we called, and almost at once he turned and left the does to bound away in alarm, while he came trotting straight to the spot where we awaited him. His antlers were now full grown, though still in the velvet, and, what is unusual hereabouts, each antler had a branch. As a rule, in this part of the country at least, a buck's first antlers are simply spikes, and that this deer's antlers were branched may have been owing to the fact

that he was probably much better fed than any of his wild brethren, particularly during the preceding winter. He was very playful with his antlers that day, and sometimes, taking one of my legs between the points, he would twist his head round, and it seemed that he deliberately tried to throw me. Once, when walking beside a barbed-wire fence, he touched one of the antler-points and scratched it; it bled as freely as any other part of his body would have done. I was much interested to note how low an obstacle he could crawl under. In passing under a fence-rail, for instance, he would first lower his head to the ground, and as soon as that was well under the rail, he would raise it and at the same time lower his hind quarters until he was almost squatting on the ground, all the while moving forward until his whole body was clear of the rail.

We did not see Actæon again until the 7th



ACTEON SENTS DANGER

of October, by which time his antlers had shrunk and become hard and sharp-pointed, and he had again changed his red coat for the heavier winter brown one. He was not the least bit inclined to be vicious, as many tame bucks are in the fall and winter, but allowed us to caress him as much as we chose, provided we did not interfere with his chief occupation of eating fallen apples. We followed him all day, playing with him and photographing him in a hundred different poses; and finally, at sundown, we saw him joined by three does — perhaps the same three that we had seen with him in September. Together they climbed a hill to the westward, walked slowly along the ridge in single file, four graceful silhouettes against the reddening afterglow, and then dropped down out of sight behind the crest of Sunset Ridge.



ACTEON WALKING UP A BROOK.



A BUSY DAY.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.



My papa has a little
sigh.

Printed in black and gray;
It's only just a single line:
"This Is My Busy Day!"

And sometimes when I creep to look,
He's writing with a pen;
Or quietly reading in a book—
He calls *that* busy, then!

Why, when *I'm* busy I just race
Downstairs; then, like as not,
I fly back to the other place
For something I forgot!

Then I slide down
the banisters,
And from the porch I spring
(Perhaps I tumble in the burs),
Then go and take a swing.

And then I race Jack Smith to town,
Or climb the garden wall;
And though I'm sure to tumble down,
Nobody minds a fall.

But if I sat still in a chair,
It would n't be *my* way
To say, with such important air:
"This Is My Busy Day!"



THE COWARD OF THE ELEVEN.

BY RALPH D. PAINE.

STILLMAN, the coach of the Bellehaven "first eleven," strolled over to the Freshman Field and surveyed the awkward mob of muddy youngsters with a wistful eye. He needed an end-rush, and the "scrubs" had so utterly failed to supply this demand that he was becoming haggard and sleepless. As for the Freshmen, they, too, had been raked over as with a comb, and it was the prompting of a forlorn hope that led him once more to scan, in sulkily silence, these foot-ball infants who grunted and shoved with many horse-power of wasted effort, or fumbled the ball as if it were red-hot.

"Of course there 's nothing worth fooling with in that bunch," he muttered. "It 's a fool's errand for fair. We 'll have the weakest pair of ends we have put on the field in years."

He loafed along the side-line with a hopeless air, and was about to turn away when a flash of color across the field caught his dejected eye. A slim lad was peeling off a dark-blue sweater as he hurried to obey the call of the Freshman captain. A curly black head popped from the clinging folds, followed by an alert, swarthy face aglow with eager excitement. The cat-like grace with which the boy ran on the field and the quick vigor of his tall young frame made Stillman pause and say to himself:

"I have n't seen that skittish colt out before. He looks faster than chain-lightning."

The youth's black eyes were dancing as he sprang into position at the end of the Freshman line. While the crouching teams waited for the signal, he was in nervous motion, shifting his ground so rapidly that the stolid end of the opposing wing looked dazed and uncertain.

Suddenly the best half-back of the other side was launched at the new-comer's end, and for once there was good interference. But the curly-headed lad sifted through the flying barrier like a wild-cat and downed the runner.

The coach beckoned the captain out of the play and asked:

"Who is that kid you just put in? Why have n't I seen him out before?"

"He 's a South American named Gonzales," explained the Freshman. "His father is president of one of those crazy republics down there — Libertad is the name of it. I have n't been able to coax him out before. He said he did n't like the game, though I know he played some in 'prep school.' He 'd make a corking end if he 'd stick to it. You 're not going to kidnap him, are you?"

"I most certainly am," said Stillman, grimly. "And I 'll make him stick to it, to the end of the season. He 's light, and he has an awful lot to learn; but I like the way he gets into it, and he 's mighty quick on his feet. Send him over right away."

The Freshman captain sighed, for he had hopes of turning out a winning team, but he replied loyally: "All right, sir; I 'll call him out of the game."

Sebastian Gonzales trotted up with a bow and a bright smile, and asked: "What is the pleasure of the famous Señor Stillman?"

"I want you to come over to the college squad. Perhaps we can make an end-rush out of you, if you 've got the sand."

Sebastian bowed again, and the two walked back to the trampled field whereon a different style of foot-ball was being played from that among the Freshmen.

"You can learn the signals in a few minutes," observed Stillman. "We 're using only a few simple plays as early in the season as this. I 'm going to put you in at left end on the scrub. Now play for your life, and don't mind a few hard knocks."

The winsome smile of Sebastian faded. His heart was thumping, and he felt his knees shake a little as he pulled himself together and ran into this alarming fray. The broad-

shouldered, fierce-looking young man with the scrubby beard, who faced Sebastian, yanked him by the collar and flung him on his nose with one deadly swoop. The victim scrambled to his feet, his face ablaze with wrath; but he fought down his temper and bided his time. Then the interference rolled over him as if he were a pebble in a mill-race, time and again,

posts, flopped to earth with the ball squeezed to his chest, and looked up with a panting, blissful smile at the captain, who was first to reach him.

"You had no business to pick up that ball, you crazy *It*," growled the captain. "Always fall on a fumble like that. We don't want any grand-stand plays this time of year. Remember



"A FUMBLE IN A TOUCHING OFF. FARKLE'S BEAST WAS REACHED TO GET THE BALL FROM FRESHMAN'S HAND."

until he was battered and dazed by the ferocity of the game, while the coach dinned in his ears such insults as made him frantic.

But it was not long before the college quarter-back fumbled a pass, and the ball bounced at the feet of the waiting back, who failed to get his hands on it. Sebastian whizzed past his lunging opponent, seemed about to fall headlong, then scooped up the ball, and was fleeting down the field, with both teams tearing after him like a pack of hounds. It was forty yards to the goal, but Sebastian was running as he had never covered ground before, and the fastest back of the squad was losing ground with every stride. The fugitive shot between the goal-

posts, flopped to earth with the ball squeezed to his chest, and looked up with a panting, blissful smile at the captain, who was first to reach him.

Sebastian's expressive face clouded. He was hurt and indignant, and he exclaimed as he picked himself up:

"Señor Capitan, to make the touch-down is the grandes' deed of the game, is it not? I make it all by my lone self, and you scold me. Always they cheer-r for the touch-down. I do not understan'!"

The captain did not bother himself to argue the point, but roughly ordered Sebastian back into the game. The youth was sullen and wilted, and the simplest trick-plays fooled him.

He gritted his teeth and did the best he could until time was called; but in the dressing-room, while he took a census of the afternoon's bruises, he confided to Maxwell, another Freshman of the squad:

"It is the mos' hard foot-ball you play, is it not? *Carramba!* it is funny to call it a sport, which the word means a pastime, a for-fun.

Sebastian was holding a place on the left end of the college line by brilliant though erratic work. No one was so fast as he in getting down the field under a kick, and his tackling in the open was a treat to see. It was a headlong, hurtling dive, and then two lithe arms locked around their victim in a clutch like a steel trap. He threw himself into interference as if yearning to



"HIS TACKLING IN THE OPEN WAS A TREAT TO SEE."

But I will be mos' careful not to make no more touch-downs for a scoldin'. I don't like the game very much."

Maxwell laughed and told him: "Oh, you did well for the first day. Of course it's hard work, but stick it out and you'll make the team. Only, for goodness sake, keep your mouth shut and take your medicine."

"I think I will need the liniment medicine to-night — the arnica-bottle, eh?" smiled Sebastian as he tenderly felt of the end of his nose, which was beginning to swell.

At the end of three weeks of hard practice,

break his neck, and seemed proof against disabling injury.

And yet Sebastian was giving the captain and coaches no little worry. He was hot-headed and high-tempered. Opposing rushers learned that he could be taunted into rages which sometimes made him a prey for runs around his end.

"He is n't overtrained," said the captain to Coach Stillman after one of these unsatisfactory days. "I can't make him out. Of course he's a South American, and a high-strung young animal, and he flares up like a bunch of tow if he's not handled gingerly, and I vow he's worn

my patience to a frazzle. Can we pound him into shape in the next month?"

"Yes, except for one thing, and I hope to thunder I'm wrong," responded Stillman, very soberly. "I've made all sorts of allowances, for he's got the speed and the dash to make a wonder. But I begin to think he has a yellow streak. You're playing every day, and you can't follow his game as I can. I'm afraid the youngster is going to turn out a quitter. I would n't listen to my own suspicions before to-day, but I've been watching him like a hawk, and this afternoon I saw him dodge a heavy formation as plain as I'm looking at you. I could see that he hesitated, and the runner got twenty yards he was n't entitled to, for his interference was rank. As I say, I've seen some other little things that fit in with this. You'd better have a talk with Gonzales, and don't be afraid to give it to him strong."

When Sebastian limped on the field for the next practice he was in one of his black moods. The captain called him to one side and broke out savagely:

"Look here, Gonzales. You're not playing your game. Do you want to be called a coward and a quitter? What will the college think of you if the men get a notion that you're afraid to face the music? If you don't brace up to-day I'll throw you out on the sidelines and tell the team why I did it; and this town will be too blamed hot for you to stay in. Now go in like a man, for it's your last chance."

A dull red flush crept into Sebastian's olive cheek. He raised his arms in a wild gesture of grief and anger, and his face was so fierce and drawn that the captain stepped back and squared off, expecting a blow. But Sebastian swallowed hard and cried with shrill vehemence:

"You must not dare call me a cowa-r-r-d! If a quitter is to wish to quit, to play no more this accur-r-sed game, I am the wish-to-quitter. *Sí, Señor*. It is not a fair game. It is not what I learned as a boy to call the sport in my country. It is not fair for four, five men to jump on one, to beat him, and fall upon him. I play because it is what you say proper if you wish to be good, gran' college man. My father

tell me be good American boy while I am in this United States. My shoulder is very sore, my head is sore, my heart is sore. I make the touch-down—you speak to me like no gentleman speak. If we don't make touch-down, I am scolded, and my pr-r-ide, my honor, is hurt badder than my shoulder. Teach me the run-race, the base-ball, the track-at'letic team, I beat 'em all. Learn me this game? I say give me my machete—my pistol!"

The captain stood aghast, thinking that the injury to Sebastian's head must have been far worse than it seemed. It was impossible to imagine a boy who could make the college eleven deliberately throwing away all the honor meant, and openly branding himself as a coward. The thing was unheard of. He was about to make angry retort, but tried the wiser plan and laid his hand on the shoulder of the trembling boy:

"I can't believe you're going to fail us, Gonzales. You have n't learned our ways; that's the trouble. Now play to-day for my sake, won't you, and help us to turn out a winning team. That's what your father wants you to do, I'm sure."

Sebastian was instantly swayed by these kind words. His impulsive heart was touched, and he regretted his outbreak. And the captain's heart was glad, also, when the young rebel played the game of his life through that afternoon.

But an amazing rumor spread over the Belle-haven campus next morning. Sebastian Gonzales did not appear at chapel or recitations, his room was found to be deserted, and his trunk had vanished with him. On his desk was found a hastily scrawled note. It read:

The President of the Board of Trustees, and my Committee.

A telegram call me to go away at once. I cannot have the time to pay my dutiful respects and explanations—to say *adiós*. May be I come back some day to your fine, dear college; I don't can tell now. It is impossible for me to tell you why this suddenness of departure. It is a very secret.

Your humbly respectable servant,

SEBASTIAN MORALES GONZALES.

When the report reached the foot-ball captain, he hurried to the vacated room, and heard this farewell read aloud by a group of Sebastian's

wondering and sorrowful classmates. One of them shouted excitedly:

"It's awful hard luck. What are you going to do for a left-end? Do you know anything about the mystery?"

The captain was white with rage as he cried in the first shock of his disappointment:

"Yes, I do. He's run away because he's a coward and a regular quitter. He told me yesterday that he was afraid to play foot-ball because it was too rough. The baby — I wish I had him here now. I'd spank him across my knee. He decided to quit after yesterday's practice — I know he did. That's why he skipped out like a thief. He did n't dare face us. What do you think of your classmate Gonzales?"

The Freshmen clamored their sympathy with the captain.

"It's an outrage!" cried one of them. "It's a disgrace to us all. It's a black stain on the class. But he'll never have the nerve to come back. We'll tar and feather him if he does. I wish there was some way to get even with the chicken-hearted little Spaniard."

The captain left them to their tumult of abuse of their renegade comrade, and trudged off to consult the coach about the grave problem raised by the desertion of Sebastian. Their worst fears were confirmed by the practice of the final month of the season. They had no good end-rush timber with which to fill the gap; and as the undergraduates crowded to the field to watch the practice, and realized how much the team had been handicapped by this disaster, the feeling against Sebastian grew more and more bitter.

The college disowned him. The Freshmen erased his name from the class roll, and their Greek-letter fraternity adopted resolutions purging its august councils of the memory of Sebastian Gonzales.

The great game of the season, against Williamsburg, was the bitterest drop in this cup of foot-ball sorrows. The hated rivals won by the score of 10-5, and the winning touch-down was made on a dashing run around the Bellehaven left-end. The luckless lad who tried to fill Sebastian's shoes was too slow to tangle up the play before the interference was compactly under way, and it swept over him like a landslide.

The spring term was in full tide and other outdoor interests had eclipsed the sad memories of autumn foot-ball. Shortly after the Easter recess, a mass-meeting was held for the purpose of arousing base-ball enthusiasm and collecting funds for the athletic treasury. Nearly four hundred students crowded into Alumni Hall to cheer the vigorous speeches of the captains of the college teams.

The first appeal had been made to the "good old Bellehaven spirit," when there was a sudden stir and hubbub near the door. The disturbance swiftly increased to a tumult of angry cries and jeers, and presently a yelling mob of Freshmen surged up the middle aisle. It seemed at first like one of the upheavals of class rivalry common among untamed undergraduates, but the time and place were so unseemly for a "ruction" of this kind that the upper-class men jumped upon their chairs in crowds to shout down the rioters. Presently they could see that the seething mass of Freshmen were closely packed around a slim and struggling figure which they were dragging with them toward the platform. A big voice in the van yelled above the uproar:

"It's the coward! It's Gonzales, the quitter! Ride him on a rail, fellows!"

Other voices took up the angry chorus, and then rallied to a shout from the chairs:

"Stick him up on the platform — the traitor — and let him hear what we think of him!"

Hoots, catcalls, hisses broke in a rising storm as his capturers rushed the fighting, tattered youth up the steps and thrust him out in front of them so that he staggered and almost fell. Then they retreated and left him standing there alone, facing this outcry of reproaches, this tempest of abuse. It was the whole college arrayed in arms against this lonely lad, who looked even more fragile and boyish than before his shameful flight.

His face wore a strange, dusky pallor, and as he stood gasping for breath, bewildered, trembling, it was noticed that a raw red line slanted across his forehead, and that his left arm hung at his side with curiously crippled awkwardness. He raised his right hand and strove to speak, but in vain. Again he tried, and again his fellow-students rudely hooted him down.

The sense of fair play, however, was working in the hearts of these impulsive young men, and it moved them to give him a hearing. For there was neither guilt nor shame in the bearing of Sebastian Gonzales, and it was he who asked

ball, that I am a coward, a quitter, a traitor, a disgrace to the much-beloved La Belle Haven. Ah, it is terrible! My heart is sick. It is a grand' misunderstood."

Sebastian stepped forward to the edge of the



"A FEELING EARLY WENT OUT INTO THE HEAVENLY MOUNTAIN." (THE NEW YORKER)

for explanation when he began to speak with little catches of hard-held emotion in his voice:

"I do not understand. Why do you do me this way, eh? I come back to my dear, much-estimable college of La Belle Haven, expectant to shake the glad hand of my *amigos*, my fr'en's, my classmates. I come back soon as I can. My heart is filled with much gusto, with the great pleasure, to find here a meeting of all the fellows. Then I am hoot-ed, thrown into the mob, called hor-r-ible language. Bimeby I hear you think I runned away from the foot-

platform, and seemed to grow by inches as he proudly raised his head and spoke with rapid and vibrant earnestness:

"Listen to me, my classmates; hear to me, my fr'en's of the foot-ball and the study-room. I once tell the capitan of the foot-ball that I not like to play. But the las' day I play I vow all to myself I will not be afraid, and I play pretty good that day. I had been 'shamed not to like it. I was determine', at las', to play until I am drop on the field. But it is all new to me, this, the college sport, the pastime.

"That night I get the telegram from my father in Libertad. He say come home, *pronto*, quick; to say nothing to nobody. It is in a cipher. One word tell me the revolution has begin to make him no more Presidente, to kill him, to make him lose his job. I have one hour to catch train for New York."

The hall had become quiet. The stripling speaker was carrying conviction to the eager listeners that he said the truth, and they waited for the unfolding of such a tale as had come to them only in books.

Sebastian was looking over their heads, seeing pictures of another clime and race.

"It is none too late when I arrive," he continued. "I find my father's army fighting ter-r-rible battles with the revolution. My place is with him, at his right han'. Once before I fight through revolution what make my father Presidente. Then I was a soldier. This time I am *el capitan* in the cavalry."

"Two month we fight. At las', in the mountains of Puerto Trinidad, the rebel general, Sanchez, fight my father one final, great battle. You think the South America revolution is a joke? I tell you it is worse than foot-ball, I think. My cavalry regiment is with my father. We mus' charge Sanchez, and if we cut through his line we will smash his center, like foot-ball. My regiment ride to the char-r-ge with five hundred brave mens, with machete and revolver."

Sebastian's boyish treble thrilled with a trumpet-note as he shouted:

"Ah-h-h, my dear college! When we break through the center of Sanchez' army, how many of my br-r-ave regiment you think stick in their saddles? Two hundred and twenty. Mysquadron char-r-ge with almos' a hundred men. How many you think go home to their girls from that las' fight? No more than forty. They pick me up. My arm is shot pretty bad, and my head have fine big machete cut. *Pouf*, I did nothing! But next day Sanchez surrender to my father, and the Presidente is safe. *Viva la Libertad siempre!*"

And as one man Bellehaven College rose to

its feet and thundered a mighty chorus of "*Viva la Libertad!*"

Sebastian wiped the sweat from his face, clicked his heels together, and saluted. Instantly he was caught up on the shoulders of a dozen foot-ball men, and borne round and round the platform, while the tail of the procession streamed down into the aisle, chanting:

"Viva Sebastian Gonzales!"

It would have seemed like vanity for an Anglo-Saxon thus to tell of his brave deeds; but his audience was quick to see that Sebastian Gonzales, the Spaniard, told them only what his heart moved him to say in his defense, and they, his fellow-students, were as tinder to the sparks of his fiery epic.

A cheering parade wound out into the peaceful moonlit night. The stately elms of the old campus framed a picture so eloquent of cloistered peace that the tale which had swept through Alumni Hall, breathing of war beneath the Southern Cross, seemed like a dream. This Bellehaven Freshman, then, had earned his place beside the names of patriots who had gone out from the old college to fight for country at Saratoga, and Yorktown, and Gettysburg. This was the thought that swayed the foot-ball captain as he led the escort which took the boyish hero to his room. And when Sebastian was curled up in his beloved old arm-chair, the captain grasped his hand and said, with a touch of awe in his tone:

"And we thought you were a quitter and afraid to fight! And you, a captain, leading your cavalry in a charge like that; a veteran soldier facing death for his father's cause! You 'll forgive all us chumps, won't you? We 're babes in the cradle beside you."

Sebastian grinned as he laid an affectionate hand on the captain's arm:

"I think I like to fight for my father better than the foot-ball sport. But maybe I learn. Next year I play har-r-d. We will wipe out the getting licked, my comrade. Viva La Belle Haven! Viva La Belle Haven!"



MARGARET.

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

BY JOHN ADAMSON.

WHEN I was just a tiny child,
They say I used to be quite wild!

Sometimes, it seems, I 'd raise a row ;
Of course, I 've learned much better now.

But if you 'll promise not to tell,
Here 's what they say I did once: Well,

A lady came to visit us—
She was the kind that makes a fuss.

She patted my old foolish curls,
And said, " I just love *little girls* "

I was as mad as I could be!
I went outdoors and kicked a tree!



THE LONESOME DOG.

BY ANNIE WILKES MCCULLOUGH.



WHEN I am feeling tired, and would like to take a nap,
I wish I was a kitten snuggling down in some one's lap;
I wish I might grow smaller, 'cause I frighten people so;
I am a kind and gentle dog, but that they do not know.

The other dogs are 'fraid of me, and will not come and play,
And almost every child is scared, and starts to run away;
They never let me romp with them, no matter how I coax.
Oh, dear, it 's very lonesome being bigger than your folks!



LINCOLN ADDRESSING THE JURY IN HIS DEFENSE OF JACK ARMSTRONG'S SON.

THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY HELEN NICOLAY.

V.

THE CHAMPION OF FREEDOM.

FOR four or five years after his return from Congress, Lincoln remained in Springfield, working industriously at his profession. He was offered a law partnership in Chicago, but declined on the ground that his health would not stand the confinement of a great city. His business increased in volume and importance as the months went by; and it was during this time that he engaged in what is perhaps the most dramatic as well as the best known of all his law cases—his defense of Jack Armstrong's son on a charge of murder. A knot of young men had quarreled one night on the outskirts of a camp-meeting, one was killed, and suspicion pointed strongly toward young Armstrong as the murderer. Lincoln, for old friendship's sake, offered to defend him—an offer most gratefully accepted by his family. The principal witness swore that he had seen young Armstrong strike the fatal blow—had seen him distinctly by the light of a bright moon. Lincoln made him repeat the statement until it seemed as if he were sealing the death-warrant of the prisoner. Then Lincoln began his address to the jury. He was not there as a hired attorney, he told them, but because of friendship. He told of his old relations with Jack Armstrong, of the kindness the prisoner's mother had shown him in New Salem, how he had himself rocked the prisoner to sleep when the latter was a little child. Then he reviewed the testimony, pointing out how completely everything depended on the statements of this one witness; and ended by proving beyond question that his testimony was false, since, according to the almanac, which he produced in court and showed to judge and jury, *there was no moon in the sky that night* at the hour the murder was com-

mitted. The jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty," and the prisoner was discharged.

Lincoln was always strong with a jury. He knew how to handle men, and he had a direct way of going to the heart of things. He had, moreover, unusual powers of mental discipline. It was after his return from Congress, when he had long been acknowledged one of the foremost lawyers of the State, that he made up his mind he lacked the power of close and sustained reasoning, and set himself like a school-boy to study works of logic and mathematics to remedy the defect. At this time he committed to memory six books of the propositions of Euclid; and, as always, he was an eager reader on many subjects, striving in this way to make up for the lack of education he had had as a boy. He was always interested in mechanical principles and their workings, and in May, 1849, patented a device for lifting vessels over shoals, which had evidently been dormant in his mind since the days of his early Mississippi River experiences. The little model of a boat, whittled out with his own hand, that he sent to the Patent Office when he filed his application is still shown to visitors, though the invention itself failed to bring about any change in steamboat architecture.

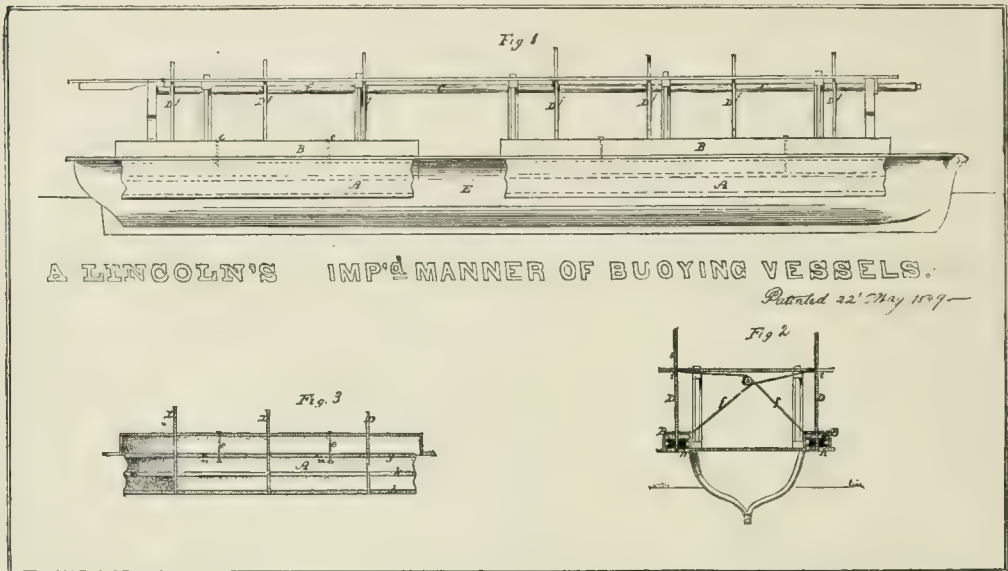
In work and study time slipped away. He was the same cheery companion as of old, much sought after by his friends, but now more often to be found in his office surrounded by law-books and papers than had been the case before his term in Congress. His interest in politics seemed almost to have ceased when, in 1854, something happened to rouse that and his sense of right and justice as they had never been roused before. This was the repeal of the "Missouri Compromise," a law passed by Congress in the year 1820, allowing Missouri to enter the Union as a slave State, but positively forbidding slavery in all other territory

of the United States lying north of latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$, which was the southern boundary-line of Missouri.

Up to that time the Southern States, where slavery was lawful, had been as wealthy and quite as powerful in politics as the Northern or free States. The great unoccupied territory lying to the west, which, in years to come, was sure to be filled with people and made into new States, lay, however, mostly north of $36^{\circ} 30'$; and it was easy to see that as new free States came one after the other into the Union the importance of the South must grow less and less, because there was little or no

At first only a few persons in each section had been really interested. By the year 1850 it had grown to be a question of much greater moment, and during the ten years that followed was to increase in bitterness until it absorbed the thoughts of the entire people, and plunged the country into a terrible civil war.

Abraham Lincoln had grown to manhood while the question was gaining in importance. As a youth, during his flatboat voyages to New Orleans he had seen negroes chained and beaten, and the injustice of slavery had been stamped upon his soul. The uprightness of his mind abhorred a system that kept men



LINCOLN'S INVENTION. REDUCED FACSIMILE OF DRAWINGS IN THE PATENT-OFFICE OF "A. LINCOLN'S IMPROVED MANNER OF BUOYING VESSELS."

territory left out of which slave States could be made to offset them. The South therefore had been anxious to have the Missouri Compromise repealed.

The people of the North, on the other hand, were not all wise or disinterested in their way of attacking slavery. As always happens, self-interest and moral purpose mingled on both sides; but, as a whole, it may be said that they wished to get rid of slavery because they felt it to be wrong, and totally out of place in a country devoted to freedom and liberty. The quarrel between them was as old as the nation, and it had been gaining steadily in intensity.

in bondage merely because they happened to be black. The intensity of his feeling on the subject had made him a Whig when, as a friendless boy, he lived in a town where Whig ideas were much in disfavor. The same feeling, growing stronger as he grew older, had inspired the Lincoln-Stone protest and the bill to free the slaves in the District of Columbia, and had caused him to vote fifty times against slavery in one form or another during his short term in Congress. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, throwing open once more to slavery a vast amount of territory from which it had been shut out, could not fail to move

him deeply. His sense of justice and his strong powers of reasoning were equally stirred, and from that time until slavery came to its end through his own act, he gave his time and all his energies to the cause of freedom.

Two points served to make the repeal of the Missouri Compromise of special interest to Lincoln. The first was personal, in that the man who championed the measure, and whose influence in Congress alone made it possible, was Senator Stephen A. Douglas, who had been his neighbor in Illinois for many years.

The second was deeper. He realized that the struggle meant much more than the freedom or bondage of a few million black men: that it was in reality a struggle for the central idea of our American republic—the statement in our Declaration of Independence that “all men are created equal.” He made no public speeches until autumn, but in the meantime studied the question with great care, both as to its past history and present state. When he did speak it was with a force and power that startled Douglas and, it is said, brought him privately to Lincoln with the proposition that neither of them should address a public meeting again until after the next election.

Douglas was a man of great ambition as well as of unusual political skill. Until recently he had been heartily in favor of keeping slavery out of the Northwest Territory; but he had set his heart upon being President of the United States, and he thought that he saw a chance of this if he helped the South to repeal the Missouri Compromise, and thus gained its gratitude and its votes. Without hesitation he plunged into the work and labored successfully to overthrow this law of more than thirty years' standing.

Lincoln's speech against the repeal had made a deep impression in Illinois, where he was at once recognized as the people's spokesman in the cause of freedom. His statements were so clear, his language so eloquent, the stand he took so just, that all had to acknowledge his power. He did not then, nor for many years afterward, say that the slaves ought to be immediately set free. What he did insist upon was that slavery was wrong, and that it must not be allowed to spread into territory

already free; but that, gradually, in ways lawful and just to masters and slaves alike, the country should strive to get rid of it in places where it already existed. He never let his hearers lose sight of the great underlying moral fact. “Slavery,” he said, “is founded in the selfishness of man's nature; opposition to it in his love of justice.” Even Senator Douglas was not prepared to admit that slavery was right. He knew that if he said that he could never be President, for the whole North would rise against him. He wished to please both sides, so he argued that it was not a question for him or for the Federal Government to decide, but one which each State and Territory must settle for itself. In answer to this plea of his that it was not a matter of morals, but of “State rights,”—a mere matter of local self-government,—Mr. Lincoln replied, “When the white man governs himself, that is self-government, but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government—that is despotism.”

It was on these opposing grounds that the two men took their stand for the battle of argument and principle that was to continue for years, to outgrow the bounds of the State, to focus the attention of the whole country upon them, and, in the end, to have far-reaching consequences of which neither at that time dreamed. At first the field appeared much narrower, though even then the reward was a large one. Lincoln had entered the contest with no thought of political gain; but it happened that a new United States senator from Illinois had to be chosen about that time. Senators are not voted for by the people, but by the legislatures of their respective States, and as a first result of all this discussion about the right or wrong of slavery it was found that the Illinois legislature, instead of having its usual large Democratic majority, was almost evenly divided. Lincoln seemed the most likely candidate; and he would have undoubtedly been chosen senator, had not five men, whose votes were absolutely necessary, stoutly refused to vote for a Whig, no matter what his views upon slavery might be. Keeping stubbornly aloof, they cast their ballots time after time for Lyman Trumbull, who was a Democrat, al-

though as strongly opposed to slavery as Lincoln himself.

A term of six years in the United States Senate must have seemed a large prize to Lincoln just then—possibly the largest he might ever hope to gain; and it must have been a hard trial to feel it so near and then see it slipping away from him. He did what few men would have had the courage or the unselfishness to do. Putting aside all personal considerations, and intent only on making sure of an added vote against slavery in the Senate, he begged his friends to cease voting for him and to unite with those five Democrats to elect Trumbull.

"I regret my defeat moderately," he wrote to a sympathizing friend, "but I am not nervous about it." Yet it must have been particularly trying to know that with forty-five votes in his favor, and only five men standing between him and success, he had been forced to give up his own chances and help elect the very man who had defeated him.

The voters of Illinois were quick to realize the sacrifice he had made. The five stubborn men became his most devoted personal followers; and his action at this time did much to bring about a great political change in the State. All over the country old party lines were beginning to break up and reform themselves on this one question of slavery. Keeping its old name, the Democratic party became the party in favor of slavery, while the Northern Whigs and all those Democrats who objected to slavery joined in what became known as the Republican party. It was at a great mass convention held in Bloomington in May, 1856, that the Republican party of Illinois took final shape; and it was here that Lincoln made the wonderful address which has become famous in party history as his "lost speech." There had been much enthusiasm. Favorite speakers had already made stirring addresses that had been listened to with eagerness and heartily applauded; but hardly a man moved from his seat until Lincoln should be heard. It was he who had given up the chance of being senator to help on the cause of freedom. He alone had successfully answered Douglas. Every one felt the fitness of his making the

closing speech—and right nobly did he honor the demand. The spell of the hour was visibly upon him. Standing upon the platform before the members of the convention, his tall figure drawn up to its full height, his head thrown back, and his voice ringing with earnestness, he denounced the evil they had to fight in a speech whose force and power carried his hearers by storm, ending with a brilliant appeal to all who loved liberty and justice to

Come as the winds come when forests are rended;
Come as the waves come when navies are stranded;

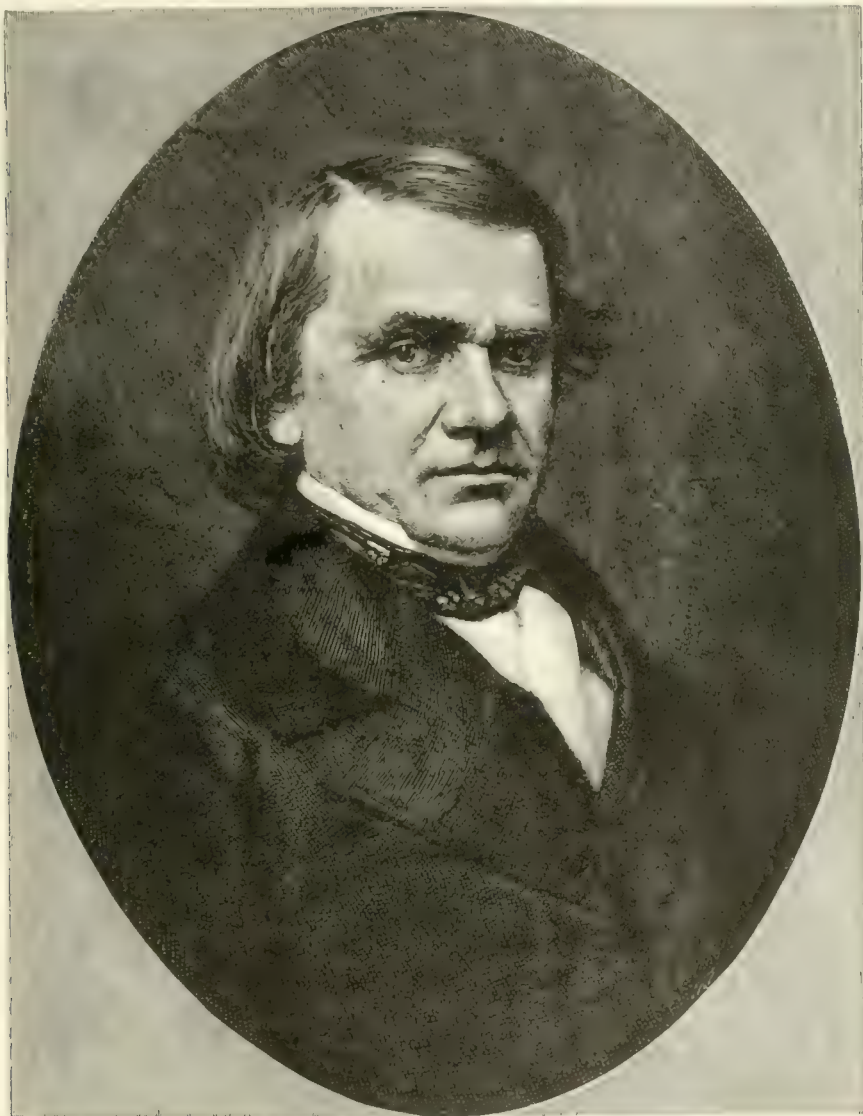
and unite with the Republican party against this wrong.

The audience rose and answered him with cheer upon cheer. Then, after the excitement had died down, it was found that neither a full report nor even trustworthy notes of his speech had been taken. The sweep and magnetism of his oratory had carried everything before it—even the reporters had forgotten their duty, and their pencils had fallen idle. So it happened that the speech as a whole was lost. Mr. Lincoln himself could never recall what he had said; but the hundreds who heard him never forgot the scene or the lifting inspiration of his words.

Three weeks later the first national convention of the Republican party was held. John C. Frémont was nominated for President, and Lincoln received over a hundred votes for Vice-President, but fortunately, as it proved, was not selected, the honor falling to William L. Dayton of New Jersey. The Democratic candidate for President that year was James Buchanan, "a Northern man with Southern principles," very strongly in favor of slavery. Lincoln took an active part in the campaign against him, making more than fifty speeches in Illinois and the adjoining States. The Democrats triumphed, and Buchanan was elected President; but Lincoln was not discouraged, for the new Republican party had shown unexpected strength throughout the North. Indeed, Lincoln was seldom discouraged. He had an abiding faith that the people in the long run would vote wisely; and a strong point in his leadership was always the cheerful hope he was able to inspire in his followers.

In 1858, two years after this, another election took place in Illinois, on which the choice of a United States senator depended.* This time it was the term of Stephen A. Douglas himself that was drawing to a close. He

him the "Little Giant." He was plausible, popular, quick-witted, had winning manners, was most skilful in the use of words, both to convince his hearers and, at times, to hide his real meaning. He and Lincoln were old an-



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

greatly desired reelection. There was but one man in the State who could hope to rival him, and with a single voice the Republicans of Illinois called upon Lincoln to oppose him. Douglas was indeed an opponent not to be despised. His friends and followers called

tagonists. They had first met in the far-away Vandalia days of the Illinois legislature. In Springfield, Douglas had been the leader of the young Democrats, while Lincoln had been leader of the younger Whigs. Their rivalry had not always been confined to politics, for

gossip asserted that Douglas had been one of Miss Todd's more favored suitors. Douglas in those days had no great opinion of the tall young lawyer; while Lincoln is said to have described Douglas as "the least man I ever saw"—although that referred to his rival's small stature and boyish figure, not to his mental qualities. Douglas was not only ambitious to be President; he had staked everything on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and his statement that this question of slavery was one that every State and Territory must settle for itself, but with which the Federal Government had nothing to do. Unfortunately, his own party no longer agreed with him. Since Buchanan had become President the Democrats had advanced their ground. They now claimed that while a State might properly say whether or not it would tolerate slavery, slavery ought to be lawful in all the Territories, no matter whether their people liked it or not.

A famous law case, called the Dred Scott case, then decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, went far toward making this really the law of the land. In its decision the court positively stated that neither Congress nor a territorial legislature had power to keep slavery out of any United States Territory. This decision placed Senator Douglas in a most curious position. It justified him in repealing the Missouri Compromise, but at the same time it absolutely denied his statement that the people of a Territory had a right to settle the slavery question to suit themselves. Being a clever juggler with words, he explained away the difference by saying that a master might have a perfect right to his slave in a Territory, and yet that right could do him no good unless it were protected by laws in force where his slave happened to be. Such laws depended entirely on the will of the people living in the Territory, and so, after all, they had the deciding voice. This reasoning brought upon him the displeasure of President Buchanan and all the Democrats who believed as he did, and Douglas found himself forced either to deny what he had already told the voters of Illinois, or to begin a quarrel with the President. He chose the latter, well knowing that to lose his reelection to the Senate at

this time would end his political career. His fame as well as his quarrel with the President served to draw immense crowds to his meetings when he returned to Illinois and began speech-making, and his followers so inspired these meetings with their enthusiasm that for a time it seemed as though all real discussion would be swallowed up in noise and shouting.

Mr. Lincoln, acting on the advice of his leading friends, sent Douglas a challenge to joint debate. Douglas accepted, though not very willingly; and it was agreed that they should address the same meetings at seven towns in the State, on dates extending through August, September, and October. The terms were that one should speak an hour in opening, the other an hour and a half in reply, and the first again have half an hour to close. Douglas was to open the meeting at one place, Lincoln at the next.

It was indeed a memorable contest. Douglas, the most skilled and plausible speaker in the Democratic party, was battling for his political life. He used every art, every resource, at his command. Opposed to him was a veritable giant in stature—a man whose qualities of mind and of body were as different from those of the "Little Giant" as could well be imagined. Lincoln was direct, forceful, logical, and filled with a purpose as lofty as his sense of right and justice was strong. He cared much for the senatorship, but he cared far more to right the wrong of slavery, and to warn people of the peril that menaced the land. Already in June he had made a speech that greatly impressed his hearers. "A house divided against itself cannot stand," he told them. "I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other"; and he went on to say that there was grave danger it might become all slave. He showed how, little by little, slavery had been gaining ground, until all it lacked now was another Supreme Court decision to make it alike lawful in all the States, North as well as South. The grave peril came home to the people of the North with startling

force, and thereafter all eyes were fixed upon the senatorial campaign in Illinois.

The battle continued for nearly three months. Besides the seven great joint debates, each man spoke daily, sometimes two or three times a day, at meetings of his own. Once before their audiences, Douglas's dignity as a senator afforded him no advantage, Lincoln's popularity gave him little help. Face to face with the followers of each, gathered in immense numbers and alert with jealous watchfulness, there was no escaping the rigid test of skill in argument and truth in principle. The processions and banners, the music and fireworks, of both parties were stilled and forgotten while the people listened to the three hours' battle of mind against mind.

Northern Illinois had been peopled largely from the free States, and southern Illinois from the slave States; thus the feeling about slavery in the two parts was very different. To take advantage of this, Douglas, in the very first debate, which took place at Ottawa, in northern Illinois, asked Lincoln seven questions, hoping to make him answer in a way that would be unpopular farther south. In the second debate Lincoln replied to these very frankly, and in his turn asked Douglas four questions, the second of which was whether, in Douglas's opinion, the people of any Territory could, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, bar out slavery before that Territory became a State. Mr. Lincoln had long and carefully studied the meaning and effect of this question. If Douglas said, "No," he would please Buchanan and the administration Democrats, but at the cost of denying his own words. If he said, "Yes," he would make enemies of every Democrat in the South. Lincoln's friends all advised against asking the question. They felt sure that Douglas would answer, "Yes," and that this would win him his election. "If you ask it, you can never be senator," they told Lincoln. "Gentlemen," he replied, "I am killing larger game. If Douglas answers he can never be President, and the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this."

Both prophecies were fulfilled. Douglas answered as was expected; and though, in ac-

tual numbers, the Republicans of Illinois cast more votes than the Democrats, a legislature was chosen that reelected him to the Senate. Two years later, Lincoln, who in 1858 had not the remotest dream of such a thing, found himself the successful candidate of the Republican party for President of the United States.

To see how little Lincoln expected such an outcome it is only necessary to glance at the letters he wrote to friends at the end of his campaign against Douglas. Referring to the election to be held two years later, he said, "In that day I shall fight in the ranks, but I shall be in no one's way for any of the places." To another correspondent he expressed himself even more frankly: "Of course I wished, but I did not much expect, a better result. . . . I am glad I made the late race. It gave me a hearing on the great and durable question of the age, which I could have had in no other way; and though I now sink out of view and shall be forgotten, I believe I have made some marks which will tell for the cause of civil liberty long after I am gone."

But he was not to "sink out of view and be forgotten." Douglas himself contributed not a little toward keeping his name before the public; for shortly after their contest was ended the reelected senator started on a trip through the South to set himself right again with the Southern voters, and in every speech that he made he referred to Lincoln as the champion of "abolitionism." In this way the people were not allowed to forget the stand Lincoln had taken, and during the year 1859 they came to look upon him as the one man who could be relied on at all times to answer Douglas and Douglas's arguments.

In the autumn of that year Lincoln was asked to speak in Ohio, where Douglas was again referring to him by name. In December he was invited to address meetings in various towns in Kansas, and early in 1860 he delivered a speech in New York that raised him suddenly and unquestionably to the position of a national leader.

It was delivered in the hall of Cooper Institute, on the evening of February 27, 1860, before an audience of men and women remarkable for their culture, wealth and influence.

Mr. Lincoln's name and words had filled so large a space in the Eastern newspapers of that time, that his listeners were very eager to see and hear this rising Western politician. The West, even at that late day, was very imperfectly understood by the East. It was looked upon as a land of bowie-knives and pistols, of steamboat explosions, of mobs, of wild speculation and wilder adventure. What, then, would be the type, the character, the language of this speaker? How would he impress the great editor Horace Greeley, who sat among the invited guests; David Dudley Field, the great lawyer, who escorted him to the platform; William Cullen Bryant, the great poet, who presided over the meeting?

The audience quickly forgot these questioning doubts. They had but time to note Mr. Lincoln's unusual height, his rugged, strongly marked features, the clear ring of his high-pitched voice, the commanding earnestness of his manner. Then they became completely absorbed in what he was saying. He began quietly, soberly, almost as if he were arguing a case before a court. In his entire address he uttered neither an anecdote nor a jest. If any of his hearers came expecting the style or manner of the Western stump-speaker, they met novelty of an unlooked-for kind; for such was the apt choice of words, the simple strength of his reasoning, the fairness of every point he made, the force of every conclusion he drew, that his listeners followed him, spell-bound. He spoke on the subject that he had so thoroughly mastered and that was now uppermost in men's minds—the right or wrong of slavery. He laid bare the complaints and demands of the Southern leaders, pointed out the injustice of their threat to break up the Union if their claims were not granted, stated forcibly the stand taken by the Republican party, and brought his speech to a close with the short and telling appeal:

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

The attention with which it was followed, the applause that greeted its telling points, and the enthusiasm of the Republican journals next morning showed that Lincoln's Cooper Institute speech had taken New York by storm. It was printed in full in four of the leading daily papers of the city, and immediately reprinted in pamphlet form. From New York Mr. Lincoln made a tour of speech-making through several of the New England States, and he was everywhere heartily welcomed, and listened to with an eagerness that showed a marked result at the spring elections. The interest of the working-men who heard these addresses was equaled, perhaps excelled, by the pleased surprise of college professors and men of letters when they found that the style and method of this self-taught popular Western orator would stand the test of their most searching professional criticism.

One other audience he had during this trip, if we may trust report, which, while neither as learned as the college professors, nor perhaps as critical as the factory-men, was quite as hard to please, and the winning of whose approval shows another side of this great and many-sided man. A teacher in a Sunday-school in the Five Points district of New York, at that time one of the worst parts of the city, has told how, one morning, a tall, thin, unusual-looking man entered and sat quietly listening to the exercises. His face showed such genuine interest that he was asked if he would like to speak to the children. Accepting the invitation with evident pleasure, he stepped forward and began a simple address that quickly charmed the roomful of youngsters into silence. His language was singularly beautiful, his voice musical with deep feeling. The faces of his little listeners drooped into sad earnestness at his words of warning, and brightened again when he spoke of cheerful promises. "Go on! Oh, do go on!" they begged when at last he tried to stop. As he left the room somebody asked his name. "Abraham Lincoln, from Illinois," was the courteous reply.

(To be continued.)

HOMeward BOUND.



"I CAN'T FIND MY WAY TO THE SUBWAY ENTRANCE."
 "I CAN SEE ONE RIGHT THERE, BUT I CAN'T SEE ONE THAT LEADS TO THE SUBWAY ENTRANCE."



"THEY ARE ALL SLIDING DOWN THE HILL, BUT I CAN'T SEE ONE THAT LEADS TO THE SUBWAY ENTRANCE."

GRANDMA'S POSY-BOWL.



ON grandma's birthday, Maud and Bess, and Pearl and Ned and Clare,
They paid their dimes and nickels in, and bought a jardinière;
But grandma says that jardinière is quite too long a name,
And so she calls it "posy-bowl," which means the very same.

Delia Hart Stone.

TOO BUSY TO GROW.

A SMALL office-boy, who had worked in the same position for two years on a salary of three dollars a week, finally plucked up enough courage to ask for an increase in wages.

"How much more would you like to have?" inquired his employer.

"Well," answered the lad, "I don't think two dollars more a week would be too much."

"Well, you seem to me a rather small boy to be earning five dollars a week," remarked his employer.

"I suppose I do. I know I'm small for my age," the boy explained; "but to tell you the truth, since I've been here I have n't had time to grow."

He got the raise.

James H. Lambert, Jr.

THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

BY RALPH HENRY BALFOUR.

CHAPTER X.

RED HAIR AND WHITE TARTANS.

A FOOTBALLER can't make a touchdown in the last thirty seconds of play, and so win the game for his school, without becoming a hero. Roy woke up Saturday morning a rather unimportant and quite unpopular person. He climbed out of bed on Sunday morning to find that, metaphorically, the world was his. As soon as the bell had rung the difference was apparent. There was no more dressing in silence, no more waiting till the others were through for a chance at the wash-room. It was "Morning, Porter! How are you feeling after it?" "Hello, Mr. Quarter-back! How'd you sleep?" "Here, Stearns, get out of here and give Porter a show; he's been waiting hours!" And in the midst of it Chub came tumbling upstairs, half dressed, to sit on Roy's bed and delay matters so that they barely scraped into dining-hall between the closing doors.

Life had been using him rather badly for six weeks or so, and he surely deserved some compensation. The only fly in the ointment was the thought that, after all, the sudden popularity was his only as a quarter-back; that, for the rest, he was still, to the fellows, the tale-bearer. But in this he was not altogether correct, for the majority of the boys argued that any chap who could display the qualities that Roy had shown on the foot-ball field must of necessity be all right, and that if he had told on Horace and Otto and the others he must have had some good reason for it.

Horace Burlen still ruled the school, and the juniors especially, with an iron hand. But it was a time of open revolt against Horace's supremacy. Horace hated Roy worse than ever, hated Tom Forrest because that youth had succeeded where he had failed, and, now that he had nothing to gain by seeming friend-

liness toward the foot-ball captain, even threw down the gauntlet to Jack Rogers. Rogers, happy as a clam over the outcome of the game and over the receipt of a letter from Johnny King, paid no attention to Horace.

The nucleus of the anti-Burlen camp was comprised of Roy, Chub, Rogers, Forrest, and Sid Welch. Before the Christmas vacation arrived, the school was sharply divided, and every fellow there had been forced to take sides with either Horace or Roy; and in some manner Roy had come to be considered the leader of the opposing force. But before this other things had happened which had a bearing on the matter.

About a week after the Hammond game Doctor Emery arose one morning after breakfast, at which time it was customary for him to make announcements.

"At the beginning of school this fall," said the doctor, absent-mindedly polishing his glasses with a napkin, "there occurred an unpleasant incident. One of the new boys was taken from his bed in the Senior Dormitory by a number of the older boys and given a bath in the river. As hazing has always been prohibited at Ferry Hill, the guilty ones were promptly punished. It has been only within the last day or so that I have learned of an unfortunate thing in connection with the matter. It seems that the student who was hazed was suspected of having given information leading to the discovery of the culprits. As a result, I am informed, this student has until very recently—in fact, until the game with Hammond Academy—been held in disgrace by his fellows. I am not going to discuss here the justice or injustice of the attitude assumed by you; my purpose is to remove the stigma of deceit from an innocent boy. This boy, when summoned before me the morning following the incident, declared that he believed he knew the leader of the escapade, having recognized

his voice. The identity of the others he did not know. When asked for the name of the leader, he declined to give it. And, in accordance with our custom, he was not pressed."

A suppressed hum of applause swept over the dining-hall. Roy stared fixedly at a salt-cellar.

"Fortunately," continued Doctor Emery, "the instructor in charge of the Junior Dormitory, Mr. Buckman, happened to be awake when the party returned, and so identified most, if not quite all, of its members. He reported the matter to me, as he was required to do, and I meted out such punishment as the offense merited. Naturally, had I known before that the student was being made to suffer, I would have made this explanation at once. As it was, and as I have said, I learned of it only yesterday, and then not from one of the school, from whom, it would seem, information of such a nature should come,—but from one who, it appears, has the welfare of the school closer at heart than most of you—my daughter."

"Bully for Harry!" cried Chub, quite audibly. And the sentiment met with instant applause that grew in volume until the instructors commanded silence.

"I believe," went on Doctor Emery, with a slight smile, "that since the game with Hammond Academy the student in question has become reëstablished in the respect and—ah—affection of the school." (The applause threatened again to drown the speaker.) "And so it seems scarcely necessary for me now to say that you will, I am sure, each one of you, wish to make such amends as possible for your former treatment of him. He, I trust, holds no resentment. Indeed, such a sentiment would not become him; for, while his refusal to try to put himself right with his fellows shows a certain commendable pride, yet it was hardly fair under the circumstances. That is all, I think, on that subject."

In a moment each table—and there were five of them—was eagerly discussing the news; and it was wonderful how many there were who had "known all along that Porter was n't that sort!"

It was no little thing to have Harry on your side, even if she was only a fourteen-year-old

girl; and that has been proved already, and will be again before the story is at an end. But it was unfortunate that Harry's good offices should have led to an estrangement between her and Roy.

It all came about in quite the most unforeseen manner. Roy had promised to play tennis with her the afternoon of Doctor Emery's announcement. They had had quite a number of contests already, and Harry had proved herself more than a match for Roy. To-day they met outside the cottage. Unfortunately, Roy started the conversation by accusing Harry of having broken her promise. That was an awful accusation to bring against her, since she had an almost quixotic regard for the given word. Stung, she made no effort to set herself right, only declared that she had done no such thing. Roy had not greatly cared, but her curt denials aroused his impatience.

"But, Harry," he protested, "you must have! He said so!"

"I did n't! I did n't! I did n't!"

"Well, then, I 'd just like to know how he found out. Of course I don't care much if you did tell him; only—"

"You 've implied that I 've told an untruth!" cried Harry, turning suddenly with reddening cheeks.

"Oh, pshaw! there 's no use in getting mad about it. I only said—"

"I 'll get mad if I want to," said Harry, hotly.

"My, what a temper! Just what you 'd expect of a girl with red hair! Why, I would n't—"

But he stopped there, for Harry's face went suddenly white with rage, and she gasped as though he had struck her.

"Now, look here, Harry," he began contritely. But Harry had found her tongue, and he got no further.

"Oh, you coward!" she cried, trembling. "You—you coward! I know my hair 's red, and I don't care if it is! Don't you speak to me again, ever and ever! I don't want to see you! I hate you, Roy Porter; and I 'll never speak to you again as long as I live!"

"Oh, if you want to be unfair about it," muttered Roy.

But Harry had turned and was running swiftly along the path, trying her best to keep back the angry tears. Roy watched her go, whistled softly, and then followed slowly after.

"What a little spitfire!" he muttered, with a laugh that was half angry and half regretful.

"Who put these in here?" he demanded sternly.

There was no answer. The class was smiling broadly, but Mr. Buckman's expression prohibited the laughter they longed to indulge in.

"It was a very funny joke," continued Mr. Buckman, scathingly; "only, unfortunately, one



THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

"I don't see what I said, anyhow, except that her hair was red." And then, two days later, there occurred an incident which still further widened the breach between them.

Mr. Buckman opened his desk in Room B in School Hall and stared in amazement. It was the first recitation, and the class in geometry watched interestedly. The instructor held forth a white rabbit in each hand.

of the rabbits has been stupid enough to die and so is unable to appreciate it. The other one appears to be on the point of dying. I presume that they belong to Miss Harriet. I fancy she will appreciate the joke heartily. I hope to be able to discover the perpetrator of the delicate jest, in which case he will undoubtedly get all the applause he desires."

Mr. Buckman bore the rabbits out of the

room, and the class looked questioningly and soberly about and whispered inquiries. But every one professed ignorance on the subject.

"Ought to have his head punched, whoever he is," growled Chub to Roy. And the latter heartily agreed.

When the class was dismissed Harry was waiting, with a white face and blazing eyes, in the corridor. She made for Roy instantly.

"They 're both dead," she cried, "and I hope you 're satisfied. Of all mean things to do, Roy Porter, that 's the very meanest! I should think you 'd be ashamed of yourself! I should think you 'd be ashamed to look at me!"

"I don't know anything about it," protested Roy, earnestly. "I 'm awfully sorry, Harry,—honestly I am!"

"Do you think I believe that?" demanded Harry, brushing aside the tears that would leak out in spite of her. "You did it to get even with me, I—know you did! I don't care what you do to me, but it was cowardly to kill my poor rabbits!"

"Harry, I give you my word—"

"I don't want your word! I would n't believe you, Roy Porter! You 're a mean, contemptible thing!"

"Oh, very well," said Roy, angrily, walking away. "After that, you can think whatever you like; I don't care!"

But he did care, nevertheless.

After dinner she spent a few minutes in the office, but his straightforward denial convinced Doctor Emery of his innocence. The affair remained a mystery, although Chub professed to have no doubts in the matter.

"Nobody but Horace would think of such a thing," he asserted. "And if Harry had any sense she 'd know it."

But Harry was apparently firmly convinced of Roy's guilt.

Meanwhile an event of much interest to the school was approaching, and the incident of the white rabbits was soon forgotten. Every year, on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, was held the Cross-country Run. There was a cup for the individual winner and a cup for the class five of whose entries finished first. Ferry Hill had developed cross-country running into

something of a science. The annual event always awakened much interest, and the rivalry between the four classes was intense.

There were no handicaps, all entries starting together from the steps of the gymnasium, taking off northeast for three miles to the village of Carroll, from there to a neighboring settlement called Findlayburg, and so home by the road to the gymnasium, a total distance of six miles. At Carroll and Findlayburg they were registered by the instructors. In deference to the cross-country event, Thanksgiving dinner was postponed until evening. It was customary for the foot-ball players to remain in training for the run, and this year they had all done so, with the exception of Forrest, Gallup, and Burlen, whose weights kept them out of the contest. One year the Junior Class had captured the cup, and ever since then succeeding junior classes had striven mightily.

Roy himself was doubtful of his prowess, for, while he could sprint and even do a quarter of a mile in good time, he had never tried long-distance running. But Chub gave him a lot of good advice, assured him that he stood a good chance to win, and ended up with: "Anyhow, it 's the best training in the world, and will do you a lot of good, even if you don't get the cup." So for a week preceding the day of the contest the countryside was sprinkled with boys panting up the hills, loping through the woods, and trotting doggedly along the frosty road. And at two o'clock on Thanksgiving Day afternoon thirty-four boys awaited the word in front of the gymnasium.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE.

THERE were boys of all ages between twelve and eighteen in the group which awaited the word from Horace Burlen. And there were all kinds and descriptions of costumes. Roy wore short trousers, woolen stockings, his crimson sweater, and a pair of spiked running-shoes. Chub was similarly dressed. The Juniors had evolved a wonderful plan whereby certain of their runners were to save themselves until the final turn toward home, and were then to pitch in and beat everything in sight, and they were

gathered in a group plotting excitedly in whispers. Sid Welch was asking every fellow who would pay attention to him, whether he thought he could last through the race. Chub told him that if he 'd run the last part of the race backward he might finish—some day. And Jack assured him that they would see that dinner was kept warm for him.

"The course is the same as last year," Horace Burlen announced. "At Carroll you must give your names to Mr. Cobb, who will be on the porch of the Windsor House; and at Findlayburg you must give them to Mr. Buckman at the corner store. The finish will be at the gate here. No fellow whose name does n't show on both Mr. Cobb's and Mr. Buckman's list will be counted at all, so you want to be sure you get checked. All ready now, fellows! Get back of the gravel there, Townsend and Young. Are you ready? Go!"

The throng moved forward at a trot, pushed and scrambled through the gate, and went across the field. By the time the hilltop was reached the field of runners was well spread out, and not a few of the younger boys were already losing interest in the affair. Jack Rogers was well toward the front now, and Chub suggested to Roy that they close up with him. So there was a little sprint along the ridge of the hill, and they soon found themselves alongside Jack and with barely a half-dozen runners ahead of them.

"Slow work so far," called Jack.

"Why don't you set the pace awhile?" asked Chub.

"I 'll take it past the woods," said Jack, "if you 'll take it from there to the village."

Roy found it exhilarating, this trotting up and down the slopes in the cold November afternoon. He would have liked to speed ahead and try conclusions with the Middle Class boy who was in the lead, for he was not in the least tired and felt now as though he could run for weeks. But they had covered only a scant mile and three quarters, according to Chub, and that meant plenty of hard work ahead. Jack, with a sprint, took the lead and made fast going. For the first hundred yards it was difficult work, but after that they found themselves on a grass-grown road which wound

and twisted about over stumps and fallen logs. Many a youth took a cropper hereabouts, and among them was Sid. When Roy saw him last he was sitting on a rotted tree which had proved his Waterloo, sadly watching the procession go by. And a procession it was by this time, for the runners were strung out in single file for a quarter of a mile.

Roy and Chub were running fourth and fifth as they left the woods and found themselves on the edge of a wheat-field, with the church tower of Carroll a half a mile away. Jack dropped back and Chub took his place at the head of the line. It seemed to Roy that Chub let up on the pace a little, but it may have been only that it was easier going here along the edge of the field. At all events, Roy was glad of it, for the work was beginning to tell on him. And he was still gladder when Chub, at the corner of the field, leaped the wall and went trotting down a lane and from there into a country road. In another minute or two they were jogging along the village street, and Roy could see Mr. Cobb, paper and pencil in hand, on the steps of the old brown hotel near at hand. Quite a little group had formed about him and the runners swept along to a chorus of criticisms, laughter, and applause. As they passed Mr. Cobb they called out their names and were answered.

"How are we making it?" sang out Jack as he passed.

"A minute and a fraction behind the record!" was the reply.

"Hit it up, Chub!" shouted Jack.

"Go to the dickens!" answered Chub. "Who wants the lead?"

"I 'll take it," Pryor replied.

And Chub dropped back to Roy.

"Minute and a fraction—be hanged!" he gasped. "I 'll bet—we 're right on—time! How 're you coming on?"

"Getting tuckered," answered Roy. "How much farther?"

"Better save your wind, you two," advised Jack.

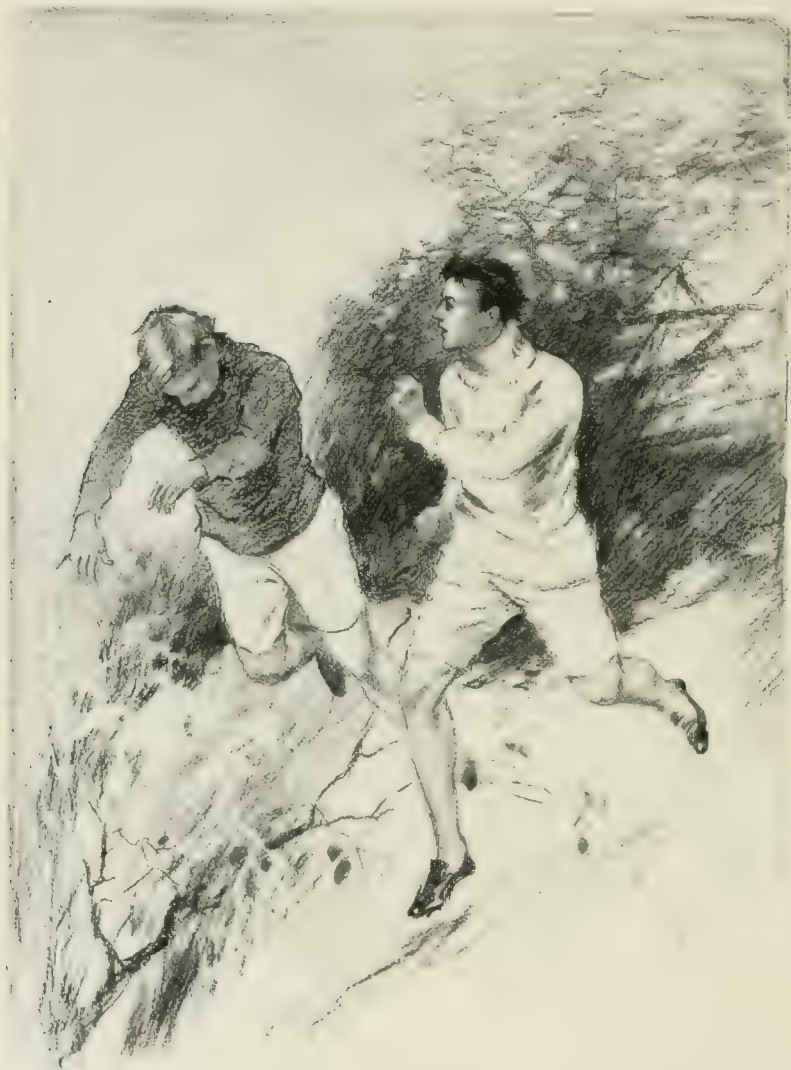
Then Pryor left the road and scrambled over into a field. Jack, Chub, and Roy followed, but Townsend kept to the road, and others as they came up followed him.

"What 's the matter—with the road?" asked Roy.

"Longer," Chub answered briefly.

They jogged up a steep hill, turning to the

reaching the road again before the others who had kept to it arrived. There was a bad bit of brush to struggle through, and then came the wall and the road. As they climbed over



"AT LAST ROY STUMBLED OVER A ROOT, AND WENT HEELS OVER HEAD INTO A CLUMP OF BUSHES."

right at the top, and then went down at a brisker pace, Roy wishing his sweater was n't quite so heavy. All the spring had gone from his feet now, and the exhilaration was forgotten. It was just hard work. The downward slope lasted for quite a way, and Roy judged that Pryor was letting himself out in the hope of

they looked backward, but only a farmer's wagon was in sight.

"Beat 'em!" gasped Chub.

On the road they slowed down considerably, and Roy gave silent thanks. He knew now that he would never be able to keep up with Chub and the others, but he was determined

to stick it out as long as he could. Presently a little group of buildings came into sight ahead: a store, a blacksmith-shop, a tumble-down shed, and three houses. Mr. Buckman was awaiting them in front of the store, supported by the storekeeper and a handful of loungers.

"Are we ahead?" shouted Pryor as they came up.

"Yes, and ahead of the record," was the answer. "All right, Pryor. All right, Rogers, Eaton, and Porter."

Then they were past, trotting along a frosty, rutted country road.

"Any one want the lead?" grunted Pryor.

Chub moved up to the head of the group. The wind had increased and was blowing icily out of the northeast, but it was almost behind them and so helped them along.

At a turn of the road Chub left it to the right, and the others followed.

"Is this—shorter?" asked Roy.

"About—even thing, I think," answered Pryor.

"A whole minute shorter," said Jack.

Roy sighed for the road as he dragged his feet up a little hill and saw before him a rough bit of country in which rocks and stunted bushes sprang up everywhere. For the next quarter of a mile they were always either going up-hill or going down; level ground was not on the map thereabouts. Jack took the lead again presently, and Chub fell back to where Roy was heroically striving to keep his place. At last Roy stumbled over a root, went heels over head into a clump of bushes, and sat up with the last bit of breath knocked out of him. Chub had stopped, grinning. Roy shook his head and waved his hand for the other to go on.

"Hurt?" asked Chub, anxiously.

Roy shook his head, found a little breath, and gasped:

"I'm—all right. Go ahead. I'll—follow—presently."

Chub glanced hesitatingly from Roy to the others. Then he nodded and went on. At a little distance he turned, waved a hand to the right, and shouted something about the road. Roy nodded indifferently, and then fell back

upon the turf, and did n't care a rap what happened. It was blissful just to lie there and get his breath back. Any one who wanted that dinky pewter mug could have it, as far as he cared. Only—well, he did wish he could have finished! Then it occurred to him that he could, that if he went on he might even finish well up on the list. He judged that five minutes had passed since the others had left him. He already felt better and had regained his wind remarkably. Well, he'd just go on and have a try; maybe he could help win the mug for the Second Seniors. So he climbed to his feet and set off in the direction taken by Chub.

But a minute or so later he concluded that he had lost the way, for now the wind, instead of being behind him, was coming against his left cheek. Of course the wind might have swung around, but it was much more probable that he had unconsciously borne to the left. The best thing to do, he thought, was to get back to the road, which was somewhere in the direction he was going. So he pushed on, his trot becoming a walk as the bushes grew thicker and thicker about him. Ten minutes, fifteen minutes, passed, and he had found no road. Up and down little hills he went, across open stretches, and through tangles of leafless bushes. He kept the wind against his left cheek and went on. It was getting toward twilight, and was still cloudy and cold. His legs began to feel stiff and his feet would drag in spite of him. A half an hour must have passed,—he had left his watch at school and so could only guess,—and he was still traveling over wind-swept upland. He began to feel a bit uncomfortable; the prospect of spending the night up there was n't enticing. Observing a little bush-crowned hill that looked higher than any he had yet found, he made his way to it. From the top he could perhaps see the road, or, failing that, discover where the river lay.

So he climbed up the rise, his feet slipping over loose gravel. At the top he paused and looked about him. There was no road to be seen, but behind him were a few twinkling lights, perhaps a mile away, and—yes, surely, that was the river over there, that ribbon of steely gray! He would get to the river, he

decided, at its nearest point, and then follow along the bank until he found the school, if he did not stumble across a familiar road or house or some other landmark before that.

So he got the direction firmly fixed in his

mind, made a brisk start, broke through the bushes in front of him, gave a cry of terror, grasped ineffectually at the branches, and went plunging, crashing downward, to lie in a silent, motionless heap thirty feet below.

(To be continued.)

WINTER REGULATIONS.



ROVER TO TOMMY:

"There are no boats, nor seats, nor paths; there is no merry crowd.
But, master, now they'll let us in! The sign says, 'Dogs allowed.'"

AS TO THE RESTLESS BROOK.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Do you suppose the babbling brook
Would stop and rest its head
If some one got a scoop and took
The pebbles from its bed?



A STRANGE CUSTOM OF THE OSTRICH FAMILY.

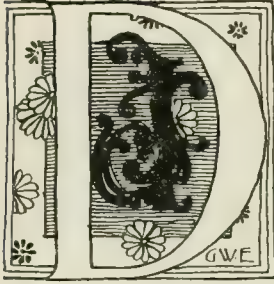
Mrs. Ostrich: "Marie, tell the Misses Emma that I 'm 'not at home' to-day. I 'll hide my head in this hole, so of course they won't see me."

FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

BY AGNES MCCLELLAND DAULTON.

CHAPTER IX.

RIPENING FRIENDSHIP.



DURING the long summer weeks the friendship between Virginia Clayton and Sue Roberts grew and strengthened. There was hardly an afternoon when Sue did not go skipping across the meadow to Kinikinnick, or Virginia come flying up the lane on Toddlekins, or both tuck themselves into the phaëton for one of their long drives. The girls of Monroe were always on the lookout for the gay little equipage, and many a bit of girlish gossip was exchanged across the yellow wheels. Then, too, there were the most delightful days spent at Cherryfair with all the "Jolly Octet," as the girls had named themselves. For while Sue loved the little heart-to-heart talks with Virginia, and the quiet drives, she reveled in the babble of many girlish tongues, the laughter and the clatter when Kate, Fanny, Belle, Avis, Mildred, and Martha were with them. Yes, even Martha; for, as Sue said, there was great charm to her being with Martha, in the delightful uncertainty of what would happen. So far there had been no open rupture, owing to Martha's suavity and Sue's good humor; but the two girls' natures were as opposed as the poles.

Martha Cutting was considered, until Sue's arrival, the prettiest girl in Monroe; and she certainly was the most talented, singing and playing very well for a girl of her age. Beside this, Martha had an air of gentle refinement that was very pleasing to the quiet people among whom she lived. Sue sang better, played as well, was prettier because

more vivacious, and she had a heart full of love and cheer for every living creature. Each girl had her friends and admirers, and if it had not been for Virginia Clayton's advent it is doubtful if there would ever have been any bitter feeling between the girlish rivals. But that Virginia Clayton—the one girl Martha should care for as an intimate friend—should want Sue Roberts as a chum—a "slangy, tom-boyish, loud, blowzy girl like that!" Martha had once ventured to say to Avis Taylor. And Avis, that gentle, timid white pigeon of a girl, had turned upon her in a way she did not soon forget.

But while there was much that was lovely in Sue's life that summer, there were worries, too, and some that troubled her not a little. Sue's principal trouble was her dear, merry father,—who through all his anxieties had always a joke and a smile for his little folks.

"It's no use to depress them," he would say to Masie—for his throat grew worse and worse. "Poor dears, they may have it hard enough before long," which would cause good, kind Mandy to draw her hand across her eyes and say:

"They're jest the happiest, cheerfullest, get-the-most-out-of-nothin'-est lot that ever drewed breath. God bless 'em, every one!"

Yet one may sing and dance when one's heart is very heavy, and hearts were heavy at Cherryfair,—for there were money worries, too, that grew worse and worse.

But it began to look more and more as if they should have to give up Mandy Dobbins, and Mandy's round face and cheeriness had grown very dear to them all; and, too, there began to be very grave doubts as to the possibility of Sue's going away to school that autumn, though it had been understood for years that at fourteen she was to have her first flight out of the home nest.

So it was a very forlorn Sue who walked up

the drive to Kinikinnick one hot August afternoon,—so forlorn, indeed, that Virginia came flying down the steps to meet her with a scared face and anxious inquiry.

"All quiet along the Potomac," Sue answered, laughingly returning her kiss. "I've got the black dog on my shoulder, that is all." Then, tempted by Virginia's unspoken sympathy and Mrs. Marshall's kind welcome, Sue did the very thing she had intended not to do and told them all about it.

"Oh, Sue," cried Virginia, her face all aglow with gladness. "It is a real coincidence—for just this morning I got a letter from father saying Miss Davis will not open her school this year, and that I can make my own choice and go wherever I please, for he has decided to take Thad to South America for the winter, and I'd be a good deal in the way on a trip like that. Oh, please, Sue, let's take the money it would cost for a fashionable school in New York, and both of us go to some nice cheaper school out here in Ohio! Then we could come home for Christmas,—for father and Thad won't be back before next June,—and we could have a beautiful time together. Would n't that be fine, Aunt Sibyl?"

"I think that is a very good idea, Virginia," answered Mrs. Marshall, who had grown very fond of Sue and believed the friendship was doing both girls much good. "I'm sure your father would be perfectly willing. Do you think, Sue, your father and mother would consent?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied Sue, simply. "It is as sweet and dear in Virginia as can be; but whether father and mother consented or not, I could n't do it. I can't explain, but there is a feeling that would n't let me. Please understand I am so grateful."

"But I don't want your gratitude, Sue," begged Virginia. "Have n't we promised to be friends for ever and ever?"

Yet nothing would move Sue, neither Virginia's passionate pleading, Mrs. Marshall's persuasion, nor even Thad's teasing when he came upon the scene. There was what Virginia called a great fighting acquaintance between Thad and Sue, for they had quarreled on almost every known subject, but even Thad failed to change her resistance.

"She does n't want to be seen with you, Virginia," teased Thad. "She does n't like you because you have lost your R's. Is n't that it, Susie?"

"No, it is n't, Thad Clayton," retorted Sue, half amused, half angry. "I think there is no girl on earth like Virginia, and I would be so happy I'd dance from here to Jericho to go to school with her, but I'm afraid it would spoil our lovely friendship to accept such a favor. And then for her to give up her fine school and go to some dinky little place with me! I can't accept it! I can't! I can't!"

"But, Sue," said Virginia, stiffening a bit against what she thought Sue's obstinacy, "if I would accept it of you? You said once that it was quite as beautiful to accept graciously as to give graciously."

"Did I? Well, then, I must have been talking through my hat!—Oh, Virginia, how that sounded!" cried poor Sue; for in spite of her independence and love of slang, she never uttered a word of it before Mrs. Marshall that she did not wince. As for Thad, that teasing boy reveled in Sue's unconventional speeches. But, after all, Thad's heart was far from hard; and seeing he had Virginia on the verge of a "tantrum" and Sue near tears, he veered suddenly to kindness and said:

"Look here, girls; I was only teasing. Now just let your grandfather tell you something: this will all straighten itself out, so don't go to getting mad about it, for it will come out all right some day."

But though Thad was at his merriest in this boyish peacemaking and Mrs. Marshall did her best to make them forget their difference, there was a decided quaver in Sue's voice when she bade Virginia good night, and the two girls parted with the nearest approach to coldness that had come between them.

* * * * *

"Virginia! Virginia!" Surely that was Sue's voice.

Virginia, who was just dressing for luncheon, stood listening with her hair thrown over her hand.

"Virginia! Virginia!" It was Sue—it was! Throwing on her red kimona and doing up her hair with one pin, Virginia rushed to the

window. Sue, her face flushed with running, her eyes dancing with joy, stood on the lawn beneath, waving a letter gaily over her head, guarded by Thad.

"What is it?" cried Virginia. "Why, Sue, —why don't you come up?"

"Oh, Virginia, Thad won't let me! This letter was at home when I got there last night. I fairly sat up with it, and came this morning the minute that mother would let me; and now Thad, horrid boy! says I sha'n't go up to you. Hurry, dress and come down, that 's a dear! No, I *am* going up! There, Thad Clayton, let me go!"

"No, you don't!" laughed Thad, catching Sue as she turned to fly past him. "Here is poor Aunt Sibyl at the dining-room window, and here am I expiring to hear this wonderful news, and you two will get up there and bill and coo, with never a thought of us!"

"Oh, Thad!" begged both girls at once, while Sue struggled wildly with her tormentor.

"You sick!" jeered Sue. "You weak! It's all gammon, and you ought to be a half-back on a 'Varsity foot-ball team this minute, instead of being mollicoddled around here. You are a fraud, and I am going to write to your father! Then no South America for you, but back you 'll go to college!"

"Nothing would please me better," chuckled Thad, taking a fresh hold as Sue almost slipped from his hands.

"I don't believe it! You are just playing sick. You are as strong as an elephant!" panted Sue.

"So glad you admire my strength," grinned Thad.

"Oh, Sue," wailed Virginia from above, dropping her tousled head on her arms and looking like a little poppy among her red draperies. "Oh, Sue, he 'll never let you go, and I can't wait another minute. Read it there, and we 'll take it out of him afterward."

"Well, I just hate to give in to him," Sue groaned deceitfully. "Please stand aside, sir, I can't read it if you hold my arm."

And so, being held ignominiously by her long black braid, Sue was forced to read her letter.

"It is from Aunt Serena. She 's the one who gave me all the Indian things. Some-

times I love her awfully," explained Sue to Mrs. Marshall; "and sometimes I—well, I do the other thing; but this time I adore. 'My dear Susan Plenty'—you don't need to snicker, Thad Clayton; you know perfectly what my name is—'My dear Susan Plenty: I have just received a letter from my dear friend Miss Elizabeth Hope, saying she will be glad to take you as a pupil into her delightful school for girls this coming year. I had written to her some time ago, asking her to take you into Hope Hall, as I am very anxious to have you under her influence. You sadly need discipline, my child—'"

"You do! You do, indeed, my child!" murmured Thad, taking a firmer clutch on the long braid.

"Go on," cried Virginia; "go on, Sue; never mind him."

"Well, then," went on Sue, reluctantly, "there—I am not going to read all this curtain lecture, though Aunt Serena is a darling, and I forgive her every word of it. But, anyway, it is a beautiful school, about a hundred miles from here, and father has met Miss Hope, and she is a regular peach! She has accepted my name, and I 'm to go the twenty-eighth of September, and aunty is sending me clothes; and—oh, Virginia," and Sue dropped the letter and lifted two as appealing arms as ever *Romeo* lifted to *Juliet*—"oh, Virginia, say you 'll go with me!"

"Don't be a goosy-gander, Sue. Of course I 'm going. Thad Clayton, let her free this minute," ordered Virginia, imperiously. "I must dress and write to Miss Hope. Let her go, Thad!" cried Virginia, stamping her foot.

"Oh, Virginia!" cried Sue, the moment she rushed upstairs and into her chum's arms.

"Oh, Sue, is n't it the most perfect thing that ever was! And we 'll room together!"

"Of course! Wild horses could n't part us! And I am going to take all my Indian stuff and set up a real tepee instead of a cozy corner. Uncle David has one I can borrow. And, oh, Virginia, Aunt Serena is sending me a blue gown! Blue! But she is also sending that beautiful new shade of red for the twins' Sunday dresses, and Betty said right away that they would trade with me. Is n't that dandy?"

"Sue, for goodness' sake, where is my other shoe? I am so excited I don't know whether I am myself or a—Sue, do twist my hair for me—my fingers are all thumbs. And, Sue, there is one thing—Now stop! I want to look you right in the eyes."

"Oh, Virginia, do sit still. There, I had the loveliest coil, and you jumped around and spoiled it all!"

"Well, promise I can give you a hat. Please, Sue, may n't I? I have n't a sister nor a soul to give hats to!"

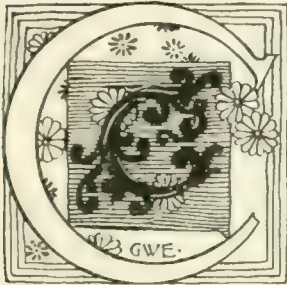
"Of course you may," laughed Sue, "if you'll promise, in return, I may do your hair. There, is n't that fine?"

"It's beautiful. But you were horrid last night, and nearly broke my heart!"

And with their arms about each other and all differences settled, they went gaily down the stairs.

CHAPTER X.

GETTING READY.



HERRYFAIR was like a beehive. To be sure, boys can't sew, but they can run errands, and thread needles, and keep track of thimbles and scissors—even Mandy Dobbins soon was

pressed into service, and sat up in Mrs. Roberts's pleasant room, running the sewing-machine until everything hummed. Betty and Peggy pulled basting-threads and whipped over seams, and were as busy as twin bees. For Sue was really going away to school. She awoke with the joy of it in the morning, and she sank to sleep with the thought hugged to her heart. It seemed so wonderful to see father's shabby old trunk brought down from the attic and know it was for her this time, and to see dear mother, as it was finished, laying the pretty clothing in neat piles in the deep tray. How daintily fresh was each garment; how soft and white! For Aunt Serena had sent yards of beautifully fine cambric and long cloth. She had said in her note, that

quality should make up for lack of trimmings, and that plain hems were most suitable for a school-girl.

Over the meagerness of it all Virginia frowned sometimes, though she would never let Sue suspect it; but Sue herself—why, Sue thought her "setting out" fit for a princess. That is, you see, the beauty of never having had a surfeit. How could Virginia understand Sue's wild delight over a certain little breakfast-jacket made out of an old cashmere cape and a bit of yak lace that her mother dyed old rose, and finished with French knots? Yet she agreed with Kate Morris that Sue was bewitching in it. How could she know the satisfaction with which Sue regarded herself in her new Sunday gown of red cloth, with its bands of black braid and rows of tiny black buttons? Then there was a captivating muff and jaunty toque, made by her own clever fingers. Even Virginia grew enthusiastic when she saw them. "They are lovely, Sue! You've got it in you, and you can't any more help it than you can help breathing! That black wing is just at the angle; a jab that side would have been prim, a whiff that side wrong: but now—it looks as if it had grown there. It would n't make any real difference if you lived in Monroe or Timbuctoo! You would look Frenchy in Cork! It's your air!"

But Sue's mother sighed, and then said laughingly:

"If she only keeps her skirt-bindings mended and her stockings darned, Virginia, I sha'n't trouble about her air." For Sue had promised and promised and promised, and had accepted the dainty new work-basket with its thread and needles, scissors and thimble, all complete from mother's loving hands as if it had been a sacred charge—as indeed it was.

There was a dark-blue sailor suit for school, and her old black skirt made over, and three pretty new shirt-waists; and there was a wine-colored house dress, made out of the remnants of mother's one tea-gown, with a silk front from one of Aunt Serena's boxes, and some tiny gilt buttons that had been on Phil's velvet suit when he was a little chap. These made up her wardrobe, not forgetting the dozen new handkerchiefs and the two pairs of kid gloves

that Aunt Serena sent—to be sure, one pair was blue, to match the gown Aunt Serena had intended for her, and she had n't a thing to go with them; and the other pair was black—but they were gloves and *kid*, and they *fitted*, so joy be!

Then—this last under her mother's protest (she had n't the heart to refuse her girl so innocent a pleasure, though she very much doubted its good taste)—there was a wonderful Indian dress of bright red Canton flannel all cut in fringes and trimmed with beads and elks' teeth, and there was a real Indian bonnet—fancy an Indian maiden in a warrior's bonnet!—made of eagle feathers and red braid. It would have puzzled the Smithsonian Institution to discover to what tribe she belonged, as she danced about her father's study brandishing her tomahawk, and singing gaily as a bobolink:

"Wholly, wholly, Sky-o-molly!
Shaw-buck-a-lo!
Shally-a-a-a!"

but she was a most winning and tantalizing little squaw.

This Indian dress, by the way, was a secret even from Virginia. The children knew, of course; Sue always had to share all her plans with "those inquisitive creatures," she said; but she would n't have missed the delight of Davie's and Ben's surprised eyes, or of Phil's reluctant admiration, for the world. Of course the twins had a hand in its making, and had strung beads and cut fringes one whole happy afternoon, while Ben acted as Sister Ann, looking from the watch-tower of mother's window; for who knew at what dear, delightful, exciting moment Virginia might appear, and then, pop! the dress was to vanish into the top bureau drawer, and everybody was to be meekly hemming ruffles, as innocent as nuns. It was all Sue's planning.

"My—me! oh—my!" sighed Peggy. There never was anybody so good at inventing plays as our Sue, they seem just that real!"

"And now she is going away," moaned Betty, as she picked up the basting-threads from the carpet. "I don't know what we shall do." Her lip quivered and she hid her face a minute in Sue's scarlet apron.

"Why, I'll tell you, chickies," laughed Sue, banging down the heavy trunk lid. "You are going to have my mantle fall on you, and invent all sorts of jolly times. Then I'm coming home Christmas, and think how good it will be to have me back again!"

"Huh!" grunted Phil from the old couch where he was reading; "I'll bet you'll be as glad to be back as we will be to have you; for if you are n't about the 'homesickest—'"

"Most homesick, you mean," corrected Betty, wiping her eyes on the corner of the apron. "You can't say homesickest."

"Yes, you can," said Phil. "She will be the homesickest girl that ever—"

"Happened!" finished Sue, gently laying a cushion on him and then leaning over upon it. "I am going to have the gayest, jolliest, swellest time a girl ever had. I'm going to study like fun, and learn like the mischief—"

"I guess that's it," grunted Phil under his burden—"like fun and the mischief! They will be sending for father to take you home before the week's out; but I'll—" and suddenly the boy's voice grew husky, and in spite of the weight upon his chest, an awkward boyish arm stole round Sue, and he added, half laughing, half defiant—"but I'll stand by you, old girl, if the house falls."

"Send her home?" cried the twins in dismay. "Why, that would be awful!"

But Sue patted Phil's hand and said with a happy laugh: "I'll remember, Phil, when the time comes, that you'll stand by me. But I won't ever need you, for I'm going to be as good as gold."

One dreadful day that little scene came back to Sue like a vision, and how she longed for the touch of that dear brother's hand, and how she recalled Betty's frightened words.

But on that summer evening she jumped up in a gay flurry and went to help Mandy with the tea, and all was forgotten.

Sue and her mother found time for some sweet talks together even in those busy days, and there were some happy moments, too, snatched from the flying hours, to slip into her father's study and perch on the arm of his chair, and there, with an arm around his neck and her hand in his, to talk a little together

with full hearts. Father and mother were so anxious, as Sue understood better every day, for her to be good and gentle and brave. They believed in her and trusted her. Hard times were coming, perhaps, and so it behooved her to make all she could out of the

and we want you to have as happy a time as a girl can. We have been, perhaps, as Aunt Serena says, too lenient. It is for you to prove, Sue, if our method has been wise and our faith in you not misplaced. But, little daughter, there will be much in the coming



THE TURNING-POINT FOR A GIRL'S FUTURE LIFE.

golden opportunity that Aunt Serena had so kindly made possible.

"Perhaps I ought not to go and leave you all," said Sue one day as she sat on father's chair. "Perhaps you need me more than ever."

"No," said her father, stroking the little brown hand he held. "This is just what your mother and I wished for you: a year away, with the best teaching, the best of influences;

year that will tell in your after life for good or ill. It will be the turning-point, and I want you to promise me that when you are far away from us you will not forget."

And Sue bent her curly head and promised with all her heart.

Over at Kinikinnick, Virginia, too, was getting ready, but for a girl who has had all sorts

of journeys, and seen many places, a trip of a hundred miles and a year in a country boarding-school were far less novel incidents than they were to Sue. Besides, much of her attention was given to Thad, who was all excitement over the delights of his journey with his father, since he had learned it was to be a scientific expedition, and that Professor Prescott and Dr. Yoder were both to be in the party, and that he was to be allowed some part in the work as well as in the play. They were to start early in September, and Thad's joy knew no bounds.

Virginia and Thad were getting better acquainted since Sue had come into their lives. As her father said, Sue had a real gift in making people discover each other, and this gift had helped beautifully with Thad and Virginia. Mrs. Marshall saw this and smiled her wise, calm smile, and borrowed Sue whenever she could, and loved her dearly, in spite of her rollicking manner—though Betty was her real favorite.

Virginia was busily folding some gowns away in a big hamper, one morning, as Thad came sauntering by.

"May I come in, Nixie?" he asked, leaning in the doorway. "Aunt Sibyl is busy, and it is as lonely as Sahara downstairs when a fellow can't read."

"Why, of course," said Virginia, jumping up and dragging an East India chair over by the window; "here is a footstool and a cushion, so settle yourself in comfort. I will be through in a few moments, and then I will read to you."

"What are you doing?" he asked listlessly, as she stuffed sleeves with tissue-paper and pulled out frills. "Not packing for your journey yet, I hope?"

"Well, hardly," laughed Virginia, who could have gone to Europe on a day's notice. "Auntie and I had a little talk this morning, and we decided these would better be laid away."

"What is the matter? Too many duds?"

"No-o-o," replied Virginia, slowly, not knowing if it were quite right to take Thad into her confidence; but seeing he seemed interested, and being full of her subject, she continued:

"You see, Thad, Sue Roberts is the most independent girl I ever knew; and you know, Thad, how I should love to share everything with her. You can see how she is with me: why, she shares her whole family—and everything that she possesses."

"I like Sue all the better, Virginia, for her independence. She is a trump. That Cutting girl is a bird of another feather."

"Do you know, Thad, I am learning to like Martha Cutting? I did n't understand her at first, but now I cannot see why you and Sue dislike her so much. But Sue is my dearest friend, and I am sure I would not feel as she does if I were in her place. The only way for me to do, since she won't accept anything, is to dress plainly myself. She is n't to know, for she would never consent; but I am only going to take my simplest things. Thad, don't you think we ought to give some sort of a party before we leave Kinikinnick? The girls have been so lovely to me, and you are so much better—I really believe it would do you good to get into evening dress again."

"Well, for the love of mercy, you don't expect me to be the one boy among that crowd of girls!" groaned Thad, starting up in mock horror.

"Don't be a silly, Thad! There is Bruce Norris, Kate's brother, and Edwin Taylor, Albert and Sidney Reed, and Will McBride; then of course we would invite Phil and Cedric, even if they are younger; and I am going to invite Betty and Peggy and little Clara Wilkins, their chum, for they would all enjoy it so. We can have dancing on the east veranda, and lanterns in the shrubbery, and ices out in a tent on the lawn—"

"Oh, if you have it all settled," broke in Thad, pulling himself reluctantly out of his comfortable chair, "what have you consulted me for?"

"Oh, Thad, don't get grumpy!" begged Virginia. "Honestly, I was just making it up as I went along. Please be good and help."

"Well, it seems to me we ought to do something," agreed Thad, seeing Virginia really was in earnest. "But I would have it very simple and informal, and we will all have a better time. Don't you agree with me, aunty?"

for Mrs. Marshall was standing in the doorway with her hand full of poppies.

"Come in, my dears," cried Aunt



"You look like a lovely Flora framed in the doorway. Come in and help Thad and me decide about our party." I'm sure you'll approve."

"A rather faded Flora, I'm afraid," replied Mrs. Marshall, smiling. "But I am glad to come in and help upon that question, for I feel we owe a great deal to the young folk of

Monroe; they have made your summer so pleasant. What shall we have?"

"Well, the summer of 1880 or 1881, with dancing afterward, but Thad says something informal."

"A dress-suit on a hot night, aunty, is an abomination!"

"And I very much doubt, my dears, if there is a dress-suit possessed by a high-school boy in Monroe: that comes with graduation night, you see. We are not in New York, now."

"All the girls have dainty gowns," protested Virginia.

"Then let them wear them, but make it informal by driving over to invite them; just say it is to be a very simple evening party, and there need be no embarrassment. You can have your dance, but you must add games for those who don't care for dancing; and I think I shall invite some guests of my own—Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Taylor, and Mrs. Reed—to assist me in my arduous duty of seeing that you have a good time."

"There, that is just like you, aunty, to think of the sweetest things," declared Virginia, waving a kiss to Mrs. Marshall. "I was just longing to invite Mrs. Roberts, she is so good to me; but I never thought of dear Mrs. Taylor, and I know she would love to come.—There, that is all ready for Andrew to take up to the store-room," and Virginia closed the hamper and arose.

"Well," said Thad, mournfully, "as I am too aged and infirm to dance, and don't know any games, I suppose I must be a wall-flower at this social function; but I'll entice Phil and Cedric off into my study: they would rather see my little electric engine run than go to fifty parties, and I would n't be surprised if I could coax off every boy with the promise of an experiment or two. They would be much more interesting, to a boy, than a girl with a fan."

"You?" laughed Mrs. Marshall. "Don't you worry, Virginia. He'll never miss a dance. As for Phil and Cedric,—if I know boys, and I think I do,—even the charms of experiments and electric engines will pale before ice-cream and frappé."

WHERE PRINCES PLAYED.

BY GRACE S. H. TYTUS.



THE PICTURE-GALLERY IN CASSEL CONTAINING A VERY FINE ART COLLECTION PURCHASED MAINLY WITH BRITISH GOLD PAID BY GEORGE III OF ENGLAND AS BRIBE FOR THE HESSIAN SOLDIERS SENT TO AMERICA DURING THE REVOLUTION.

CASSEL is perhaps the only town in Germany with a distinctly American chapter in its history, and yet it is seldom visited by Americans.

Once upon a time, there lived in Cassel the Landgrave Frederick II of Hesse. He seems to have been a very amiable sort of prince, with a level, practical head on his shoulders. He loved his capital city, lying in its mountain-cradled plain, and he could look out of his palace windows any fine morning over the waters of the Fulda, which wound its lazy thread under the city walls. He divided his time between improving the town and amusing himself. In Cassel, broad squares were laid out, streets cut, and buildings erected, while up on the hills at the Castle of Wilhelmshöhe, the Landgrave held his court, where ladies fair and gallants bold united to do him honor.

So all went merry as a marriage bell until the year of our Lord 1776. Then from over seas came news of wars and rumors of wars. The American colonists, impudent rascals! had revolted against the King of England, and the Landgrave pricked up his ears. At last, one fine day, Frederick II in Cassel received a communication from George III in England, and the result was that several thousand loyal Hessians were hurried off to aid the British in America, and the Landgrave received a neat little consideration in the shape of several million dollars. And then!—

Many of these Hessians made the long voyage only to be surprised one night as they lay on the banks of the Delaware, and taken prisoners, by a colonial general named George Washington; and Cassel became the owner of

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an art collection, which, though small, is one of the finest in Europe, and which was purchased mainly with British gold paid as hire for the Hessian soldiers sent to America.

At the south end of the town, on a lofty terrace, stands the imposing building known as the Picture Gallery. The collection of masterpieces within its walls is in some respects unequaled anywhere. Rembrandt, Van Dyck, and Frans Hals are represented by a very large number of their finest canvases, and there are many paintings by various other Dutch and Flemish artists.

The year 1866, which witnessed the ending of the Austro-Prussian War, was a sad one for the Electorate of Hesse, and for Cassel, its capital; for the Prussian conquerors exacted the uttermost farthing from the vanquished province, which had dared to side with the Hapsburgs of Austria. Its reigning house was dispossessed, and it became the Prussian province of Hesse-Nassau. The fact remains, however, that in spite of the bitterness still existing among the old Hessian families, the town—and, indeed, the whole province—has prospered under the new rule as it never could have done under the old. The city itself is one of the prettiest of the smaller German capitals. The

Historically, too, the town is interesting. Walking along the Bellevue, or Schöne-Aussicht, a fine terrace above the Aue, or Park,



THE AUE ARCH, AT THE AUE, CASSEL.

one comes to the former Bellevue Schloss, where the commanding general of the Eleventh Army Corps now lives, but which from 1811–1813 was the residence of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, and brother of the great Napoleon.

Continuing along the Schöne-Aussicht, we reach the Auenthor, a superb arch crowned by a gigantic bronze eagle, whose outstretched wings stand out with impressive clearness against the sky; and passing beneath it, walk

down into the Aue, the public park of Cassel. There is no other city in Europe which possesses two such parks as the Aue and Wilhelmshöhe, and Cassel may well be proud of her treasures.

Treasures, too, of another kind she has. In the old part of the town, in the narrow, dimly lighted Markt-gasse, or Market-lane, stands a quaint old house which in the memory of children should be forever sacred; for here, from 1806 to 1814, lived the



MARKT-GASSE, CASSEL, THE HOME OF JEROME BONAPARTE, KING OF WESTPHALIA.

streets are wide and lined with trees; greenery and flowers charm the eye at every turn; and architecturally Cassel has much to be proud of.

brothers Grimm and wrote their immortal fairy-tales. As we stand beneath the time-stained wooden walls of the old building, vague visions



THE LATER WILLIAMS THREE ELDEST SONS IN THEIR BOYHOOD
CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM, PRINCE EITEL
FRIEDRICH, AND PRINCE ADALBERT

of Snow-White, Hänsel and Gretel, Rumpelstiltskin, and the rest float before us, and it is hard to realize that one of the brothers pursued such a dry-as-dust vocation as librarian of the Cassel library.

And Wilhelmshöhe? In auld lang syne it was the summer residence of the Electors of Hesse, and the imposing Schloss, with its pillared portico and great wings stretching in a semicircular embrace to the hills beyond, still echoes to the footsteps of royalty, for each year the Empress of Germany and her children come here to spend a portion of the summer months. The castle itself is more impressive without than

within, though it, too, has its history, for during the latter part of the Franco-Prussian war, in 1870-71, it was occupied by no less distinguished a person than the imperial prisoner, Napoleon III of France.

Now, of course, the most lively interest in the place centers around the present imperial family during their annual summer stay at Wilhelmshöhe. Of court life there is none. Balls, levees, and social functions are left behind in Berlin with the winter months, and the Emperor and Empress, with their children, give themselves up to that intimate home life which is doubly precious because doubly rare in a sphere like theirs, where pleasures and pains alike are swamped in affairs of state; and it is this domestic side of the royal picture which appeals so strongly to the German. The Empress is not alone the first lady of the land—she is the first mother in the land; and although the aristocracy may grumble that she neglects her social duties and cultivates too closely the famous three K's recommended by the Emperor,—*Kirche, Kinder, und Küche* (church, children, and "cooking"),—still it is precisely because of this that the bulk of the German nation have enshrined her in their hearts.

As spring changes to summer, and the date set



WILHELMSHÖHE CASTLE IN THE FOREGROUND. AT THE LEFT, IN THE BACKGROUND, IS SEEN THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF HERCULES.

for the Empress's arrival draws near, there toil up the wooded slopes of Wilhelmshöhe great

vans of gigantic size, one after another depositing its burden of furniture, provisions, and trunks at the Schloss, which opens wide its windows to the morning sunlight. In the grounds an army of peasant women, in blue cotton gowns and white handkerchiefs, rake and hoe, prune and plant, cut and trim and water, till the flower-beds grow fairly riotous with blossom, and the grass outvies even English turf in greenness. Carriages and vehicles galore, and all sorts and conditions of horses, come one by one to the stables; and when we started out of a morning for our daily ride, we found at the entrance to the wooded bridle-path, which we regarded as our own special property, a polite notice that it was "for the very most highest personages reserved" and turned our horses' heads in another direction.

I well remember a summer, six or seven years ago, when the imperial children were still children. The Empress broke her usual rule of arriving at five o'clock in the morning so as to avoid all demonstration, and the imperial train of white cars steamed into the Wilhelmshöhe station at two in the afternoon, while all along the way crowds were gathering in smiling expectancy. Here they come! We know it first by the cheering, and then by a glimpse of the carriages as they round the curve and are upon us; and forthwith, like reeds beside a river, the crowd sways and bends in one tremendous courtesy as the Empress passes. Every petticoat sweeps the dust, and every cap and hat is lifted, while the gracious lady in the dark green tailor suit bows and smiles, and all the little princes salute with a winning seriousness.

All through the days that followed we caught fleeting glimpses of them. We saw the mother playing tennis on the lawn with her two eldest sons and a lady in waiting, or the whole party sitting round the supper-table on the terrace of a warm summer evening. Indeed, the princes seemed to be omnipresent, and every one had a different tale to tell of them.

One morning as the artillery was coming in from its daily *Dienst*, the crown prince, with his legs apart and his hands in his pockets, was standing at the entrance to the barracks, watching the long train of guns and horses file by.

His tutor reproved the child for his attitude, with the remark: "The crown prince never stands in that position!" "Oh, bother the crown prince!" came the rejoinder.



THE ASSAULT ON KASSSEL

That this small Hohenzollern was a chip of the old block, however, is evidenced by the story that in his play with his brother, the handsome Eitel Fritz, the latter in some way displeased the elder, who attempted to pummel him, saying: "I'll teach you who is crown prince!" On his return that evening the Emperor was told of the occurrence, and calling the heir to the throne before him, made him tell his version of the story. "Quite right," said the Emperor, when the boy had finished; "and now I shall teach *you* who is emperor!" whereupon he administered a severe rebuke to the crown prince.

The relations between parents and children, however, are of the tenderest; and during the few weeks that the Emperor spends at Wilhelmshöhe, every moment that he can spare from affairs of state is devoted to his family.

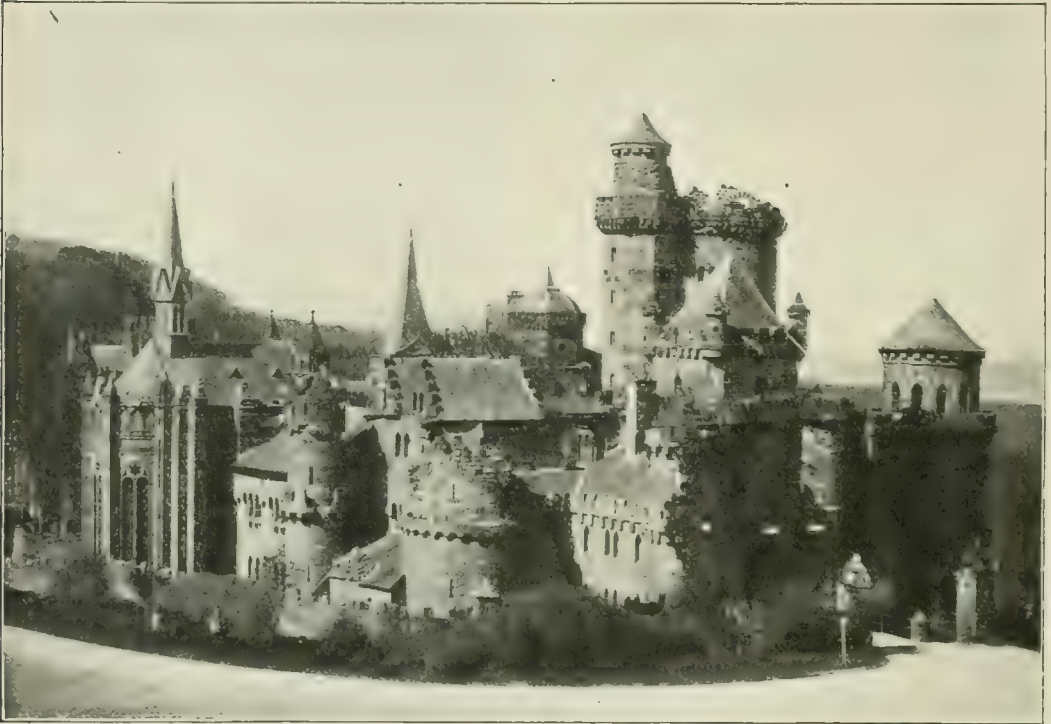
The princes, in their blue-and-white sailor

suits, scoured the neighborhood on foot. Any fine morning the four eldest boys could be seen trudging along to the carpenter's shop, where they amused themselves with hammer and saw, each one carrying his own tools, and a plank some four feet long over his shoulder.

Riding and driving through the park and woodlands, however, are a favorite pastime; and small wonder, for nature and art combine to make the constantly varying scenes surpassingly beautiful. Now through airy aisles of stately,

castle in true medieval style, where, in the little chapel, one sees the famous black armor. At the funerals of the electors this armor was always worn by the chief mourner, chosen from among the finest gallants of the electoral court.

A prominent feature of the Wilhelmshöhe park are the fountains, the second finest in Europe. Down the hillside rushes the foaming torrent, starting at a colossal statue of Hercules on the summit and pouring over a flight of massive granite steps, tearing through the trees,



LÖWENBURG CASTLE, BUILT IN IMITATION OF A MEDIEVAL CASTLE.

towering pines, now along some winding road bordered with syringa and wild-rose bushes, past a mountain tarn with the drooping branches of a glorious golden laburnum — *Goldregen*, a shower of gold, the Germans poetically call it — sweeping the placid waters, while a startled deer breaks away through the covert of fern. And everywhere, through openings in the woods, dreamy views out across and down into the valley, and the circling hills melting into the faint blue haze of distance.

Now we pass the Löwenburg, a romantic

tumbling under the Devil's Bridge, over the ruined aqueduct, and ending in a superb jet springing over two hundred feet into the air.

Nature, however, has the largest share in the beauty of Wilhelmshöhe, and nature always triumphs now as she did in the olden time. Though hostile armies devastate the land, though electoral thrones perish and the emperor rules in their stead, all the comings and goings of man have no power to hush the whisperings of the forest, or to dim the glory of the sunset on the Hessian hills.

HOW ELLEN CAME TO STEAL THE INDIAN BABY.

BY DAVID MACGREGOR CHENEY.



NEVER was a day brighter, or a sky bluer, or life jollier, than on the morning when little Ellen's papa and mama took her to visit the Indians,—real, live Indians that did nothing but weave baskets and sell baskets and sing strange songs all the day through. Never was a little

girl happier, for that matter, than was Ellen's own sweet little self, all spick-and-span and dainty in her pretty little frock, from the crown of her curly head to the tips of her little black shoes. And never was a ride over the sunlit hills and between the meadows of gold buttercups and white daisies more beautiful.

At last the white tents of the Indians came in sight, and Big Jim got down to hold the horses' heads; papa got down to lift his girlie out, and mama stood by to kiss her when she was lifted down; and Ellen's little feet kicked with impatience to be set upon the ground, while Big Jim smiled and smiled, and showed all his shining rows of ivory teeth. Then some folks came up to talk with her papa and mama; Big Jim unhitched the horses and led them to a neighboring brook to drink; and Ellen was left alone, with the caution not to wander far, for papa and mama would be back in a minute and show their baby everything. But Ellen waited and waited and waited—oh, ever and ever so long! as she thought—until she could n't wait any longer, and scampered away to the first big tent just to peep in.

Oh, it was a regular fairyland for Ellen in that big tent! Arranged in a great circle there were long, clean boards covered with dingy shawls and set on barrels. On the boards were baskets—heaps of baskets, of every size and shape and color that Ellen had ever dreamed of in all her life. Now, Ellen was partial to baskets—why, even then, as she peeped in the

door, Ellen held a basket clutched tightly in her little dimpled hands, and in that basket there were big, square soda-crackers, of course! So, being interested in baskets, Ellen timidly entered to look about.

There were more baskets on the ground under the counter, and more still in the back of the tent! There were carved Indian boy dollies and girl dollies, and canoes, and bows and arrows, and—oh, everything! But back of the counter her eyes caught sight of something still more interesting. There were great heaps of sweet-grass of every color of the rainbow, and in the midst of it Ulla-Ulla, the squaw, sat and sang Indian ballads, and wove the baskets for her husband to sell. Ellen looked up into the dusky face of the Indian who was selling a bow and arrow to a tall gentleman for his little boy, but the Indian did not see her, and, within, Ulla-Ulla sat and wove on and on.

Ellen could not resist the temptation any longer: she darted under the counter, and in an instant was beside Ulla-Ulla, the sweet-grass, and the unfinished baskets. Ulla-Ulla smiled and then laughed, and Ellen smiled and laughed, too. Ulla-Ulla was a happy Indian, and contented with her lot; but she knew no English except "yes" and "no"—the only two English words she could even try to say. Her lord and master did the selling, and "yes" and "no" go a great way when wisely used. So she stayed at the back of the tent, squatting there for hours, and wove sweet-scented grasses into gorgeous baskets, and watched little Sparkling-Eyes, her only child and the pride of her heart, dozing away the hours, snugly wrapped up and fastened to a board that either leaned against a tree or swung airily from its branches.

"Do you make all those baskets?" Ellen began, the awe her little heart felt at speaking to a real, "truly" Indian creeping into her voice.

"Yes," grunted Ulla-Ulla—only she pronounced it "yah."

"Do you *always* live in a big tent?" Ellen ventured again.

Ulla-Ulla watched her face sharply to see whether a "yes" or a "no" was required in answer, and finally said "Yah,"—which was not true at all, as Ulla-Ulla would have known could she have understood better what Ellen had said to her.

Just then Ellen caught sight of little Sparkling-Eyes out under the tree in the sunlight. The flaps at the back of the tent that served for doors were fastened back with wooden thongs, so that the afternoon sunlight might stream into the Indian home; and through this opening Ellen saw the baby, so still and quiet there. In truth, little Sparkling-Eyes was, at that moment, far away in dreamland.

"Oh, oh, oh!" exclaimed Ellen, in a transport of joy and surprise at her discovery, "is that beautiful dolly yours—that g'eat, big, beautiful dolly?"

"Yah," said Ulla-Ulla, smiling happily at the praise she supposed the little white papoose was giving her baby.

Ellen stood still in wonder and admiration at such a lovely "doll." She had never been near a baby in all her short little life—indeed, she had never even seen one!—so how was she to know this was not a doll, after all? Her heart began to swell with longing for just such a doll as this to love, coddle, sing to, and play with up at the big, lonely house that was her home. Just then a bright thought flashed through her mind: the doll was n't with the other things—it was out under a tree; and this Indian—she was surely too big to play with dolls. Perhaps, oh, *perhaps*, she did n't care for it! She ran back to question Ulla-Ulla.

"Does you *love* your dolly?" she ventured, very timidly, indeed.

Ulla-Ulla was uncertain what to say, and then, remembering she had said "Yes" to everything so far, she concluded it was time to vary the conversation a little, and answered, "Nuh!"

Ellen's heart gave a great bound, and she stood with clasped hands before the Indian woman, a great hope showing in her eyes.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a deep breath, "if you don't care for it one teeny-taunty bit, *would* you—won't you *please* give it to me?"

Ulla-Ulla thought a moment. The little girl's eager manner, her raised voice and flushed cheeks, all told the Indian woman she was asking for some unusual privilege. Now, every one that saw her Sparkling-Eyes always wanted to do one thing—to kiss her,—she was so pretty and dark and clean for an Indian baby. Ulla-Ulla remembered this, and decided it must be what the little papoose desired.

"Yah," she laughed, and nodded; and she turned back to her weaving and singing.

Ellen danced out of the tent to the tree, and laboriously picking up her present, staggered away with it. Fortunately, the carriage was not far distant, and the baby was very small and light, so that by a great effort she managed to carry it across the open space to the carriage. The Indians were all in their tents, busy with their customers; so it came about that no one saw Ellen as she carried her heavy load to the carriage steps. Big Jim was down by the brook, whittling a stick and whistling; so not even he observed Ellen's unusual actions. And she, laughing to herself, thought, "It's a wery big dolly, an' is just awful heavy; but *won't* papa and mama be s'prised when they see it!" And Ellen was right; they were.

The little girl rested her load on the broad, low step of the carriage for a moment, and then lifting it with all her might and main, she first kneeled and then stood on the step and placed it on the bottom of the carriage. This accomplished, she straightened herself, panting from the effort she had made, and then pushed the little sleeper far back under the seat, among the extra blankets.

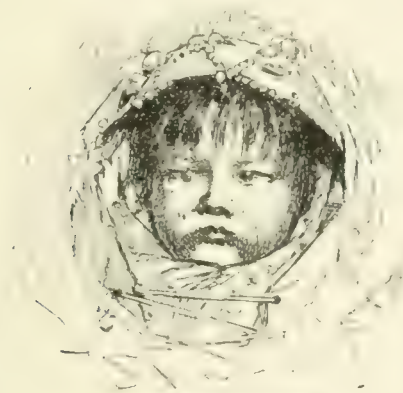
Just then Ellen's folks came back, and she told them how she had seen the Indians, and had had "just a *splendid* time" (but never a word of her Indian dolly—of course not!). So they all bundled back into the carriage, and Jim brought back the horses and had them harnessed up in a trice. Then he climbed to his box, cracked his whip, and they wheeled gaily away homeward. Yet all this time Ulla-Ulla worked on, laughing to herself, between her songs, at the little white papoose, and chanting a few notes from pure joy and pride at owning such a baby as Sparkling-Eyes.

Up by the four cross-roads, where the wild

woodbine twines about the old fence-rails, the prancing span drew up and stopped; and Ellen and her mama got out to pick the violets that hid their blue heads among the grasses.

But while Ellen and her mother were gathering flowers at the cross-roads, there was wailing in the camp. Ulla-Ulla went out to get her baby, and found her gone! Dismay was in her heart and sorrow in the village, and the braves rushed here and there in search for the lost one, while the mother wept, beat her breast, and tore her hair.

At the cross-roads the flowers were thick, and Ellen and her mother gathered them to their hearts' content. A new joy filled Ellen's heart, for she owned a very big dolly now. Little did she dream, however, of the sorrow she had caused to the Indian mother in the tent she had visited! Ellen's mother approached the back of the carriage to place her flowers there, where they would keep fresher than in her hands.



LITTLE SPARKLING-EYES

"No, mama, not there! Let *me* carry 'em,—oh, *please*, do!" exclaimed Ellen. She did not care to have her mother know her secret yet. The surprise would be greater, she thought, if she waited until they reached home. But just then, from the extra robes under the seat, there came a merry chuckle, and from out the depths two little brown fists were thrust upward and grabbed for the bunch of flowers.

"Oh, my soul!" gasped Ellen's mother, fairly struck dumb with amazement. "Where—What—!" She could say no more in her surprise, and the expression on her face was ludicrous to see. She leaned over and lifted the little Indian baby out.

"Why—why—!" she gasped again; and Ellen's papa and Big Jim sat in their seats and laughed, so comical was the sight.

"It's my *dolly*!" Ellen exclaimed indignantly, almost ready to cry. They were all laughing—laughing at the dolly—when they all ought to be as surprised as they could be!

"On my word," gasped her father at last, in such amazement as to satisfy even Ellen—"on my word—*your* dolly!"

But when Ellen had finally told them the whole story, little by little, Jim, papa, and even mama laughed and laughed and then suddenly began to look very serious, until Ellen was beginning to cry.

Before long there drove into the midst of the sorrowing village a carriage containing a big, black coachman, a smiling father and mother, a very penitent Ellen, and a little brown Indian papoose. Ellen's mama had told her how sad and sorry Sparkling-Eyes's mama must feel to lose her baby, and had explained how she came to consent to its being taken away, and, last of all, had promised to buy Ellen the very nicest doll her papa could find in all the great city of Boston when he returned to his business there the following Monday. So Ellen was partly satisfied at last.

The Indians clustered about the carriage, quite as surprised at the grand return of baby Sparkling-Eyes as Ellen's parents had been when they discovered her in the carriage.

Ulla-Ulla received her lost one to her arms again, and laughed quietly in her strange Indian fashion when she was told the tale of how she gave her baby away.

But Ulla-Ulla's husband hastened back to his wigwam, and brought Ellen the very nicest and prettiest basket of all his store.



WINTER SPORTS AMONG THE ANIMALS.

PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

HOW "PINKEY" FOUND AN UNEXPECTED ALLY.

"PINKEY" PERKINS and "Bunny" Morris were riding slowly along the country road one Saturday morning, homeward bound from a farm-house, where they had been on an errand for Pinkey's mother. They were mounted on old Polly, the Perkins's family mare, and had

Farmer Gordon, or "Old Hostetters," as he was known far and near, was noted for his many objectionable traits, and his total lack of any other kind. One of his chief delights was to show his hostility toward "town kids" in general. So harsh and abusive was he that



"... 'TOST WE 'D BETTER DARE ASK HIM?" SAID BUNNY."

been gone all morning, their errand having taken them to the home of one of Pinkey's uncles who lived about two miles east of town.

Their way led them past Farmer Gordon's place, and on the outward trip Bunny had suggested that on their return they might get a few apples from his orchard, which lay but a short distance from the road, and not dangerously near the house. As they returned by the farm, Bunny renewed his suggestion.

all the boys in Enterprise were in fear of him, and gave his fields a wide berth when taking a short cut to and from the swimming-hole in the creek near his abode.

"You must ha' forgotten the time we went nutting on his farm," replied Pinkey, when Bunny again suggested getting some apples. "No, siree; when I get any more nuts, or any apples, from Old Hostetters, I'll ask for 'em first. You may like to roost in a tree

again, with a big dog watchin' for you to come down, but I don't want any more of it."

"Guess 't would be better to ask him," agreed Bunny; "'cause we lost all the nuts, and I 'd hate to get caught like that again."

When the boys reached the cross-roads and turned toward town, they saw ahead of them Old Hostetters standing by his front gate, engaged in conversation with a neighbor.

"S'pose we 'd better dare ask him?" said Bunny, beginning to lose courage as they neared the house.

"What harm can there be in askin'? He can't any more 'n say, 'No.' We won't get any without askin', that 's sure. Besides, he won't be liable to say much to us when he 's busy talkin' to somebody else."

When they came opposite the gate, Pinkey drew rein on old Polly, whereupon the old mare willingly stopped and reached down for a mouthful of grass. Mustering his politest manner and most respectful tone, Pinkey spoke up bravely:

"Mr. Gordon, we 've stopped to ask if you 'd let us have a few apples out o' your orchard."

Old Hostetters started in surprise, and looked up at the boys as though he could scarcely believe that they had dared to address him. He made a move as though he intended to open the gate, and Pinkey instinctively gathered up his bridle reins, ready to make a speedy departure if necessary.

Then Old Hostetters seemed to reconsider his action, and instead of leaving the yard, he dropped his threatening manner, and over his face there seemed to come a little, dry smile.

"All right," he said; "you can have all you want. Just go down to the orchard and help yourself. You 're welcome to 'em, if there 's any there you like." To Pinkey and Bunny it seemed that their old-time enemy had almost tried to speak pleasantly.

"Thank you, Mr. Gordon," replied Pinkey, with unconcealed delight; "we only want to get a few to eat;" and he and Bunny urged old Polly into a "lope," leaving in high spirits over the turn their venture had taken.

"He 's not so mean, if you just go at him right," said Pinkey, as they rode along;

"maybe 'f we had asked him for the nuts that time, instead o' askin' Johnny, he would n't have taken 'em away from us."

"Better wait till we get our apples," ventured Bunny, thoughtfully. "He 's as mean as they make 'em, I believe."

By this time they had reached the point where they must dismount and cross the small field that lay between the road and the orchard. As they climbed the fence and approached the trees, the cause of the old farmer's generosity became apparent. There was not an apple to be seen, either on the trees or on the ground.

"I told you he was mean," said Bunny, triumphantly. "He has n't left a single apple—not even a rotten one. What he could n't sell, he 's had made into cider, most likely."

"Let 's look around a little, anyway," said Pinkey, unwilling to give up so easily; "maybe we can find some he 's overlooked."

"Catch him overlookin' an apple! Never! I tell you, Pinkey, he 's jist a-makin' fun of us; that 's what he 's doing. Come on; let 's go."

"I 'm goin' to make sure while I 'm here," answered Pinkey. And with that, he started on an inspection of the trees, Bunny accompanying him, in case he should find any, and all the time protesting against such a useless waste of time.

"Jiminy, Bunny, there 's a lot o' dandy apples!" cried Pinkey, joyfully, before they had gone far. And he ran as fast as he could toward the tree, in order to be the first to profit by his discovery.

Had not Bunny taken a second look at the tree, he would, no doubt, have come to grief along with Pinkey. As it was, he only had time to shout, "Look out, Pinkey! there 's a hornets' nest in that tree," and without further ceremony, he took to his heels as fast as he could go.

Bunny's timely flight saved him, but Pinkey did not fare so well. Two of the hornets (Pinkey afterward declared there must have been a dozen at least), apparently on the watch for trespassers, gave chase just as he started to follow Bunny's example; and before he had reached the orchard fence his retreat had be-

come a rout, and he had received, as a warning against further intrusion, a parting reminder in the shape of a sting under the eye.

"That 's worse 'n stealin' our luck'ry-nuts," said Pinkey, bitterly, as he reached the road.

When old Polly had been attended to, Pinkey turned to his chum and said with a determined air: "Bunny, I 'm goin' back to that orchard this afternoon, and I 'm goin' to get all the apples I want. If you want to go



"PINKEY RAN LIKE MAD FOR THE FENCE, SURROUNDED BY A SWARM OF SURPRISED AND INDIGNANT HORNETS."

"He just let us come in here so 's we 'd get stung. Got any salt in your pocket?"

As good luck would have it, Bunny still had a handful of salt that he had got to eat with a raw turnip the day before; so by dampening it and placing it in a handkerchief, he managed to make a bandage for Pinkey's eye. Salt is a well-known remedy for the pain and swelling resulting from all kind of stings.

The ride home was a quiet one, Pinkey being deep in thought and filled with despair that he had been so taken in by Old Hostetters's pretended generosity. Bunny kept silent out of respect for Pinkey's depressed state of mind; and it was not until they had reached the Perkinses' stable that anything further was said regarding the morning's disaster.

"long, come by here at half-past one, and if I 'm not here, wait in the barn till I come."

"How 're you ever goin' to do it, Pinkey?" questioned Bunny, doubtfully.

"Never mind how. You come and go with me, and I 'll show you how."

Promptly at the appointed time Bunny appeared at the barn. His signal whistle was answered immediately, and inside he found Pinkey waiting for him. He had bridled old Polly and was all ready to set out.

"You get on, Bunny," said Pinkey, when they had led the horse from the stable, "and then hold this bundle while I get on," at the same time producing a large package which he had hidden in the manger. Pinkey had told his parents the story of his misfortune,

but had not said anything about going back again, and had kept his preparations a secret.

As Bunny reached for the bundle he was surprised at its size, and asked what was in it.

"Some things I 'm goin' to use in gettin' those apples. I 'll show you when we get out there. Old Hostetters said we could have all we wanted, and we 're goin' to have 'em, hornets or no hornets," and Pinkey unconsciously raised his hand to his cheek, still swollen, though no longer painful.

Bunny could see that the package contained clothing, but just what kind and for what object he could not tell. His attention was so largely taken up by the management of the bundle and by his own efforts to stay on, that he had neither time nor opportunity to investigate before they reached their destination.

When the boys reached the lane which branched from the main road near Old Hostetters's farm, Pinkey turned old Polly's head in that direction, and in a few minutes he and Bunny dismounted and tied her to the fence. The whole orchard now lay between them and the house, and Pinkey felt that he could make his preparations without detection.

Untying the bundle Bunny had held in front of him on the way out, Pinkey produced a curious array of articles. There was an old gossamer of his mother's, an old straw hat and a pair of trousers belonging to his father, and his father's winter gloves. Also, there was the pair of rubber boots he had received the Christmas before, a large piece of mosquito-netting, and several pieces of twine. Bunny looked on with astonishment as Pinkey laid the articles on the ground.

"While I 'm getting some o' these things on," said Pinkey, "you go over to that tree by the other fence and bring that long pole they use to knock apples with."

"You goin' to wear all those things, Pinkey?" queried Bunny, pointing to the pile on the ground.

"Course I am," answered Pinkey. "S'pose I want to get the head stung off me again?"

When Bunny came back with the pole, it was all he could do to keep from laughing at the ludicrous sight he saw, and it was only Pinkey's serious air that enabled him to re-

strain himself. There stood Pinkey, the gossamer dragging the ground, the long trousers well turned up, but still coming far down over his rubber boots, and the straw hat on his head and the heavy gloves on his hands.

"Here, Bunny," said he, "take this string and tie me up," at the same time holding out his arms, the long sleeves completely hiding his hands.

Bunny proceeded to do as he was bid, tying up the end of each sleeve, then fastening the bottoms of the trousers closely about the ankles of the rubber boots. This done, he drew the mosquito-netting over Pinkey's hat and carefully buttoned the collar of the coat over the loose ends.

"You 're certainly hornet-proof, Pinkey, if anybody ever was," declared Bunny, finishing his job by buttoning the gossamer throughout.

"Now give me the stick," said Pinkey, reaching for the pole Bunny had brought, "and you stay here. You need n't go away, 'cause I 'll run in the other direction. I don't want any o' the hornets to get on old Polly, 'cause if they did we 'd walk home."

Grasping the pole as firmly as he could in his apparently handless arms, Pinkey started for the tree in which was located the hornets' nest, while from a safe distance Bunny watched the interesting performance.

Pinkey approached the tree quietly, and when he had arrived under the hornets' nest he slowly raised the pole until the point was directly beneath it. Then, with a quick movement, he drove the end of the pole into the nest, tore it loose from its fastenings, and ran like mad for the fence, surrounded by a swarm of surprised and indignant hornets. He never stopped until he had dumped the nest, pole and all, into a fence corner and had retreated to a far side of the orchard, away from the dangers he had braved.

For a time he feared that his armor might not prove sting-proof; but his fears were needless. The hornets kept up a determined attack on him, but all to no purpose. Soon they gave up further effort to inflict damage on their strange visitor, and he was left alone. When it was safe to do so, he joined Bunny, who had remained with old Polly where she was tied.



"THE DOGNET SEEMED LIKE A KING'S CROWN TO HIM."

"Did you get stung?" inquired Bunny, with real anxiety. He had seen Pinkey surrounded by the hornets and had feared for his safety.

"Not once," answered Pinkey, proudly "Help me get these things off!" and he held out his hands for Bunny to untie the strings.

"Whew, Pinkey," said Bunny, gleefully, as he helped remove the costume, "that was great—the way you speared that hornets' nest. And won't Old Hostetters be mad when he finds out we got the apples, after all?"

"He's got nothin' to be mad about. He

said we could have 'em. Come on and let 's see if there 's any hornets around the tree."

They found a few excited hornets buzzing around, but after a few minutes they had all disappeared; and without further ado the two boys climbed the tree and began to fill themselves and their pockets with the fine, luscious fruit.

They had not been long in the tree when their ears caught a sound that reminded them vividly of their nutting experience the year before, — that of a dog's threatening bark coming from the direction of Farmer Gordon's house.

Looking in the direction from which the sound came, they saw master and dog approaching the orchard, both on a run. In his hand Old Hostetters carried a long buggy-whip.

"Oh, cracky, Pinkey, he 's got us treed again!" moaned Bunny; "'n' he 's a-goin' to lick us this time. Let 's skip."

"But he won't dare touch us," argued Pinkey. "Most likely he thinks we 're somebody else. He told us himself we might have these apples. I 'm not goin' to run from him and maybe get bit."

"Here, you kids, get down out o' that tree!" shouted Old Hostetters. "How 'd you git *up* there, anyway?" He was evidently at a loss to know how Pinkey and Bunny had been able to take advantage of his mock generosity of the morning.

"He 's got to beat me runnin' 'fore he touches me with that buggy-whip," said Bunny; and with that he dropped from the branch on which he had been sitting and started on a run for the fence.

Just as Pinkey had concluded that Bunny's view of the situation was probably the safest one, and was preparing to follow his example, all necessity for doing so was removed.

As Old Hostetters and Tige neared the fence, their single aim in life seemed to be to reach the tree before the boys should make their escape, and Bunny's departure only spurred them on to greater efforts.

Reaching the fence, Old Hostetters proceeded to climb over it, while Tige, all the time keeping up an excited yelping and bark-

ing, sought a suitable opening lower down, which he soon found between two of the rails.

Before either of them was aware of their danger, Old Hostetters had jumped from the top rail of the fence into the weeds and grass below, and had landed squarely on top of the hornets' nest.

Instantly his original intentions were a thing of the past. His attitude changed in a flash from one of ferocious attack to one of violent retreat. As the hornets, already incensed by their enforced removal from the apple-tree, began to take their revenge on him and Tige, each seemed to be endeavoring to outdo the other in escaping from their enemies and in giving forth screams of pain as the hornets found unprotected spots on their bodies.

Old Hostetters, as he ran, kept up a terrific slashing with his buggy-whip, striking blindly right and left, one time inflicting more punishment on Tige than half a dozen hornets could have done. He raised his free hand in an attempt to keep from losing his hat, but a couple of active hornets lit upon it, with the result that he unintentionally jerked his hat from his head and flung it several yards before he realized what he had done.

Farmer Gordon was moving at a faster pace than he had traveled for thirty years, but to him it seemed all too slow. Once certain gymnastics made it evident that an intelligent hornet or two had reached the portion of his anatomy just above his shoe-tops. But he had no time to stop long for such minor details, and after a few hops on one foot, again took up his flight.

Pinkey had joined Bunny as soon as Old Hostetters had been turned from his purpose by the hornets, and from a safe distance the boys watched the plight of their old-time enemy. Like a blind man Old Hostetters ran, almost circling the orchard in his effort to escape his winged foes, and once he passed not far from the boys, but they might as well have been miles away as far as he was concerned. He had forgotten them since he had climbed the orchard fence.

Tige accompanied his master, wailing piteously, and stopping every few seconds to bite at the hornets as they lit here and there on his back and refused to be shaken off. But, like

Old Hostetters, his pauses were not for long, and with his stubby tail drawn as far under his body as its abbreviated length would permit, he started again with renewed vocal energy, and with an evident determination to get somewhere, but without success. Their one object seemed to be to run and yell, and to run faster and yell louder every second. The house was too far distant for them to attempt to reach it.

Suddenly, Old Hostetters seemed to change his course intentionally, and he headed straight for a narrow gate which led into the woods pasture. In the pasture was a small pond which furnished the water-supply for the stock while grazing, and it was toward this pond that both Old Hostetters and Tige now directed their fleeing steps.

The hornets seemed to be as keen as ever in their pursuit, and as Hostetters reached the gate, breaking the leather hinges as he went through, Pinky and Bunny heard an unusually loud "We-ouw!" and saw him grasp the lapels of his coat and try to pull the collar over his head as he ran.

Once arrived at the pond, man and dog alike threw themselves headlong into the grateful water, Old Hostetters crouching down so as to be completely submerged, except that when he could absolutely hold his breath no longer he would raise his head above the surface for a fresh supply of air, at which times the hornets, faithful to the last, would quickly force him under again.

Tige did not remain long in the water. He suddenly seemed to remember a hole under the house to which he generally retreated to save himself from the wrath of Hostetters, and he decided to test its merits in the present case.

Gaining the opposite bank, he made a circuit of one end of the pond, and once more began his race for safety, accompanied by most of the remaining hornets.

"I guess the place for us is home," said Pinky. "We 've got all the apples we 'll ever get out o' this orchard, and there 's no tellin' what Old Hostetters 'll do when he gets out o' that pond."

"No need o' hurryin', though," observed Bunny. "It does n't look as if he 'll be out for a while yet."

Nevertheless, the two boys lost no time in getting to old Polly and preparing for their return home. As Bunny climbed the fence, preparatory to mounting the old mare, he exclaimed frantically:

"Hurry, Pinky; he 's out!"

Pinky mounted as fast as he could, and, without stopping to look, turned old Polly in the direction of Enterprise. When they had gone a short distance the boys looked back toward the pond. What they saw filled their hearts with joy, for they felt that it was all well deserved, and only the result of pure deceit on the part of Old Hostetters.

There he was coming through the gateway into the orchard, downcast and sullen, dragging his buggy-whip on the ground behind him. He was dripping wet, and from his knees down he was a mass of yellow mud where he had stood in the mire of the pond.

"Don't look as smart as he did that day when he had us up a tree for sure, does he?" said Bunny, as they reached the main road.

"No, he does n't," answered Pinky, biting into a large red apple, and passing it back to Bunny; "and what 's more, we look a lot smarter. Want a bite?"





A RESTORATION OF THE "LONG-LIMBED" DINOSAUR (*DIPLODOCUS*).

AN ANIMAL GIANT OF LONG AGO.

BY WALTER L. BEASLEY.

PROFESSOR HENRY F. OSBORN of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, who planned and directed the mounting of the gigantic skeleton of the Dinosaur-Brontosaurus, placed on public exhibition there, has made one of the most noteworthy contributions to science of recent times. For the first time the world has a realistic glimpse of the actual size and appearance of the mighty beast which roamed the primeval marshes of western America and other parts of the globe, during the Age of Reptiles, estimated to have been from three to twelve million years ago. It was one of the largest animals that ever lived to walk on four legs, being nearly sixty-seven feet long and fifteen and a half high. The tail measured thirty feet in length and the neck eighteen; the body weighed about ninety tons. As a fossil "find" this surpasses all others in existence. As an object-lesson of the story of the rocks of the past ages, it is far more impressive to the young than volumes of text-book reading. To the children especially it has proved a wonder of wonders. Groups and school-classes flock to the New Dinosaur Hall, viewing with astonishment the huge monster, whose skeleton form

towers above their heads. The word "dinosaur" means, literally, "mighty lizard"; and "brontosaurus" "thunder lizard."

The fortunate explorer, whose keen eye made this, the most remarkable fossil discovery of the age, was Mr. Walter Granger. In September, 1898, Mr. Granger started on a reconnoitering trip to a point four miles distant from Bone Cabin Quarry, the camp of the field expedition in South Central Wyoming, to renew his search of a locality where he had picked up on the surface the previous season a few stray pieces of fossil bone. Mr. Granger had not excavated more than a few feet down before other bones were met with which corresponded to those found the preceding season. Going deeper, the cut gradually revealed a large section of the great back-bone of the dinosaur, with ponderous ribs still attached. They proved to be the greatest fossil prize ever unearthed. In almost a compact plot nearly two thirds of the skeleton was found, save the head and a few minor parts.

This whole region, together with other Rocky Mountain States, was, during the Age of Reptiles, covered by a vast inland sea and shallow

lagoon. The climate was tropical. In these and around the banks great herds of the giant brontosaurus roamed and were the undisputed monarchs of their day. Owing to the uplift of mountain ranges or some other geological catastrophe, these clumsy and weighty beasts sank helplessly into primeval quagmires, and were gradually smothered and covered up. The hard parts of their remains, such as bones, spines, vertebræ, etc., were slowly turned into brittle, stony substances called fossils, which retained both the outward form as well as the peculiar structure of the animal in life.

beneath the surface on or near such a spot usually results in finding the various parts of some animal's body. Wyoming and other particular sections of the West, known as "Bad Lands," is now a vast prehistoric cemetery, wherein are entombed the fossilized remains of the mighty dinosaurs.

Professor Osborn has taken the lead in the number of important fossil discoveries made, and his halls in the American Museum now contain the finest collection of extinct creatures to be seen anywhere in the world.

Throughout the whole summer of 1898, Mr.



THE SKELETON OF A BRONTOSAURUS IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK CITY.

The fossil-hunter, like the gold-pro prospector, has to rely on sheer luck to a great degree in searching for specimens. A sure clue is usually given by a fragment lying on the surface or some exposed bone protruding from a slope or incline, which has been uncovered by the action of the wind and waters. Digging

Granger and his fossil-party were busy in getting out the skeleton from the rock and preparing it for transportation, the various parts being covered with layers of plaster and burlap wrappings, and thereafter bound tightly with rawhide strips. This method held the brittle and fragmentary bones into position

during transit. Extracting the lengthy creature's form from the clay and sandstone formation, patching up and restoring frail and missing parts in the laboratory, constructing and putting together the massive bones of the body in their final state, has occupied the critical attention of Professor Osborn, Dr. W. D. Matthew, the associate curator, and his entire staff for seven years. Two years were spent by Chief Preparator Herman and four skilled assistants in mounting the great skeleton.

In form and appearance the brontosaurs were quite unlike any living animals, and are remotely related to the lizard family. They had a long, thick tail like the lizards and crocodiles; a long, flexible neck like the ostrich; a thick, short, slab-sided body; straight, massive, post-like limbs, suggesting the elephant, and a remarkably small head for the size of the beast. The ribs and limb- and tail-bones are excep-

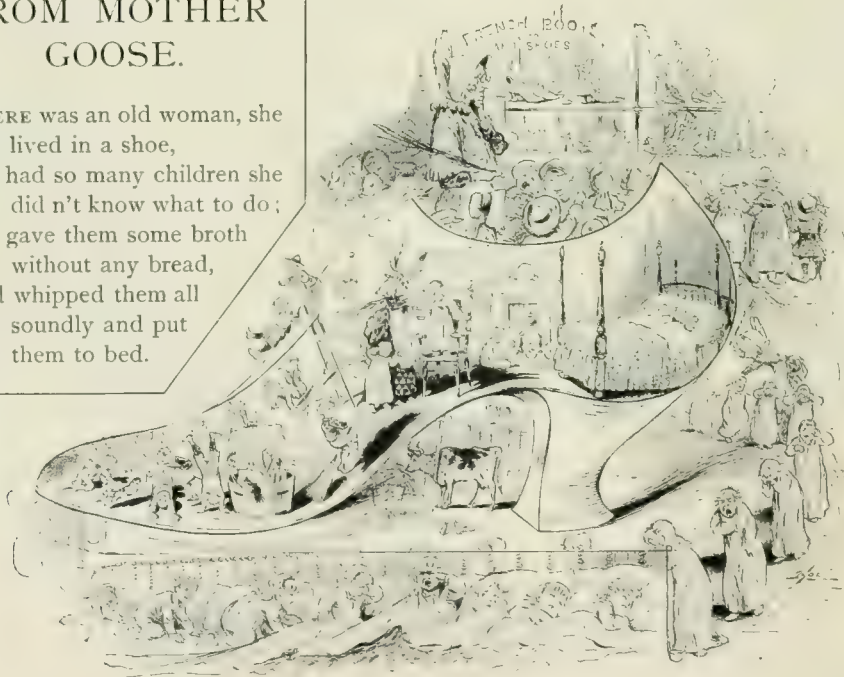
tionally solid and heavy, while the vertebræ of the back, neck, and tail, on the contrary, are lightly constructed. The ribs are half a foot wide, a number of them weighing more than one hundred pounds each. A single foot-print of the creature must have nearly covered a square yard upon the ground.

The long neck aided the animal to forage for food, which consisted chiefly of soft, succulent plants growing on the bottom of streams or lagoons. The row of short, spoon-shaped, stubby teeth were used to bite and pull the tender leaves and water-plants, which he evidently swallowed without chewing, as the creature had no grinders or molar teeth, and so could not masticate its food.

Mr. Charles R. Knight has executed a model in clay, which is considered a perfect representation of the ancient monster. This is seen under the neck of the mounted skeleton.

FROM MOTHER GOOSE.

THERE was an old woman, she
lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she
did n't know what to do;
She gave them some broth
without any bread,
And whipped them all
soundly and put
them to bed.





GRETCHEN.

BY ZELIA MILHAU.

'Tis little Gretchen here you see;
 Upon a bench she's sitting —
 A quiet smile upon her lips,
 Her fingers busy knitting.

And Gretchen's parents never need
 For idleness to chide her;
 Each day the stocking longer grows,
 Her smile a trifle wider.

MARIE'S ACCIDENT.

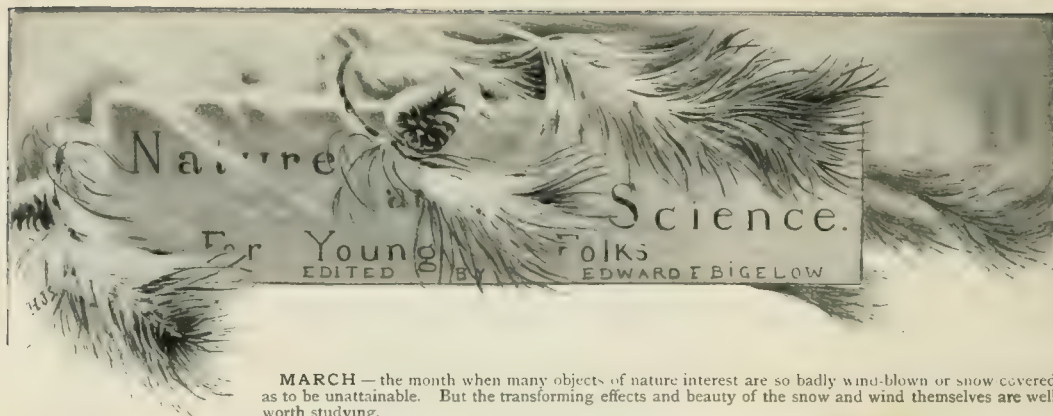
BY DELIA HART STONE.

"Now tell me why you cry, Marie?"
 "I've had an accident," sobbed she.

"Where are your bruises? Deary me!
 What *was* your accident, Marie?"

"I almost tumbled down," she said,
 "And very nearly bumped my head!"

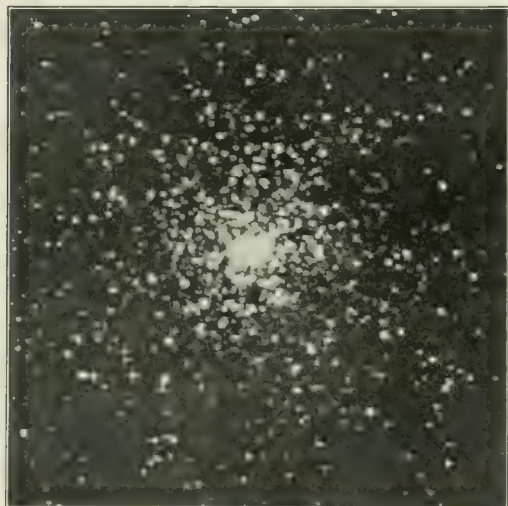




MARCH—the month when many objects of nature interest are so badly wind-blown or snow covered as to be unattainable. But the transforming effects and beauty of the snow and wind themselves are well worth studying.

THE LARGEST BODIES IN OUR UNIVERSE.

ALTHOUGH thousands of them are in our range of vision every night, probably very few



A STAR CLUSTER.

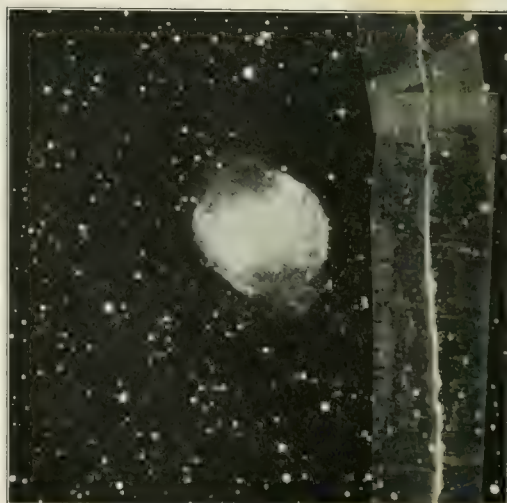
Without high magnifying power it looks like a nebula

ST. NICHOLAS readers have ever noticed a nebula. Only a half-dozen or so are bright enough to be seen by the naked eye, and these are not conspicuous enough to attract attention: mere patches of whitish light, like a little cloud, as is indicated by the name nebula, the Latin word for cloud.

Almost all of our knowledge of these bodies has been gained since the invention of the telescope; and since photography has been used on nebulas, our information as to their number and structure has made great strides.

They can now be studied much better from photographs than by direct view through a telescope. This is because a photographic plate records the accumulated effect of all the light which has fallen on it during the whole time of exposure,—often several hours,—while the eye retains an impression for only a fraction of a second, otherwise the impression of an object seen would gain in intensity the longer we looked at it.

As telescopes gained in power it was found that many objects classified as nebulas by the earlier observers with inferior instruments were clusters of stars, each star being too faint to make an impression as an individual. The



NEBULA SOMEWHAT RESEMBLING A DUMB-BELL IN FORM.

prevailing opinion up to about fifty years ago was that all nebulas were of this type, and that



NEBULA IN ANDROMEDA

with sufficiently powerful instruments all would be resolved into clusters of stars. After the spectroscope came into use, however, it was found that the light from a large part of the nebulas was not like that given off by a group of solid bodies, but came from a luminous gas, and that bodies of this kind could not be resolved into separate stars. It is not unlikely that there are many particles of solid matter scattered through the mass, but the light comes from the gas, and the solid part can form only an insignificant part of the whole bulk.

As would naturally be expected from their constitution, nebulas have all sorts of fantastic shapes. One is known as "the dumb-bell," a part of another is known as "the fish mouth," some are ring-shaped, others are flat, round disks, others approximately spherical. A good many show evidence of a spiral structure like what is seen when water runs out of the bottom of a wash-bowl after the plug is removed. The number of nebulas known to be of this type increases as more and more of them are studied with the aid of the modern photographic telescope.

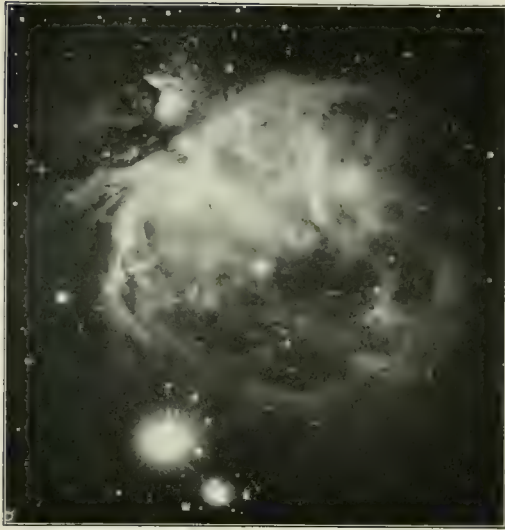
Their distance from us is, in all probability, of the same order of magnitude as that of the

fixed stars,—if expressed in miles, a number so great as to be almost beyond our comprehension. At such a distance our sun would give no more light than an ordinary star, and in apparent size would shrink to a mere point. Yet the nebulas cover quite a considerable part of the sky, some of them several times as much as the sun or moon. Their actual size must therefore be enormous, and the space covered by even a small one must be many times greater than that occupied by our sun and all his attendant planets. They are, indeed, as we have said, by far the largest bodies in the universe.

Are they likely to remain in their present condition? Probably not. The mutual attraction of the several parts of a nebula will give rise to a tendency toward condensation; as this condensation goes on, motion among the various parts is set up, and is likely to produce the spiral structure so often seen in them. The final result may be a system of sun and planets like our own, or some grouping of the condensed masses like that seen in a double or multiple star. Indeed, the most probable idea as to the original condition of our solar system is that it was once a nebula not unlike



NEBULOSITY AROUND THE LARSEN



NEBULOSITY AROUND PLEIADES.

those we now see, and that it has gradually developed into its present shape through the action of gravitation and other natural forces.

MALCOLM MCNEILL.

FLYING-FISHES.

THE flying-fish is one of the few animals, if we except the aquatic birds, which can swim and also move through the air unsupported from the ground. Among other fishes the flying gurnard has similar modes of progression, and in insects we find quite a number of forms which can swim and dive in the water as well as fly through the air.

The picture here shown is that of the California flying-fish (*Cypsilurus californicus*), which is found in the open ocean from Point Conception to Cape San Lucas. Large schools are seen during the summer, and the fish are a great source of interest to travelers as, alarmed by the approach of the vessel or chased by the leaping tuna, they come to the surface, spread their wing-like pectorals, and "fly" from danger, going as far as one hundred feet or as many yards. Of the many kinds of flying-fishes found in tropical and semi-tropical seas the world over, the California flying-fish is one of the largest, attaining a length of eighteen inches. It is a good food-fish.

The flying-fish comes to the surface and skims or skips for a few yards, moving the tail

and pectorals in rapid vibration; when in the air the fins seem to be stationary, the large pectorals and the ventrals acting as parachutes, while the tail seems to act as a rudder. The line of flight is usually three or four feet above the surface, the fish often passing through the crest of a wave and taking on fresh impetus. They go with the wind or directly against it. Oftentimes at night, attracted by a light, flying-fish will strike a sail fully twenty feet above the surface of a comparatively smooth sea; and a favorite way of fishing for them is to have a small sail-boat with a light so rigged as to attract the fish against the sail, when they fall into the boat and are thus easily captured.

During the cruise of the United States Fish Commission steamer *Albatross* to the West Indies in 1884, Mr. Willard Nye experimented with a net rigged at the side of the vessel and an electric light placed over it for the purpose of attracting the fish, but caught only one in three nights' fishing. He then placed the light a few inches below the surface of the water, attracting the fish in considerable numbers, and catching them with small scoop-nets. Many of the fish would come up toward the light



THE CALIFORNIA FLYING-FISH.

and suddenly dart out of the water, leaping as high as the ship's rail (eight or ten feet).

B. A. BEAN.

HOW THE HONEY-BEES ASTONISHED ME.

HONEY-BEES gather nectar of sweet liquid (transformed into honey) from flowers, pollen



THE DOLL WHEN FIRST PUT INTO THE BEE-HIVE.

from the stamens of flowers for "bee-bread," and propolis or bee-glue from various resinous buds such as we are familiar with in the opening, sticky, glistening buds of the horse-chestnut.

Bees also gather propolis from the gum that oozes from various trees, in some cases after the bark has been injured.

This material is collected in especially large quantities in midsum-

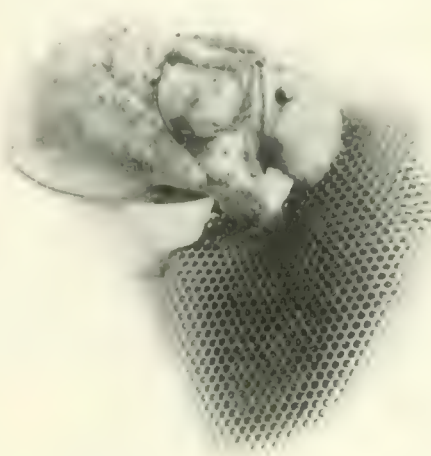
mer, perhaps more abundantly in August than in July, more than seems to us necessary.

The use of propolis or bee-glue is to cement the combs to their supports, to fill up rough places inside the hive, to seal up cracks, which at times have considerable length, and to cover any foreign substance that cannot be removed. Snails sometimes crawl into the hive. The bees cannot remove these, but they sting them and cover them with the propolis. Miss Morley, a



THE DOLL AFTER THE BEES HAD BEEN AT WORK ON IT FOR A LONG TIME, TRYING TO CARRY IT OUT OF THE HIVE BIT BY BIT.

writer on honey-bees, tells us that "there is a story of a venturesome mouse that, entering a hive for honey, was stung to death. Having slain their foe, the bees found the corpse too large to move, and to protect themselves from the effects of its decomposition encased it in a tomb of propolis."



THE HONEY-COMB ATTACHED TO THE EAR AND FOOT OF THE CLOTH "RABBIT."

In one of my own experiments with honey-bees, for convenience I temporarily stopped a small opening in a hive by stuffing into it a wad of cloth. In a few days the bees had so smeared this with propolis that it was unrecognizable as cloth.

This and similar experiences, together with what I have read, suggested some special experiments, so I put into a hive a rag doll, and a cloth "rabbit," to learn what the bees would do, and to see how much and where they would use propolis.

Imagine, if you can, my surprise, when I opened the hive about three weeks later, to find that they had used very little propolis on either, but had nibbled almost all the clothes from the doll, and had even attacked the stockings. What they had failed to take off and carry out hung in delicate fibers and shreds, apparently ready to be removed. Did they expect to dispose of the entire doll in that way?

The rabbit was slightly soiled but not smeared or nibbled. The bees had, however, utilized it as a support for a comb, which they had at-

tached in the most astonishing manner—to one ear and to the tip of one fore foot. The whole thing was grotesque, or, as Pearl expressed it, “They had put an ‘elephant’s ear’ on the rabbit!”

The cloth of which the rabbit was made was different from that of the doll. Did the bees find it more difficult or impossible to nibble this? Did they know that it was unnecessary to seal it in, as would have been necessary with a small animal liable to decay; and since they must endure the intruder’s presence, did they determine to make it useful as payment for the valuable room that it occupied?

ONE OF NATURE’S FINE TOOLS.

GROWING by the wayside you will often see that stately, spiny-looking plant, the teazel, but



THE TEAZEL GROWING
BY THE ROADSIDE.

I wonder how many know that it has helped to finish many a piece of cloth they wear.

We are apt to think of a tool as something of man’s make, yet here is one of nature’s own, and nothing has ever been manufactured to successfully take its place. For ages the teazel has been used for fulling cloth, that is, raising the “nap,” and the manufacturers refer to “nap goods” thus treated as “gigged.”

When ripe the dried spiked heads are gath-

ered, packed carefully in bundles, and sent in all directions to factories. The variety mostly used have the extreme end of spikes hooked or curved backward.

This is called fullers’ teazel. These heads form a sort of brush and are attached to a wheel or cylinder which revolves against the surface of the cloth, and these curved spikes catch parts of the threads, and pull them up, making a fuzzy nap. This is

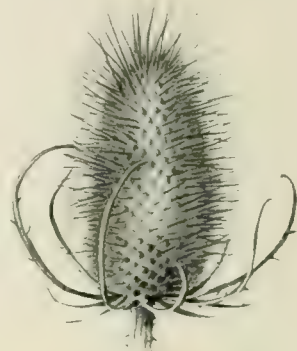
trimmed down and leaves that soft, velvety finish to the cloth. The spikes have strength enough and elasticity, but when they come in contact with a rough place in the cloth they break, and so avoid tearing the material. Try as they may, no one has ever been able to invent a tool possessing all these qualities, so the teazel stands unrivaled for that use. The plant as we see it growing wild looks, perhaps, at first glance somewhat like a thistle, but it really has a dignity and character all its own.

The heads in flower are covered with fluffy down, lavender or white, and as the blossoms drop the spikes appear, until a little later it fairly bristles. The leaves, pointed and spiked, shooting out each side of the stem, meet at base and form a little basin in which is usually water. So we have the name of the plant from the

Greek *Dipsacus*, meaning thirsty, and many other fanciful ones, such as Venus’s Cup, Venus’s Bath, Wood or Church Brooms, Gipsy Combs, Clothier’s Brush, etc.

JEAN FERGUSON.

The first two illustrations are of the wild teazel (*Dipsacus sylvestris*). The last illustration is of the head of the slightly different cultivated teazel (*D. fullonum*) with hooked points.—E. F. B.



AN ENLARGED VIEW OF ONE
OF THE HEADS.



A HEAD WITH CLOTH
FIBERS CAUGHT ON
THE TINY HOOKS.

A LILIPUTIAN ENGINEER.

As I sat in my log cabin, awaiting the long-anticipated dinner-horn, I noticed a commotion, at the foot of my washstand, in the strong sunlight that streamed across the floor.

A house milliped, or "thousand-legger," crawling over the lighted space, had been seen by a tiny spider, whose lair was attached to the leg of the stand, a foot above the floor.

The spider was so small that her body was not much larger than the head of a common pin, while her legs were too short to be seen from where I sat.

Like an arrow the little creature darted down an invisible thread, and, quickly touching the crawling milliped, returned like a flash to her silken home above, only to repeat the operation again and again, each time spinning a thread finer than the finest silk, and fixing it to the body of the intruder.

The milliped stopped crawling, and by thrashing its body to the right and the left did its utmost to break the silken lines. Regardless of these struggles, the spider advanced again and again, each time adding a freshly spun thread to the victim's body.

Then the milliped changed its methods, and, instead of throwing the body first to one side and then to the other, began to crawl backward, using its entire strength in attempts to break the cords that held it. The spider, like an animated speck, weaved the web and strengthened the lines unceasingly. By looking closely I could see that in some mysterious way the gossamer threads were actually drawing the captive off the floor.

The milliped was now desperate, and, clinging with its hindermost feet, it swung the front part of the body free from the ground, and made frantic efforts to break the threads.

A bee never worked more industriously than that little spider. She, like myself, was expecting her dinner, and, unlike me, was working for it industriously.

The milliped was now relaxing its efforts. The many feet were gradually leaving the floor; only two or three seemed to be holding fast, when suddenly, and strange to relate, the "thousand-legger" swung clear, and, through

some unseen agency, was lifted inch by inch until it reached the very web itself. The spider then swiftly wrapped it in a sheet of silk, and the captive struggled no more. The spider, although only perhaps a thousandth part of the weight and size of the house milliped, had succeeded in capturing it and in actually lifting it bodily to her lair!

For a child to throw a lasso around an elephant's neck, and then, climbing a tree, to pull the elephant after him, would not be more



wonderful than was the work of this little spider that captured the comparatively gigantic "thousand-legs," and lifted it up to her den.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

(Rewritten and condensed by the author through the kind permission of "Forest and Stream.")

The so-called milliped or "thousand feet" has only about one hundred feet or legs. Our common centiped (hundred feet) has about fifteen pairs. So you see that the people who first named these interesting little animals greatly exaggerated or else did not make careful count. See article "Some Queer Animals that Live Under Stones," page 76 of *Nature and Science* for November 1901.—E. F. B.

"BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW"
????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York.

WHY BIRDS BUILD NESTS NEAR PATHS AND ROADS.

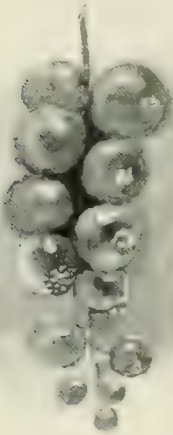
"CROW'S NEST," ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am spending the summer in Maine. Right near our camp, almost on the path, is a little bird's nest built on the ground. It is hard to see, and could be easily stepped on. In it are two fledglings. I would like to know if birds have not enough sense not to build almost on the path?

From your loving reader,

MARY LAIRD BURK.

Your bird may have made an error in judgment in building near a path where too many people go. But the principle upon which she evidently acted is right, and I fear you have made an error in thinking that she or other birds lack in sense in building nests in exposed situations or near where people go. People are not the natural enemies of birds. What seemed to you lack of wisdom in the bird putting herself and nest in danger, was really seeking safety from the natural enemies—hawks, weasels, and other birds, or four-footed animals. Then, too, some birds have a natural friendliness for man. Robins especially like to build near houses.



MASS OF EGGS ON A
CURRANT.

NORWICH, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you currants which have some formation on them. I don't know what they are, but they look to me like eggs. I send them to you because they are so interesting,

and I hope you can tell me what they are.

Your friend,

MADELEINE R. PERKINS.

These are probably the eggs of some large species of plant-bugs—very likely those of the common squash-bug.



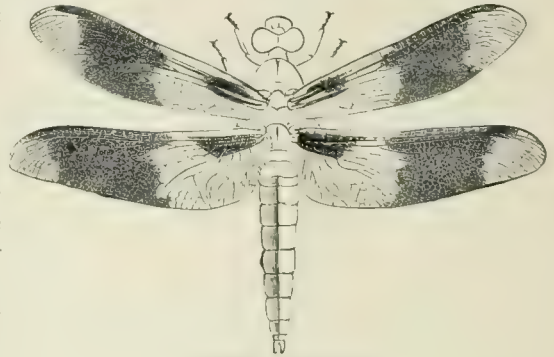
THE SQUASH-BUG.

Insect egg hunting is often not less interesting (and always far more commendable) than bird's nest hunting. Insect eggs may be carefully examined without injury, but birds will sometimes desert their nests, even if they are only examined carefully and not disturbed.

GREAT FLOCK OF MIGRATING DRAGON-FLIES.

OTTAWA BEACH, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Late last summer, as I was lying in the hammock, I noticed a curious fact. From



A COMMON DRAGON-FLY.

twenty-five feet from the ground to as far as you could see easily, the air was thick with dragon-flies, all flying in a general southerly direction. It is true they flew from east to west, but they always turned to the south again. I wondered if dragon-flies did migrate, so I went in the house to look it up. I found in the "Nature Library" this:

"Mr. A. H. Mundt, of Fairbury, Illinois, says that between the hours of five and seven P. M., August 13, 1881, 'the air for miles around seemed literally alive with these dragon-flies from a foot above the ground to as far as the eye could reach, all flying in the same direction, a southwesterly course, and the few that would occasionally cross the track of the majority could all the more easily be noticed from the very regular and swift course they generally pursued, but even these few stray ones would soon fall in with the rest again. Very few were seen alighting, and all carefully avoided any movable obstacles.'"

"This migration was probably caused by the very dry season, which had resulted in the drying up of ponds and swamps, and it is probable that other similar recorded migrations have arisen from the same cause."

I forgot to say I discovered this about four P. M., and they disappeared about half-past six. This one that I saw, if it was a migration, could not have been caused by drought, as there are Lake Michigan and other bodies of water near.

Yours truly,

MARJORIE NIND.

You have seen an unusual and interesting thing. Such observations help make this de-

partment of St. NICHOLAS valuable to the most advanced students of natural history. A few insects have a regular seasonal migration like birds, but in most cases the migration is only local and is due to some local conditions. Koppen, a German entomologist, has collected a list of such authentic migrations of the dragon-fly. The list covers a period of hundreds of years; but still no general law of their movements can be stated. Drought, lack of food-supply, prevailing winds, storms, and frosts are some of the suggested causes of migration. Possibly other readers of the magazine in the neighborhood of Ottawa Beach also saw this same migration. If they will send in their reports, too, we can determine how extensive it was.

DR. ELLIOT R. DOWNING.

MARY ELLIOT, M.D.

CAMEL AND DROMEDARY.

TORONTO, CAN.

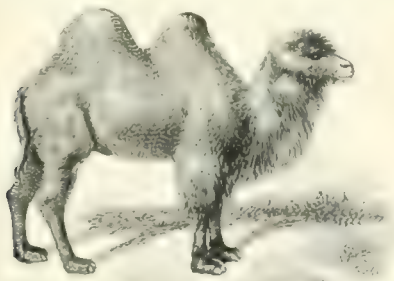
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you please be kind enough to tell me the difference between a camel and dromedary, and something of their habits?

Your interested reader,

MARGARET MACLENNAN.

There are several breeds and artificial varieties of camels—both one-humped and two humped. The dromedary is one of these, being simply a "blooded" or thoroughbred camel of great speed used as a saddle-animal, and comparing with the heavier and slower varieties as a race-horse does with a cart-horse; it is not a different animal, zoologically speaking.

Dromedaries are for the most part of the one-humped species (*Camelus dromedarius*), but



ONE-HUMPED



TWO-HUMPED

the two-humped Bactrian camel may also be improved into a dromedary.—*The Century Dictionary*.

WHY HAIR TURNS GRAY.

NEW YORK, CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what it is that makes the hair gray, and how age or sorrow can affect the color of the hair?

Your interested reader,

FREDERICK G. CATTY, age 14½.

The color of the hair depends on little granules, which can be seen if the hair be examined under a powerful microscope. Sometimes the hair may become white in a night. Brown-Sequard tells us that when he was forty-five years old his beard turned white in two days. This took place when he was perfectly well and without any especial cause. Sometimes, however, sorrow or illness produce the change earlier in life than it would usually take place. As to the cause, some have said that the hair becomes filled with small air-particles which makes it look gray; others have said that the outer part of the hair becomes altered so that it is like ground glass and you cannot see the color. But a man by the name of Metchnikoff tells us that the real reason is because small movable bodies in the hair devour the grains of coloring matter and move them to the root of the hair. Sometimes poisons in disease, or some results of sorrow, bring about an effect upon these small migrating bodies (cells), causing them to become active in the above fashion. That is said to be the reason why the hair grows gray.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM LUSK.

Physiological Laboratory, University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York City.



AHEAD OF THE SEASON.

BY FLORENCE PELTIER.

AFTER Helen and Clinton had made fudge, looked over their stamp collection, and read stories, they moped disconsolately, wondering what to do next. They were sitting on the



A BIT OF EARLY JUNE IN EARLY MARCH.

window-seat in the library, and looking out into the orchard.

"This is the horriddest time of the year," said Clinton. "The last week in February and the first half of March have nothing pleasant about them, and there are mud and slush everywhere!"

"And it's so ugly-looking out of doors, too," added Helen, "with patches of snow here and

there. Even the sky is dull much of the time. There is n't anything pretty anywhere."

A silence followed, made dreary by the monotonous tick-tock of the great clock. Presently Helen said: "There goes William with a ladder, a saw, and a big knife. I wonder what he's going to do?"

"I heard grandpa tell him," answered Clinton, "to trim the trees in the orchard. See, that's what he's starting to do now."

William placed the ladder against a hoary old cherry-tree, climbed up, and sawed off a branch that divided into three smaller branches, each about three feet long. And so he went from tree to tree, cutting off small branches here, larger ones there, until apple, pear, and cherry trees looked "as if they'd just had their hair cut," Clinton said.

Suddenly Clinton's listless air vanished.

"Oh, I say, Helen! I've an idea! I read somewhere, once upon a time,—can't say when or where,—that fruit-tree twigs and branches cut off from the trees late in February or early in March, and brought in the house and put into water, will blossom."

"Do you believe it?" asked Helen.

"It might be true. Anyhow, suppose we get some and try it."

"All right," agreed Helen. "Let's put them in that empty room on the third floor. It's warm and sunny up there; and let's not tell a soul about it, and then if the branches *do* blossom, how we can astonish everybody!"

Helen and Clinton were soon out of doors and in the orchard. Underneath a pear-tree

Helen found two very graceful branches, each nearly four feet long. Clinton picked up the large cherry branch William had sawn off first of all. Then they gathered apple boughs and



smaller cherry and pear branches, and even large twigs.

Helen looked doubtfully upon the bare brown branches.

"It does n't seem possible that flowers will ever grow on these dead-looking things," she said.

"That's so," answered Clinton. "But, anyway, we'll experiment. If you'll carry them upstairs I'll run down cellar and get some empty jam-jars."

"You'll want something bigger than jam-jars for some of the branches!" exclaimed Helen, as she struggled to press together the sprawling branches of the big cherry bough so that she could put it through the kitchen door. "It's lucky Norah is in her own room and mother out making calls, for they'd want to know right off what we were doing."

By the time Helen had carried the branches and twigs upstairs, Clinton had brought up from the cellar two large pickle-jars and several jam-jars; and, after filling them with water, he set them in the empty third-floor room where the sun would not shine directly on them, for Helen had suggested that "as it is n't good for slips from plants to be put right in the sunshine, perhaps it's the same with tree cuttings."

The large cherry and pear branches were placed in the pickle-jars, the twigs and small branches in the jam-jars.

"I wonder if anything really will happen," said Clinton.

"I wonder!" echoed Helen.

A week passed, and little brown buds swelled on twigs and branches. Three or four days later tiny green points broke through the brown buds on the pear branches and twigs, and on the cherry curious, pale-green filaments came out. The apple branches still had only brown buds.

Helen and Clinton kept their secret well, and many were the stealthy trips to the room on the third floor to watch the wonderful transformation.

Soon the fairest, tenderest, minute leaves covered the pear branches. The filaments on the cherry branches were long and, at first, very curly, and then they grew larger, round and straighter, and showed plainly that they were stems for the blossoms and the cherries.

Finally a day came when two or three greenish-white buds showed on the pear branches. Very rapidly the buds grew now, thickly clustered over the pear branches, and seeming like huge pearls hanging among the green pear leaves. Buds appeared on the ends of the filaments, or stems, of the cherry bough, but there



were no leaves; and the apple branches sent out little green spears. Finally a half-dozen pear-blossoms unclosed their milky petals, showing their golden hearts. Helen was beside herself with delight. She put the blossoming pear branches where the morning sun would shine upon them.

Five days afterward, Helen and Clinton, just home from school, stood in the flower-room, as they called it, looking in wonder on the pear branches. The flowers were well opened, and there were quantities of them. They were as large as if they had blossomed out of doors in the natural way. The air was sweet with their delicious perfume. The children turned from the blossoms and looked out of the window at the trees, whose naked branches still shook "against the cold." How amazing the indoor contrast!

"We'll have the surprise to-morrow morning," said Clinton; and the children tiptoed downstairs, whispering about their plan.

The next morning, when mother sat behind the bubbling coffee-urn, and father was cutting the omelet, and Norah was passing the muffins, Helen said:

"I have seen pear-blossoms this morning."

"In a picture-book?" asked her father, smiling.

"No; I have seen *real* pear-blossoms. They grew on the branches of the pear-trees that are in the orchard."

"That was a pleasant dream," said mother.

"But it was n't a dream, and Helen is n't joking," broke in Clinton. "I've seen them, too."

Father, mother, and Norah looked out of the windows. It was a raw, blustering March day, and even Norah could n't help smiling at the idea of pear-blossoms in the orchard in such weather.

"What do you mean, children?" asked father.

"Please excuse me a minute and I'll show you," said Clinton, jumping up from the table

and running upstairs. He returned shortly, carrying in each hand a pear branch covered with white, sweet-scented blossoms.

Exclamations of delight and questions and explanations came in such a jumble that breakfast was forgotten. Norah was sent for the big Japanese vase, and mother arranged the pear branches in it. Then, after finishing breakfast, — it was a little cold, but nobody minded, — Helen and Clinton led the way to the flower-room, and showed their parents the cherry branches covered with buds, the other pear branches in blossom, and the green points on the apple boughs.

The twigs and small branches of pear-blossoms were given to friends and carried to school; and, after enjoying the big pear branches at home for three or four days, they were taken to the children's hospital. All who saw the flowers were delighted and amazed.

The cherry-blossoms came to their full perfection about five days after the pear-blossoms had reached their prime. The large cherry bough was by far the most beautiful of all the branches. The flowers were very large, and their perfume filled not only the room they were in, but the whole house was permeated with their sweetness. For two weeks the branch kept its perfect and transcendent loveliness.

The apple-blossoms were disappointing. They were but little over half their normal size, and had not even a tinge of pink.

Helen and Clinton photographed the pear and cherry branches out of doors; "for," said they, "if we take the photographs indoors, nobody will believe these branches blossomed early in March. It's the only way to prove that we got ahead of the season."





GILES MANSFIELD, SON OF MR. AND MRS. EDWARD MANSFIELD

L. H. H. H.



"IRONING DAY"
Drawn by C. S. Griswold

A TALE OF A TEA-TABLE.

BY ELLEN MANLY.

BETSY BOBBITY baked a bun —
 A beautiful, big, bewitching one,
 So light that it fairly shone with pride,
 With currants a-plenty safe inside.

Patsy Poppity peeled a peach,
 A pear, and a plum, and put them each
 In a tiny pie with a frosted top,
 As fine as those in the baker's shop.

Dora Doppity cried, "Dear me!
 What a capital time to give a tea!"
 And she put the little red table out,
 With three little chairs set round about.

And Betsy Bobbity's Baby Blue,
 And Patsy Poppity's Precious Prue,
 And Dora Doppity's Daisy Dee,
 Were asked to come to a charming tea.

Three little maids to the pantry flew
To look for the dishes pink and blue,
And a terrible tragedy happened next —
And my! but the three little maids were vexed!

Young Puppety Pup came racing by,
And the little red table caught his eye;
Then never a bit he cared — not he —
That he had n't been asked to the dainty tea:
But he ate up Betsy Bobbity's bun,
With all of the currants — every one,
The three little pies at a single bite,
And everything else there was in sight!

But never a word the three guests said,
As they gazed with a smile right straight ahead;
And never they showed the least surprise,
Although, right under their very eyes,
The rude and ravenous Puppety P.
Ate all that they were to have had for tea!

Which shows us plainly that Baby Blue,
And Daisy Dee, and the Precious Prue,
Were well brought up, and clearly knew
That the proper, ladylike thing to do
Was never to make remarks at tea,
Whatever they chanced to hear or see!





LEARNING THEIR LETTERS.

BY H. H. B.



Now, little kitty, come to me,
And learn to say your letters.
“Mew-cw-*ew*!—meow—*yow*, mee *ow*!”
And so she mews her letters.

A, B, C, D, E, F, G—
Why don't you speak each letter?
H, I, J—there, *that's* the way!
Says kitty, “I know better!”

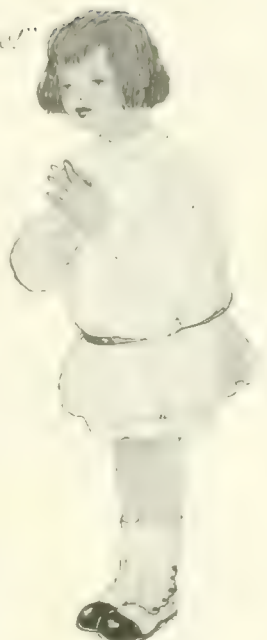


Now, little doggy, come to me,
And learn to say your letters.
"Bow-wow-*aww*! Wow-wow-*ow-ow*!"
And so he barks his letters.

Now, little rooster, come to me,
And learn to say your letters.
"Kickery *kee*! Co doodle-*doo*!"
And so he crows his letters.

Now, big lion, come to me,
And learn to say your letters.
"Ro-*aw*-oh! Oh! *aw-o-oh*!"
And so he roars his letters.

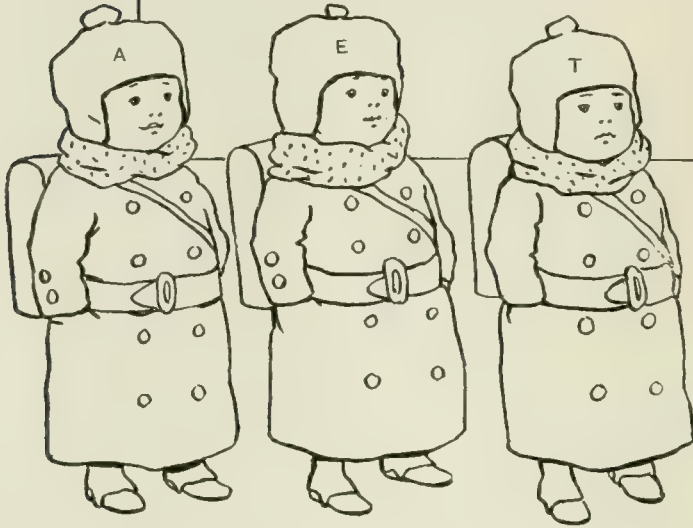
Now, little laddie, climb my knee,
And learn to say your letters.
"A, B, C, D, E, F, G!"
And so he names his letters.



"A, B, C, D, E, F, G!"
The dear old lesson learning.
"H, I, J," sweet lips will say,
Till the big round earth stops turning!



A RIDDLE RHYME FOR
VERY LITTLE FOLK.



WE'RE more than soldiers, let us say;
Three words are we, as plain as day.
But if you wish to spell us out,
You'll have to let us move about.

Then bid us all sit down to ——,
And we will —— as you can see,
Just as our fathers ——, we'll say,
Then stand again and go our way.



"I DO BELIEVE I KNOW WHAT THE ANSWER IS."

FATHER'S WHALING VOYAGE.

(As told and illustrated by Father. N. B. Father is a sailor, not a writer.)

BY JOSEPHINE GRANT.

FATHER went to New Bedford in 1854. He shipped on a vessel which was to start the next morning to catch whales.

The next morning the ship started. There was hardly any wind. The captain said the



ship went too slow, so he tied a rope around father and fastened the other end to the ship, and made father get out in the water and swim and pull on the rope.

Very soon the wind began to blow, and the ship sailed faster and faster. Father was afraid the ship would run over him and rub the skin off his back, so he made a dive, and the ship sailed over him without doing him any harm. He came to the top of the water behind the



ship. But by this time she was going so very fast that when the rope became tight it gave such a tremendous and sudden jerk that it yanked my father clear out of the water and sent him flying through the air, and he came down on the ship in good shape.

The vessel was then passing Nantucket, and very soon entered the Gulf Stream, when a big



storm came on. For fourteen days the ship was at the mercy of the storm, driven to and fro by the winds and tossed up and down by

the waves. They were all afraid except my brave father.

At ten minutes past one o'clock in the afternoon a great thing was seen in the air. Whatever it was, it was evidently tired, for it alighted on the ship. All the sailors were so scared, and the captain also, that they ran down below, leaving my father alone on deck with the great bird. The bird noticed that my father looked surprised, and my father's astonishment was greatly increased upon hearing the bird speak.



The bird said, "Good afternoon; may I trouble you for something to eat?" Father at once shouted to the sailors to bring up some food for the bird. After eating all he wanted, the bird said, "Thank you; can I be of any service to you?"

My father had confidence in the bird, because he was so polite, showing he had been well brought up, and the bird loved my father because he was not afraid and had fed him; so the



bird was told all about the trip, and how they were after whales, and how the storm had blown them far from their course.

My father then asked the bird what his name was and where he came from. He said he was of the family of Whipper-whoppers from the south pole. He offered, if my father would ride on his back, to go and bring assistance.

My father at once accepted this kind offer, which led the procession carried my father. and got up on the Whipper-whopper's back. About noon of the second day the ship was discovered, and all the Whipper-whoppers gathered around it. None of the sailors could be seen, and the ship looked as if it was deserted. The Whipper-whopper on which was my father swam near the ship and stretched out his neck, forming a bridge over which my father passed

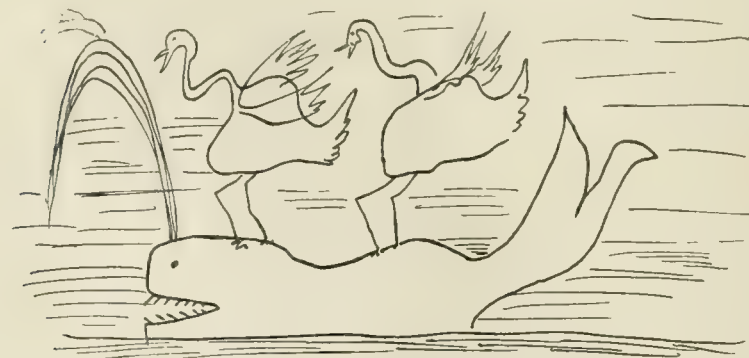
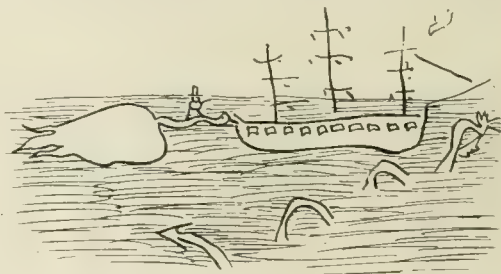


On the morning of the third day they arrived in safety to the ship. He found the sailors hid at the south pole. Notice was sent for all in empty oil-barrels. They came out when they heard my father's voice. They came the next day — more than two hundred of them. They consulted together how they could



help my father. It was decided to send a relief expedition composed of twenty Whipper-whoppers, each one of them to be accompanied by a Whang-doodle. The Whang-doodles acted as body-servants to the Whipper-whoppers, waiting upon them and helping them in various ways.

It seems that the sight of the Whang-doodles had scared them. My father reassured them and they followed him up on the deck. Now they all had a big talk as to what was the best thing to be done next. The Whipper-whoppers



Each of the Whipper-whoppers carried on his back a Whang-doodle. The Whipper-whopper clear, and large whales were to be seen in every direction and in great numbers. The Whipper-

and some of the Whang-doodles were opposed to helping any one on the ship except my father. It was finally settled that they would help fill the barrels with oil if my father could have half of it.

A long rope was then fastened to the bow of the ship, and the Whipper-whoppers with great force pulled it along at about forty miles an hour.

The morning of the fourth day was bright and

whoppers, knowing that what my father wanted was whales, commenced at once to catch them. It was a very exciting scene,—one which my father has often described to us.

As his illustration shows, it took two Whipper-whoppers to carry each whale; and they brought several whales to the ship and placed

them on the deck. However, the ship was soon full of oil, and the Whipper-whoppers kindly offered to tow it to New York, where the oil was sold for a lot of money.

By this stroke of good fortune my father gained sufficient wealth to enable him to retire from the whaling business.



“IDA SPIED A SPIDER.”

BY CLARA ANDREWS WILLIAMS.

IDA spied a spider.

And she was sore dismayed.
She did not dare to kill the thing,
For that might rainy morrow bring.

Alive, she was afraid.
And while she stood considering,
The spider guessed her plan.
He thought it wiser not to wait,
And so away he ran.



BOOKS AND READING.

THE READING MOST NECESSARY. ONE of the brightest essay-writers of America once put together a number of short articles addressed to boys and girls, intended to advise them in regard to talking, writing, and living in general. We will not mention his name, but leave you to find it out for yourselves. In telling what books were most needed, he makes a short list of the indispensables. At the head of all he puts the Bible, which, besides its religious worth, has a claim upon every reader to enable him to understand all history and literature.

In regard to this, the author mentioned quoted an eminent authority on the subject as saying that the English language of the last three centuries has revolved around the English Bible, as the earth goes round the sun. The second book, it may surprise you to know, is a good history of America; next, a good history of England; fourth comes Shakespeare's plays; and fifth, an atlas. He calls a library made up of these five items "a bread-and-water diet."

POETRY AND CANDY. As nature furnishes mankind with sugar it is usually in a very simple form and highly diluted. A very little sugar is dissolved in a very large quantity of water to make fruit-juice or plant-juice such as we find in the sugar-cane or the beet-root. At first man was willing to take his sweetness as he found it, but soon—probably by the evaporation of the juices leaving sugar behind to crystallize—man discovered that he could get his sugar in a sweeter and thickened form. From this discovery to the box of fancy bonbons, though a long step, is not one that is hard to understand. Candy is no more than concentrated fruit juice.

There is something of the same relation between prose and poetry. In prose, facts and ideas about those facts are told in such a way as to be in a natural state; they have not been made stronger by getting rid of the weaker portions. In poetry we have the pure sugar brought together in crystals or made over into literary bonbons. What is dull or uninteresting

is left out; what appeals to the taste is made strong and permanent.

We have written this item in the hope that young people who have looked upon the reading of poetry as a task may be awakened to the fact that they are preferring bread to candy—which may be well for the ordinary diet, but all bread and no candy makes Jane a dull girl.

SEE **THE EDITORS OF "THE CENTURY."** THE Editors of "The Century" in their Christmas number have given a little more than a page to the consideration of reading for the young. It may be that some of you have missed this wise little Christmas sermon; and if so, it is worth your while to look up the Christmas "Century" and read carefully the article on page 331, entitled "The Children's Reading." You will like the article none the less because of its very gracious reference to ST. NICHOLAS.

READING WITH THOUGHT. DID you ever try to give a careful description of the appearance of some object very familiar to you, such, for instance, as your own front door or gateway, or the pattern upon some favorite article of dress? Try the experiment. Unless you are unusually observing, you will be surprised to see how hazy is your mental picture. This experience proves that we look without seeing, and it is to be feared that many of us read without thinking. As an example, some of you may have heard a verse of a not obscure song in which a young man is represented as entering an inhabited place upon the back of a small horse, as inserting a plume in his headgear, and giving it the name of "Macaroni." For those to whom the verse is unfamiliar it may be said that the young man's name is "Yankee Doodle." If you have read the stanza, is it fair to ask if you know what "Macaroni" means? It is not a merely nonsensical rhyming word.

GRACE-KNIVES. FROM an old book devoted to curious and marvelous things, we learn of a remarkable set of knives upon the blades of which were engraved the words and music of the Latin grace that it was

customary to sing before meals. The different knives were prepared for the different singers, so that to the tenor was given the tenor music, to the bass the bass music, and so on. Thus the singers had before them notes and music, and yet the appearance of the table was not marred by the presence of books among the table-ware. On the reverse of the same blade were engraved the music notes for the grace after meat. The set of knives described belonged to the sixteenth century.

ALONG THE RIVERS.

ONE of the great pleasures in reading is to connect the books which we read during any one period by selecting those that refer to one subject or set of subjects. In the early history of our own country it was natural that people should fix their homes along the banks of rivers or at their mouths. This was because of the convenience such sites offered. In fact, so common was it to place settlements by river-courses that some wiseacre once demanded how it came about that great rivers were so apt to flow near large cities. Of course the importance of the river to the people's lives caused it to be also important in their thinking and their literature. It will be found, therefore, that around all great rivers gathers a mass of traditions, stories, legends, or historical incidents. One need not be reminded of this in regard to foreign rivers like the Rhine, the Thames, or the Seine; but we are not as apt to think it is so in regard to our own rivers, such as the James, the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, and the Mississippi. But each of these, like many of the smaller streams, is the central point of a literature of its own.

A FAIRY-STORY.

WE should like to know whether many of you are familiar with Joseph Rodman Drake's exquisite fairy-story, "The Culprit Fay"? It would seem that it was the duty of every American child to know intimately so beautiful a story, told with so much poetic power and so exquisite a fancy. The author was born about the end of the eighteenth century, and died while still a very young man. It may be that more of you know his ode to the flag—"When Freedom from her mountain height"—than are acquainted with the delicate beauty of "The Culprit Fay." A critic recently spoke of this fairy-poem as "one

of the daintiest bits of pure fantasy in American verse." There is really no need to limit this praise to American poetry. But the same critic shows how distinctively American the poem is:

The spirit of the old-world fairies has been preserved perfectly, but the scene and surroundings are genuinely American. The whip-poor-will, the maize silk, the katydid, all the familiar life of the woods we know. Drake's life was a pitifully brief one, being comprehended between the years 1795 and 1820. Not only is he memorable for his own verse, but it would have been fame enough to have inspired his friend Fitz-Greene Halleck to write—"Green be the turf above thee."

THACKERAY'S ESSAYS.

IN a recent item in this department it was said that every great author had written at least some trash, and it seems only fair to add to this statement a warning against reading only the best-known works of distinguished writers, for it may be said with equal truth that readers will often find among the minor writings of an author bits that appeal more to them than do the masterpieces. We often are advised to read the novels of Thackeray, but much less is said to young readers as to his essays. Yet there are many long years in early youth when the essays will prove delightful reading, while his novels may be reserved for a maturer time.

A QUESTION NEEDING EXPLANATION.

A LETTER from across the ocean brings this question from an English girl: "Do you not agree with me that if boys and girls went in more for really good foreign literature, we should like our lessons much better?"

In answer, we would like to say that this question means nothing to us. The phrase, "went in more," carries no meaning unless we know how much "we boys and girls" *go in* for "really good foreign literature"; and the latter part of the question is equally meaningless until we know how much the same boys and girls like their lessons.

As a Yankee guess at our English cousin's meaning, we would venture to say that she wished to know whether reading good books from foreign literatures would not increase interest in studies referring to foreign lands.

In another part of her letter she speaks of re-reading her old favorite, the "Lettres de Mon Moulin" of Alphonse Daudet.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

OWING to the fact that this number of ST. NICHOLAS goes to press unusually early, the report of the St. Nicholas League which was to appear this month is postponed until April.

The June subjects will be a repetition of those announced in January for April.

THE LETTER-BOX.

MANY readers of ST. NICHOLAS will be interested in the portrait of Gibbs Mansfield, the son of the well-known actor, Mr. Richard Mansfield, which appears on page 467 of this number. All young persons who have had their portraits painted do not need to be told that it is often a tiresome pleasure for the sitter; and the artist who painted the picture of Master Mansfield says that to help pass the time away the boy would make up verses while posing for the portrait. One of these rhymes the artist took pains to write down, and here it is:

The cherubim sat, with golden hair,
Upon their fleecy thrones so fair;
"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" the cherubim cried,
"I wonder where the angels hide."

LAKEVILLE, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very interested in your stories. I have taken you for two years now, and am going to take you another year.

My oldest sister, Artemesia, has taken you and had you bound. The one next to my oldest is Lucy; she has taken you. And now I take you, and probably will take you more than three years. I hope I can, anyway. I like the story of "Zixi of Ix" very much, and also "Pinkey Perkins."

Mother says she thinks altogether we've taken you ten or eleven years, and says when I get through with you my youngest brother will take you.

From your loving reader,

ALIDA D. COWLES.

- P.S. My mother and grandmother give me the money every year for my birthday. It comes on December 8.

MIDDLEPORT, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had you three years, and I enjoy you very much. I was sorry to have "Queen Zixi of Ix" stopped. But I think "From Sioux to Susan" will be just as good. My uncle gives it to me every Christmas, and I hope he will give it to me this year. My mama took you when she was a little girl. She said that you were the best magazine for children.

Your reader,

CLARA DAVIS (age 9).

FORT WILLIAM MCKINLEY, RIZAL, P. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father is an army officer, and we live in a large post in which are many soldiers. Every morning my brother Alex and I, and fourteen other children, drive to Manila, in a wagon with four mules, to the American school. Two weeks ago there was a fearful typhoon all over the islands. Houses were blown down and many people killed. A great many boats were lost at sea. At Los Banos a native woman was cut in two by tin from a roof.

I have two little goats. When they grow big we will get a wagon and harness. I study Spanish at school. I am nine years old, and like "Pinkey Perkins" best of all the stories.

Yours truly,

HIRAM W. BENNET.

HARTNEY, MANITOBA, CAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you. I have been sick for two weeks, and I read the ST. NICHOLAS.

I look forward to the day for it to come very much. I like to read "Pinkey Perkins" and the "Magic Cloak."

When winter comes we will have lots of fun skating and playing hockey and snowballing.

I had a little dog that was ten years old. He was about ten inches high. His name was "Pokey," and I will tell you how he got this funny name. We had five little puppies, and he was the tiniest and weakest of them all. He took so long in learning to walk that we called him "Slowboy"; then, after a while, "Slobo." Then a friend, to tease us, changed it to "Slow-poke," and it soon shortened to "Pokey." So that was his name for the rest of his life.

Good-by for this time.

I remain your friend,

MARCUS BOWMAN (age 9).

FRUITLAND PARK, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old, and I live in Florida. We went camping this summer on an island in the Gulf of Mexico.

One morning, soon after we got there, papa called to us to get up quickly and come and see a pelican. We got up and went out, and there was a large pelican on the beach.

We watched him for a little while, and all of a sudden he came walking right up to us. He did not seem to be at all afraid. We caught a fish and threw it down in front of him. He grabbed it up, and seemed to be tasting it, and then he swallowed it. He seemed very satisfied with everything, and stayed three or four days. The fishermen said he must have been sick.

He was very pretty. His breast and sides were white, and his back and wings were brown. His feathers were pointed. He had short, thick legs, webbed feet, and a long neck and beak. He was six feet wide across the wings. His eyes were large and bright. He swam and flew beautifully, but he walked very funny. When he went to sleep he rested the back of his head on his back, with his beak in the air.

Pelicans can fly a long way without getting tired.

We camped on an island at the mouth of a river where the water was very salty. We had to get water from wells up the river.

Your loving reader,

FRANCES BOSANQUET.

The Riddle Box

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

ZEVELO. Remember the Maine 1. Rayne 2. Petrel 3. Demand 4. Squeeze 5. Stamp 6. Lintamb 7. Craven 8. Parrot 9. Asters 10. Charge 11. Enrich 12. Smudge 13. Quartz 14. Police 15. Plaint 16. Parade

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Pinkey Perkins. 1. As-pen. 2. Blank 3. Benumb 4. Basking 5. Chast 6. Bayard 7. Im-part 8. Fr-eight 9. En-rage 10. Ta-king 11. Cl-inch 12. An-nota-tion 13. Arson

WORD SQUARES. 1. Madras 2. Arrive 3. Driver 4. Riv-

ing 5. Avenue 6. Seren 11. Pear 12. Alms 4. Rash.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "One bird in the net is better than a hundred flying."

CHARADE. Eye-let.

CONCEALED CITIES. Boston, Fargo, Rome, Buffalo, Paris, Boston, Salem, Warsaw, Cairo, Tyre, Troy, Bristol.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Vermont, New York, Georgia.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Ruth Darden—W. S. McGee—Paul R. Deschere—Elizabeth E. Lord—David Fishel—J. Alfred Lynd—Caroline C. Johnson—Walter I. Drexler—"Dorothy"—Harold Beaty—Mabel W. Sears—Howard J. Sachs—Frederick P. Upon—Mary E. Dunbar—Harnet O'Donnell—"Chuck"—Nessie and Freddie—Margaret Griffith—Jo and I—Luella Rice—Florence I. wenhaupt—Robert S. DuBois—"Alld and Adi"—Clare, Frances, and Roswell—Elizabeth Delo—Marguerite Hyde—Ella Sands—Florence Alvarez.

The publication of the prize puzzles is unavoidably postponed.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Edna Meyle, 7—J. Little, 1—A. M. Stites, 1—Alice Pine, 1—M. A. Ferguson, 1—"Sammy," 5—W. R. Bliss, 1—J. E. Adriance, 1—E. P. Shaw, 1—Fort K. Kester, 3—Edward Jantunen, 1—"Aunt Emily," 1—Eva L. Howell, 1—Ella Duff, 2—"Jolly Juniors," 2—Peggy and Mother, 3—Frances Bosanquet, 6—H. Rubenson, 1—Carol Thompson, 1—Helen D. Kingsley, 1—M. von Tunzelmann, 6—R. Welby, 1—M. I. Skelton, 2.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY initials name two great cities—so do my initials.
CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A country of South America. 2. A county of Texas. 3. A province and city of central Russia. 4. The most southern point of Great Britain. 5. A Philippine town on the coast of Panay. 6. The name of a county in both Virginia and Kentucky. 7. A seaport city of Spain. 8. A Biblical mountain. 9. A city on the Great Lakes. 10. A city of Wisconsin. 11. The name of an ocean. 12. A city of Texas.

WALTER O. DANNENBAUM (Honor Member).

WORD-SQUARE.

1. MAKES a harsh sound. 2. To yield. 3. An animal found in Peru. 4. Found on every tea-table. 5. A call for a repetition. 6. Narrates.

DONALD BAKER (League Member).

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.



I. 1. IN captain. 2. Used in base-ball. 3. A canton of Switzerland. 4. A county of New Jersey. 5. To annoy. 6. An untruth. 7. In captain.

II. 1. In captain. 2. A marsh. 3. Funny. 4. A machine for separating the seeds from cotton. 5. In captain.

III. 1. In captain. 2. Gloomy. 3. A river of Germany. 4. A railroad tie. 5. A name for Scotland. 6.

Detroned. 7. To make new again. 8. To free. 9. In captain.

IV. 1. In captain. 2. A feminine name. 3. To give entrance. 4. Atmosphere. 5. In captain.

V. 1. In captain. 2. Before. 3. Occurrence. 4. A city in New Jersey. 5. Ingress. 6. A plaything. 7. In captain.

MORTON L. MITCHELL (Honor Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Appears. 2. Splendor. 3. To run away. 4. A tree. 5. A hard substance.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A perch. 2. Egg-shaped. 3. A material used on ships to stop leaks. 4. A stub. 5. To test.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Smallest. 2. Proud. 3. A masculine name. 4. The ermine in its summer coat. 5. Relating to a certain number.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Primary. 2. Angry. 3. The stem of a palm. 4. Remains. 5. Rigid.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A collection of maps. 2. A pronoun. 3. Sovereign. 4. Wrath. 5. Prophets.

L. ARNOLD POST (Honor Member).

ANIMAL PUZZLE



WHEN the names of these ten animals are rightly guessed, their initial letters will spell the surname of a famous American.

Designed by WARREN KARNER (League Member).

ADDITIONS.

ADD Y to where cannon look threateningly out,
And two score of soldiers go marching about.

Add Y to a hindrance misfortune may fling,
And it rests in its richness in many a ring.

Add Y to what travels on foot every day,
And now 't is what 's captured when foragers prey.

Add Y to dear mother, who makes the home bright,
And here is a month filled with flowers and delight.

Add Y to a fish which the anglers may miss,
And under the maples some say it is this.

Add Y to a boy, just the first one you meet,
And a finely dressed woman walks on down the street.
LESLIE REES.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

1. "Your 1-2-3-4-5-6-7," he asked, "1-2-7 I make 2-3-4-5-6 at your expense?"
2. The boys 1-2-3-4-5-6 on the beach 2-3-4 began cheering, for they had 1-5-6 all the other boats.
3. The hunter gave the wounded man a few drops from his 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8, saying, "I 3-4-5-6 understand how you were shot unless you were taken for a 1-2-7-8."
4. The artist had been 1-2-3-4-5-6 his fingers badly when his nearest of 3-4-5 asked why so many verbs ended in 1-5-6.
5. Her face turned to an 1-2-3-4-5 hue as 2-3-4 saw 1-5 immense snake coiled at her feet.
6. When 1-2-3-4-5-6 pressed, the miner, who was a 1-5-6 fellow, said that the 2-3-4 was of low grade.
7. He was 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 so loudly that he could not hear the choir 1-5-6-7, 2-3-4 the minister preach.

When the seven words are rightly guessed and placed as shown in the following diagram, from 1 to 7 on the left and from 1 to 7 on the right will each spell the surname of a President of the United States.

1	.	1
.	2
3	.	3
4	.	4
.	5
.	6
.	7

WILMOT S. CLOSE (Honor Member).

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS.

1. Triply behead an associate, and leave conclusion. 2. Triply behead a Southern product, and leave a weight. 3. Triply behead preferably, and leave a pronoun. 4. Triply behead evenly, and leave a confederate. 5. Triply behead a covering for the head, and leave a snare. 6. Triply behead an allegory, and leave competent. 7. Triply behead a deadly missile, and leave to allow. 8. Triply behead a head-rest, and leave vulgar. 9. Triply behead seems, and leave the organs of hearing. 10. Triply behead a horizontal molding, and leave dainty.

When the words have been rightly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a famous Revolutionary commander.

CORINNE J. REINHEIMER (League Member).



P A U S

"'ON GUARD!' CRIED GASPARD." (SEE PAGE 488.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXIII

APRIL, 1906.

No. 6.



By FREDERICK ORIN BARRETT.

I. THE FIGHT AT THE GATES.

"But the fight at the gates!" broke in Gaspard, impatiently. "Haste to the fight at the gates!"

Old Nicolas Berault looked at the slender lad at his side, his eyes brimming over with love and admiration. Perhaps he recalled his own hot youth, or perhaps he thought of the son he had lost in the wars, or perhaps it was just for the sake of old Coline, the lad's father, now dead—but, whatever the reason, Nicolas always hesitated about the fight at the gates.

The two were sitting in the sun, on a bench by the little white cottage. The old man sat a great deal in the sun of late, for his legs were so weak that he could hardly hobble about

even with his cane. The arm that had struck so many good blows for the King was now thin and palsied.

Gaspard sat by his side, tall, lithe, a youth in body, but a man in spirit. Nicolas had taught him to love his God, serve his King, and to honor all women. To help him do the last two things, he had also taught him to use the sword, so that few bearded men could equal him in skill. Already he had gained the title of "the Brave" among the village boys for having killed, unaided, a wild boar.

"Show me," exclaimed Gaspard, jumping to his feet and putting himself in defense with his wooden sword—"show me how you fought the man who waited at the gates for you!"

Nicolas rose stiffly, and held out his cane.

"It was like this, Gaspard," and he thrust at the lad's heart. But Gaspard, with a quick turn of the wrist, sent the cane spinning across the road, and then, laughing merrily, ran after it and brought it back to Nicolas, who, with clouded face, had sat himself down again.

Gaspard rubbed his unbearded cheek against the old man's grizzly whiskers.

"Was it thus you slew him?" he asked, with a chuckle. And Nicolas's heart melted again, as it had many times before under such caresses.

"My arm did not then tremble as it now does," he replied.

"Nay! I know it well, good Nicolas; but was it stronger than mine now is?"

"Pooh! you are but a child," Nicolas burst forth, seeing where this questioning was leading him. "When I first went to the wars, I already had a goodly fringe upon my lip."

Gaspard slowly passed his forefinger over his upper lip. It was certain that, as yet, he could not boast of much there.

"That does not count!" he exclaimed impatiently. "'T is the arm that counts. One does not fight with a mustachio, but a sword. Look, good Nicolas!"

Grasping his wooden weapon firmly, he pointed it steadily at a speck in the wall and held it there without a tremor for fifteen, twenty, twenty-five seconds. Nicolas's eyes glistened with pleasure, but he dared not express it save by a grunt.

"Is not that a man's feat?" demanded Gaspard.

Nicolas remained silent.

"Is not that a man's feat?" persisted the youth.

"Your sword is wooden," Nicolas mumbled.

Without a word, Gaspard flew into the house and soon returned with a sword, the scabbard of which was badly dented and scratched. He kissed it reverently before drawing the glittering blade.

"This is not of wood," he said, and without effort performed the same feat.

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed Nicolas. "*Ma foi!* that is well done. 'T is true, lad, you have a man's arm, right steady and well-skilled; but your legs and chest are yet unformed."

The lad laid the sword gently on the bench.

"Would it take a man to run to the top of yonder hill and back ere the dial marks ten?"

Nicolas glanced at the weather-beaten marker of time, and saw that it lacked but a twentieth of the hour.

"Aye," he admitted; "and a strong man."

The lad was off as fleetly as a bird. Nicolas watched in wonder as he saw Gaspard cross the village and with unflagging speed mount the hill; watched with ever-growing wonder as he saw him return at the same speed, and stand at his side, breathing quickly but not yet exhausted.

Gaspard waited.

"I can say no more," mumbled Nicolas, reluctantly.

"Then I may carry the sword — my father's sword?"

"Your father said," Nicolas answered slowly, "that as soon as you had the strength to wield it with honor, to give it you. Thou hast the strength, Gaspard."

The lad knelt upon one knee, his face flushed with pride.

"I will take it only from your hands, good Nicolas."

Nicolas handed it to the lad and helped him to buckle it on.

"Bless me, father."

Nicolas placed his hand upon Gaspard's head.

"I bless thee, Gaspard."

Then bounding to his feet, the lad drew the glittering sword with a single mighty flourish, and holding it aloft, said steadily:

"And I, Gaspard, the son of Coline, swear that with this blade I will serve, with all my strength, my God, my King, and all women."

Nicolas trembled with joy, but a look of pain swiftly crossed his face.

"Aye, lad; but we serve best our King now by staying a little longer at home and growing yet stronger and swifter. So into the house for the noonday meal."

The remainder of the day, Gaspard was thoughtful. The clanking of the sword at his side inspired him with more than ordinary desire to leave this lazy village and mingle with men. Nicolas watched him uneasily, know-

ing this mood was but the forerunner—not in the least unexpected, however,—to a request he had often heard of late.

At sundown the two sat once again on the bench before the cottage. It was then that old François, a comrade of Nicolas's youth, hobbled up the rough village street and joined them.

"Hast heard the news?" he queried.

"Nay, good François. What might it be?" eagerly questioned the youth, who thought it might be tidings of some hard-fought battle.

"'T is rumored Black Renaud is thereabouts also."

Both Nicolas and Gaspard started. They were silent under the dread spell cast by that name. Black Renaud! It was a name to tremble at, if ever there was one. 'T was said he had killed foully more men than any other ten scoundrels in France; and in fair fight, a score more than any honest man. Once he had even tried to kill the King himself—so the report went, which shows what a very desperate villain he was considered to be.



— THE KING AND HIS COURT ARE AT ROUEN —

"Why, the King and his Court are at Rouen, and like enough will pass through this very village on their way to Paris."

"The King?" cried Gaspard.

"Aye; and 't is said—old Jean, the minstrel, told me of it—that it is many years since he has been followed by so fine a Court."

"But a day's journey distant!"

"True, lad. Moreover, Jean, as an old friend, whispered another bit to me. Listen."

The old man glanced hastily around, and then stooping to the eager listeners, whispered:

"God grant Jean meet him not," said Nicolas, at length.

"If he do, God grant him forgiveness for his sins," added François.

Gaspard was gazing across the fields.

"Of what thinkest thou, lad?" asked François.

"That I go this night to see the King," replied the boy, rising.

"Tut! tut! What 's this? What 's this?" cried Nicolas.

Gaspard kneeled upon one knee at his feet.

"Good Nicolas, you will not say me nay. 'T is only for the matter of three days; and think, father, it is the King who is so near."

Nicolas looked up appealingly at François. The latter slowly nodded his head.

"'T will do the lad good, Nicolas, to see something of the Court. *Ma foi*, if I were young again, I too would go!"

And so it was decided. It took Gaspard but a moment to change his garments; but when he stood before Nicolas to bid him farewell and saw the pain he was causing, all his pleasure seemed to vanish.

"I'll not go," he mumbled unsteadily, hanging his head.

Nicolas heard the words, and, though the lad knew it not, nothing he could have said would have given the old man such pleasure.

"Nay, Gaspard, go. But remember you have two things to defend — your title of 'the Brave' and the honor of your father's sword. God speed thee, Gaspard!"

"And have a care for Black Renaud!" added François.

Swiftly kissing Nicolas upon the lips, the lad turned upon his heel and ran. Who dare say that tears glistened in the eyes of Gaspard the Brave?

II. WHAT GASPARD HEARD.

GASPARD rested from his journey that night in a clump of bushes by the roadside, close by the hostelry of the King's Arms. He slept but fitfully. Once when he awoke he saw in the moonlight a group of horsemen in the road, almost within reach. They were talking in low tones with a certain dwarfish-looking man who had passed Gaspard on the road and had gone on to the inn. Their backs were toward him at first, but when they turned at sound of a twig he snapped in moving, the lad's face changed to an ashy pallor and his heart thumped as it had never thumped before; half instinctively, and half by gossiping description, Gaspard recognized the brutish features of Black Renaud in the group. They all remained silent till their leader's suspicions were aroused.

"'T is no place to talk," he growled.

"But on my oath," said the little man, "'t is the place and time for goodly plunder. In yonder inn lie an even dozen of courtiers whose pockets are as full of gold pieces as mine are of nothing."

"You fool!" hissed Renaud, "hast forgotten the mission we are on? Dost think that now, within twenty furlongs of the stake we play for, thou canst show me gold enough to run the danger of rousing the country-side? Bah! Hast done the work I bade you do?"

"Aye, sirrah," answered the old man, very humbly. Renaud lowered his head to the spy's lips, but Gaspard caught the sentence:

"To-morrow morn at eight the King rides afield by the woods of Gronville."

"Ah!" said Renaud, with marked satisfaction, "but rides not back again!"

The old man peered fearfully about him.

"You should not even whisper such words as those, Renaud."

The latter's lips curled in scorn, and Gaspard saw a set of teeth that looked like those in the mouth of a wolf.

"What hast thou to fear?" he asked. "If all goes well to-night, you receive your tenth of the prize."

"And if not?"

"Why, to-morrow night you receive your tenth of the rope!"

And with a laugh that sounded like a growl, he dug his spurs into his horse's sides and galloped down the road with his followers. For a moment the old man watched them, and then, muttering curses, hobbled back to the inn.

Hardly had he disappeared when Gaspard sprang to his feet, trembling like a leaf at thought of the villainous conspiracy he had just overheard. The King in danger! A plot to kill the King! He could scarcely grasp the idea. He knew that something must be done, but what? Should he rouse the inn? They would only laugh at him. He must get word to the King himself. But how? Here was the chance for Gaspard to prove himself. He ran lightly to the inn stable. Of one thing he was certain: he must get to Rouen as fast as he could. He passed the sleeping hostler and bridled the horse nearest the door. Then he mounted, and with one wild dash shot out into

the night, the cries of the astonished stableman ringing in his ears.

It was almost broad daylight when, well-nigh exhausted, he spurred his jaded horse into the outer court of the castle of De Moinville. At the foot of a broad flight of stone steps a half-dozen guards sat, laughing over a game of dice.



PAUSE
GASPARD IN THE WOODS OF GRONVILLE

One of them, spying the lad, looked up from the game long enough to ask with a roar what he did there.

"I would see the King at once," panted Gaspard.

For a moment they all stared in astonishment at the boy who dared make so bold a request, and then burst into loud guffaws of laughter.

"To see the King?" cried the leader to his companions. "Jean, tell the King to come down at once!" And again they laughed.

Gaspard's face flushed in anger. "I must see the King! I have news of moment!"

"News of moment? I' faith, he would tell

his Majesty how on yestereve he tripped over his sword and bumped his nose!"

A chorus of laughter, louder than before, greeted this sally, and brought out from within a man dressed all in lace and gold.

"What means this noise?" he demanded angrily. "Do ye know ye are not in a tap-room, but before the castle wherein sleeps the King?"

At his appearance all had stood erect.

"My captain," said the leader, stepping forward and saluting, "this youth here —"

Gaspard himself now stepped forward.

"I would see the King, sir, and at once; but these men have only laughed at me!"

Even the captain smiled.

The fear that, after all, he might be too late swept over Gaspard.

"Ah, if you did but know!" he pleaded. "It will soon be too late. As you love your King, let me pass!"

Gaspard made to step up the stairs, but his path was barred by the men. The captain motioned to let him pass and entered the hall with the lad.

"What is your tidings?" he asked.

His voice was that of a mother asking the trouble of her weeping child.

"What is your news, lad?" he repeated.

Gaspard choked back a sob.

"Black Renaud awaits the king in the woods of Gronville," he faltered.

For a second the captain's brow knit, and then he laughed softly, confidently. Within the hour his most trustworthy spy had reported that Black Renaud was in England.

But a hundred different emotions swept over Gaspard. The strength left his legs. He tottered against the door.

"There, my lad," said the captain, laying his hand tenderly on the boy's shoulder. "There, go home and rest. Some ruffian has made a fool of thee. Black Renaud is in England, and it will be long ere he dares set foot upon these shores."

Then, as the captain gently pushed him toward the door, something seemed to seize Gaspard by the throat, so that he could say no more. In some way he staggered without the castle walls, leading his tired horse. Then he threw himself in the bushes by the roadside, weeping

as though his heart would break. The horse wandered where he would, nibbling at the grass.

At length Gaspard slept, utterly exhausted.

III. IN THE WOODS OF GRONVILLE.

GASPARD awoke with the blast of a trumpet in his ears. He rubbed his eyes and looked about him in surprise to find he was not in his bed by the side of Nicolas. Then as the events of the last two days slowly dawned upon him, he jumped to his feet with his cheeks crimson at thought of the coward part he had played in sleeping while the King was in danger.

Within the courtyard he saw a bustle of preparation, and he thanked God as he realized that the King had not yet started for the woods of Gronville.

He was so refreshed by his nap that his thoughts came more quickly. He knew now there remained but one thing to do: if he could not reach the King, then he must reach Black Renaud. The thought of it took the blood from his cheeks, but it brought the strength back to his legs. Without stopping to ponder further, he began a search for his horse. He found the animal at no great distance, as much refreshed as he himself was. He leaped upon his back and spurred him on in the direction of the hunting-forest. Once reaching there, he knew not which way to turn, but rode wildly on among the trees. For the space of half an hour he met with nothing but startled boars and frightened pheasants. Then suddenly a man sprang from a clump of bushes and brought his horse back upon his haunches.

"What mean you, jack-rabbit, by running about like this? Dost know that the King will hunt here within the hour?"

With a start, Gaspard recognized the little old dwarf he had seen near the inn.

"Black Renaud! I would see Black Renaud!" cried Gaspard.

The old man half drew his sword.

"What do you know of Black Renaud, you baby fool?" he growled.

"News!" cried Gaspard, "I have news for him!"

The old man hesitated. What did the lad

know? 'T were as well to hold him prisoner, at any rate.

"Dismount!" he commanded.

Gaspard obeyed. On the ground he looked so frail that the old man scorned to disarm him. They proceeded some few rods into the grove, and there they met another man, to whom Gaspard was turned over as a prisoner. For a few minutes he paced nervously back and forth. So surely as he now lived, he believed that he should breathe no more within the hour. He said a little prayer.

Following the sound of some huge animal breaking through the underbrush, a man emerged into the clearing where Gaspard stood. It was Black Renaud.

For a moment he gazed in silence at the youth.

"Your news?" he growled.

"I would be alone with you first," answered Gaspard, his eyes burning.

With a scornful smile, Black Renaud motioned his followers to leave him, and then waited with his long arms folded upon his breast.

Hardly had the others disappeared before Gaspard had snatched his sword from its scabbard—the good sword held in so many fights by his father.

"On guard!" cried Gaspard.

With an exclamation of surprise, Black Renaud drew his weapon.

"You gosling!" he exclaimed, and made a quick pass at the lad's heart. Gaspard, nimble of foot, stepped to one side, and in turn darted his weapon with such speed that the big man saved himself by only a hair's breadth.

This was the beginning of as fierce a fight as ever was fought within the borders of France. Against Renaud's skill and experience, the lad had youth and the strength coming from the consciousness of a noble purpose.

Darting forward to the right, the left, as swiftly as a pheasant, he avoided his opponent's lightning thrusts, and at the same time attacked him upon as many sides as two older men could have done. Though the leader could have called to his aid a dozen followers, the shame of being seen in a losing fight with so young a man held him back. At last, frenzied

with rage, he resorted to sheer brute force, rushing like an angry bull upon Gaspard, in the hope of beating him down. His mouth foamed and his breath came in little coughing gasps as Gaspard's point pressed closer and closer. The lad, too, was growing weak; his legs felt not so steady beneath him, and his eyes saw not so clearly. Suddenly Black Renaud's blade shot beneath the lad's guard, and though Gaspard stepped quickly to one side, a stream of blood coursed from his shoulder. Encouraged by this, Renaud rushed forward.

Then from behind, in the distance, came the shouts of the King's huntsmen. For the fraction of a second Black Renaud turned his head. It was long enough for old Coline's sword to give a fatal thrust to the greatest scoundrel in all France, who fell forward like a blasted tree at Gaspard's feet. When his startled henchmen broke through the underbrush in search of their leader, they found him there, and, with a single frightened glance, fled in confusion.

The King and his followers stood on the edge of the wood, waiting for the beaters to round up the game. His Majesty was in good spirits, and stood talking with the Count de Moinville, when the captain of the guards approached.

"Aha!" exclaimed the King, gayly. "T will be good hunting to-day, if I mistake not."

"Sire," replied the captain, bowing as low as he could, and trembling—"sire, it has already been good hunting. In yonder wood Black Renaud lies dead!"

"What!" exclaimed his Majesty. "Black Renaud dead—and yonder?"

The captain again bowed low.

The King's face clouded.

"How came he there?" he thundered.

Briefly the captain told as much of the story as he knew. With a scowl that foreboded ill, the King turned his horse toward Rouen.

"Back!" he roared. "And does the lad live we will have a new captain of the guards!"

"Sire—"

"And does he die," added his Majesty, ominously—"and does he die—why, we will still have a new captain of the guards!"

Had a stranger come into the city of Rouen,

a few days later, he would have found all in preparation for some grand event. Never in its history had the city been gayer than then. Hanging from every window were the royal flags of France, while here and there across the streets were gay arches of flowers, such as were never seen save in honor of some great victory.



"GASPARD THE BRAVE."

As the sun rose higher, the crowds from around and about flocked into the city in such numbers that the soldiers were in despair to keep the streets clear.

At last there was heard, in the direction of the Château de Moinville, a blast of trumpets. This grew louder and louder, until it was plain that some great procession was nearing. First came, upon white chargers, a band of trumpeters. Following them came the King's guards, and then the King himself. On full-blooded steeds there rode by his side the Count de Moinville and—Gaspard the Brave!

Aye, there he was! dressed in princely garments and with his good sword hanging by his side

—a little pale, perhaps, but looking now like a full-grown man. Farther back rode one, white-haired, but to whose cheeks the bloom of youth had for the moment returned. 'T was Nicolas—good Nicolas Berault. There was row upon row of gallant knights in this procession winding out of the Château; but of them all there was not one who did not envy the youth riding by the King's side.

Cheer after cheer rent the air as the line moved slowly on toward the woods of Gronville. The lad was fairly dizzy, but he held his head high and sat upon his horse as jauntily as the oldest gallant of them all. Straight on they moved, until at last they gathered around

the very spot where Gaspard had fought his fierce fight.

Then the lad alighted and bent his knee before his sovereign. Amid the hush of the multitude, the King lightly touched the lad's shoulder with the flat of his jeweled sword.

"In the name of St. Michael and St. George, I dub thee knight. Be brave, bold, loyal. Arise, Sir Gaspard!"

Such a cheer rent the air as old Nicolas had not heard since the fight at the gates.

Sir Gaspard stood a moment facing the crowd, smiling, and then he turned to seek the hand of old Nicolas. And the old man looked with pride into the eyes of Sir Gaspard the Brave.



TWO TREES.

BY ELISABETH R. FINLEY.

A LITTLE tree, short but self-satisfied,
Glanced toward the ground, then tossed its head and cried:
"Behold how tall I am! how far the dusty earth!"
And boasting thus, it swayed in scornful mirth.

The tallest pine-tree in the forest raised
Its head toward heaven, and sighed the while it gazed:
"Alas, how small I am and the great skies how far!
What years of space 'twixt me and yonder star!"

MORAL.

Our height depends on what we measure by:
If up from earth, or downward from the sky.

THE KNITTING-SCHOOL.

—
BY H. S. POTTER.
—

It was an Englishman who said:

*I have seen a Holland cottage, where, I heard,
What the children of England take pleasure in
breaking.*

If he had seen the Breiben School of Laren he could have made a newer and a better proverb.

Every bright day four little Dutch maids sit on the bench before Mevrouw Kosta's door and Janike teaches them to knit. Anna, who is ten, clicks her needles fast and evenly, but Wilhelmina, who is only six, crooks her fat, pudgy little fingers painfully round the yarn and sighs.

She knows well that it is necessary to be clever to live in Laren, for Laren, let me tell

you, is a most distinguished place, very different from the rest of Holland; and Wilhelmina knows it is quite mountainous there, for it is thirteen feet above the sea. But to be clever it is necessary to knit heels as well as legs of stockings; so she keeps at it, while, inside the cottage, Mevrouw Kosta is spinning yarn on a big spinning-wheel, and you can hear the cheerful hum of the bobbin.

When the sun sends out long, level rays across the flat, green fields, and the windmill throws its queer shadow down the hard, white road, Wilhelmina's and Nettje's plump legs carry them home with a right good will, their wooden shoes clattering down the road toward the sunset, as the long Dutch twilight begins.

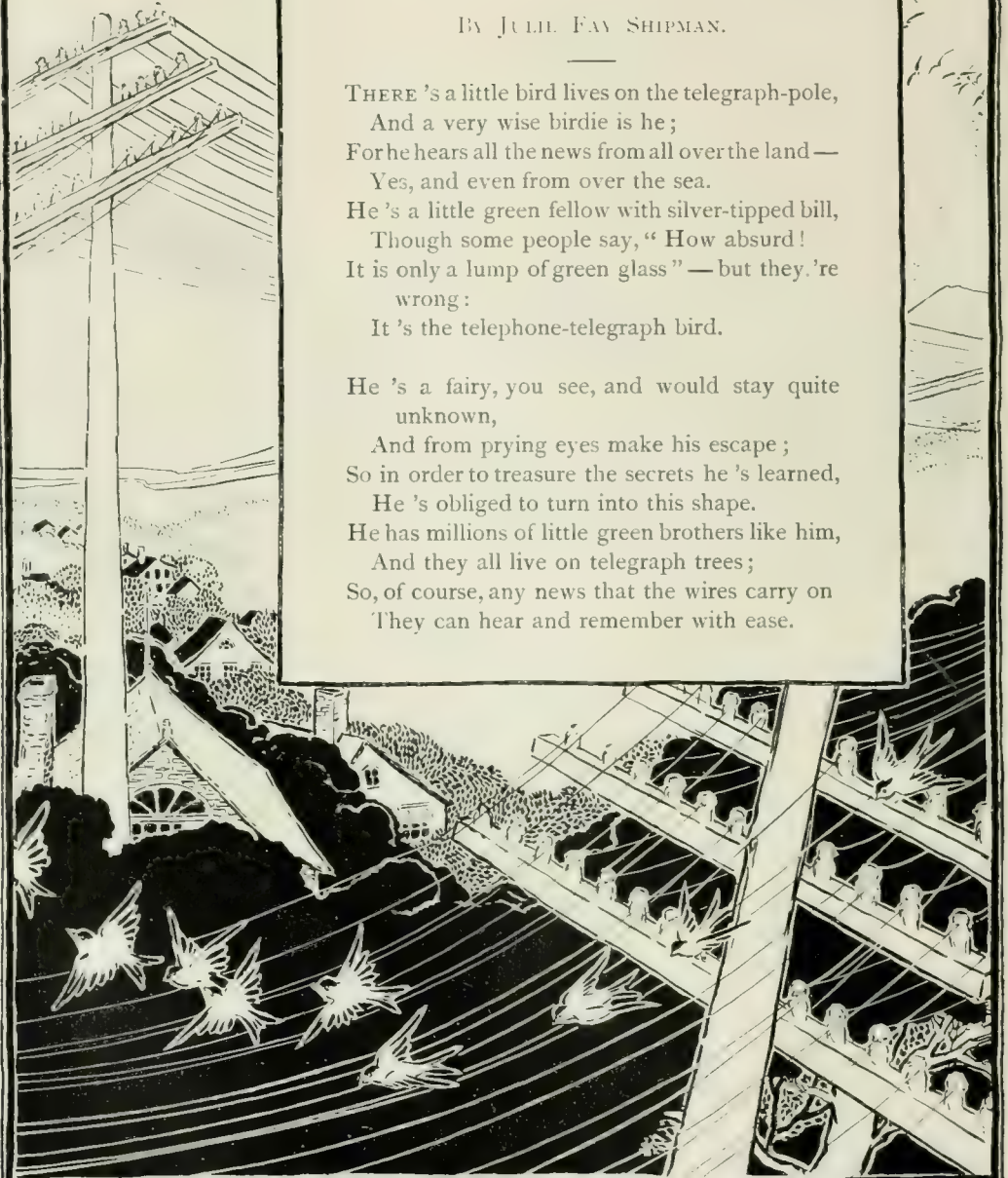


THE TELEPHONE-TELEGRAPH BIRD.

By JULIE FAY SHIPMAN.

THERE 's a little bird lives on the telegraph-pole,
And a very wise birdie is he ;
For he hears all the news from all over the land —
Yes, and even from over the sea.
He 's a little green fellow with silver-tipped bill,
Though some people say, " How absurd !
It is only a lump of green glass " — but they 're
wrong :
It 's the telephone-telegraph bird.

He 's a fairy, you see, and would stay quite
unknown,
And from prying eyes make his escape ;
So in order to treasure the secrets he 's learned,
He 's obliged to turn into this shape.
He has millions of little green brothers like him,
And they all live on telegraph trees ;
So, of course, any news that the wires carry on
They can hear and remember with ease.





It is strange all the things that they hear and
they know,
And these things very often they tell;
For they fly round at night, when you little
ones sleep,
And they whisper the things that befell.
If you 've told an untruth, or been naughty or
rude,
By some means your mama will have heard;
If "a little bird told me," she says when you ask,
It 's that telephone-telegraph bird.

Now, of course, birthday secrets, surprises, and
gifts
To himself he will carefully keep;
And he'll even help out with suggestions and
hints
Whispered low in your ear while you sleep.

But if mischief you plan, or go wrong, on the
sly,
I 'd advise you to think of it twice;
For that bird 's bound to know and, as sure as
can be,
He will tell on you, too, in a trice.

I 'm afraid there 'll be some who won't credit
this tale
(Some grown folks are fairy-tale haters),
Who will call the green things on the telegraph-
poles
Long names such as glass insulators.
Let them laugh if they will, for we know what
we know;
We won't care if they don't take our word;
And a nice little secret we 'll have — you and I
And the telephone-telegraph bird.

THE JONQUIL.

ARM, arm, anemone!
Up, lazy daffodil!
You sleepy, sleepy willowbud —
Art dreaming, dreaming still?
For shame, you tardy violet!
For shame, you recreant rose!
Hark, how the herald jonquil now
His golden trumpet blows!

A good month's march to vanward
Of the Spring's embattled train,
He sounds his ringing challenge
'Gainst the lances of the rain.
Ho, blooms! charge down the wooded slopes
Upon your wintry foes!
Up! up! The gallant jonquil now
His golden bugle blows!

Don Marquis.



EASTER BLOOMS.

THE LIGHTHOUSE-BUILDER'S SON.

(ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.)

BY ARIADNE GILBERT.



If you had lived in Edinburgh fifty years ago you might have met, coming out of the first house on Inverleith Terrace, a five-year-old boy in a blue coat, trimmed with fur, and a big beaver bonnet. You would have noticed nothing very remarkable about this child except that he had a pale, delicate little face, and enormous shining eyes, and that he seemed very fond of his pleasant-looking nurse. This little boy was Robert Louis Stevenson, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stevenson.

Mr. Stevenson, Louis's father, was a lighthouse-builder, and belonged to a family of famous lighthouse-builders. His father, Louis's grandfather, built the Bell Rock Lighthouse, off the eastern coast of Scotland. How hard this was to build you can imagine when you remember that it stood on a dangerous reef, which the sea uncovered only for a few hours at low tide, so that the men had to have a special little workshop built on supports which were fixed in the rock. Then, too, as they worked on the iron foundation of the lighthouse, up would roll the sea and put out their fire. Yet Stevenson's grandfather had the determination and skill to push the work forward. He felt the grave need of a lighthouse there, for this was the dangerous reef described in "The Inchcape Rock." Off the opposite coast of Scotland, on the island of Tyree, stands another famous lighthouse which the Stevensons built. Eleven years before Louis was born, his Uncle

Allan had begun work on the lighthouse of Skerryvore. For its foundation his men had to blast a hole forty feet square in the solid rock. Twice storm and sea combined defeated Mr. Stevenson's plans, and swept away the work of his faithful builders. At last, however, in 1844, the labor was completed, and the wheeling gleam of Skerryvore light shines on the ocean to this day.

We want to know all this, not only because it is interesting, but because it helps us to understand Robert Louis's life. He loved the sea and felt at home on it; and perhaps he would have learned to build lighthouses if he had not wanted so much more to build stories. His love of writing must have come from his mother's side of the family. Although Mrs. Stevenson did not write herself, she was very fond of other people's writing, especially of poetry, and she taught her son to love it, too. Besides this, her father, Louis's other grandfather, was a minister, so that he wrote sermons, although he did not write books.

From his mother's side of the family Stevenson inherited one more thing, and that was a frail body and weak lungs; so that from his very babyhood he was delicate, and when he grew older he was ordered to travel and to spend much of his time out of doors, in order to live at all.

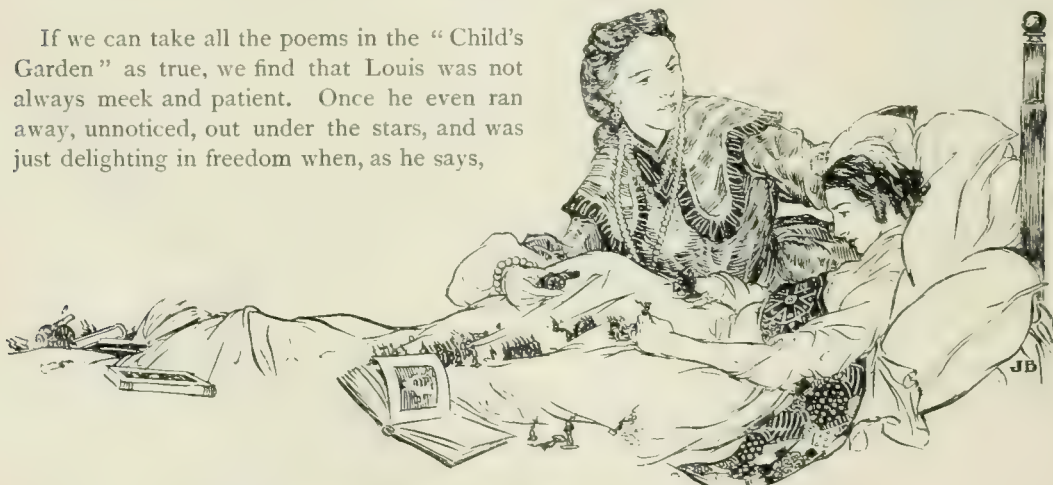
There is no better way to get the story of Stevenson's life than in his own writings. It is possible to get it almost from the beginning. His "Child's Garden of Verses," although of course it is not every word about himself, gives us a very good idea of his sickly and lonely childhood. Nearly every poem presents a little picture. If you read the "Land of Counterpane" you will see him amusing himself when he is sick; you can imagine him propped up tenderly in the pillows when he played with

his lead soldiers. In others you find out that he was sent to bed early, and that he often lay there listening to the wind or to the people passing in the street below. In "Winter Time" you will find that he had to be all muffled up so as not to take cold. In almost every one, though, you feel how fond he was of play; how he loved the wild March wind, which did him harm, and the garden and the sunshine, which could harm no one; and how, in every way, he yearned to be as rugged as other boys.

Although he had most loving care, still we cannot help feeling that he was often lonely, if only from the pathetic poem called "The Lamplighter." We can imagine him sitting, with his little face against the pane, waiting for Leerie, and saying perhaps, as many Scotch lads were taught to say, "God bless the lamplighter!" and then thinking wistfully:

And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

If we can take all the poems in the "Child's Garden" as true, we find that Louis was not always meek and patient. Once he even ran away, unnoticed, out under the stars, and was just delighting in freedom when, as he says,



"PROPPED UP TENDERLY IN THE PILLOWS WHEN HE PLAYED WITH HIS LEAD-SOLDIERS."

They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed.

His father and mother probably led in this chase, but I feel sure that his nurse, Alison Cunningham, or "Cummy," as he called her, was not far behind. She was one of his best friends, and did much to keep him from being lonely. She read and told him stories; she recited poems; she took him to walk and showed him the beauty of the world; she sang, she even danced, for "her boy." Not only was

she such a jolly playmate: but she was a most patient nurse. Sometimes Louis would lie awake for hours coughing; then "Cummy" would be awake with him. "How well I remember," Stevenson wrote when he was a man, "her lifting me out of bed, carrying me to the window, and showing me one or two lit windows, where also, we told each other, there might be sick little boys and nurses waiting, like us, for the morning."

One of the things that we like best about Stevenson is that when he grew up he did not forget this nurse, but wrote her many letters, which, although he was a grown man, he often signed, "Your Laddie," and in which, again and again, he expressed his thanks to her. Sometimes he even called her his "second mother." Although he became a well-known author, he was never ashamed of the "woman who had loved him," but kept up the friendship; and

in one of his letters we get a picture of them together: "Do you remember when you used to take me out of bed in the early morning, carry me to the back windows, show me the hills of Fife, and quote to me:

"O, the hills are all covered with snow,
An' winter 's noo come fairly!"

The kindest thing that Stevenson did for "Cummy," however, was in dedicating the "Child's Garden of Verses" to her. The poem

of dedication is full of love and tenderness, and all the more manly for that. It begins:

For the long nights you lay awake
And watch'd for my unworthy sake,

and ends:

From the sick child, now well and old,
Take, nurse, the little book you hold!
And grant it, Heaven, that all who read
May find as dear a nurse at need,
And every child who lists my rhyme,
In the bright, fireside, nursery clime,
May hear it in as kind a voice
As made my childish days rejoice!

Yet, in spite of his parents' companionship and "Cummy's" sympathy and playfulness, Louis would have missed a good deal of childish fun if he had not had over fifty cousins.

In the summers a crowd of these and Louis visited at the "Manse," the home of his minister grandfather; there were two, especially, that he played with most, a boy and a girl about his own age. One of their favorite games was that they were fleeing from a giant, whom in the end, of course, they always killed. Sometimes they played that they were on exploring tours. A favorite place for this game was a sandy isle in Allan Water, where they "waded in butter-burrs," and where, with the plashy water all round them, they felt delightfully secure from grown-up people. On Sundays they went to church, where they heard the beautiful white-haired grandfather preach. When he was in the pulpit he seemed very great and far away to Louis; but when he was at home the child was not afraid of him.

Part of the summer was usually spent, not at this grandfather's manse, but at the sea-shore. There, of course, Louis found the same delight that other children find in the beating and roaring of the waves, and in the natural fountains of spray that played on the rocks. One of his friends says that he often built "sea-houses," or great holes with the sand banked all round, into which he and his playmates would get, there to wait, all excitement, until the creeping tide, coming ever nearer, should at last wash over their bulwark of sand.

From these stories you will see that, on the whole, Stevenson had as much playtime as

most children. But, of course, he had to go to school. His school life was broken, however, because his parents, who had to travel for their health, took him with them to Germany, Holland, Italy, and many places in Scotland. Stevenson was sent to private schools in these



"HE OFTEN BUILT 'SEA-HOUSES'."

different countries, and for the rest of the time he had tutors. There was really only one lesson, however, that Stevenson thoroughly enjoyed, and that was "composition." His compositions were remarkable for their bad spelling. Stevenson could not spell well even after he became a man, yet writing was almost a passion with him. When he was four years old he had a strange dream—that he "heard the noise of pens writing." When he was five he dictated to his mother what he called "The History of Moses." His uncle had offered a prize of a sovereign to the niece or nephew who wrote the best story. Stevenson's was not the best, and so he did not get the prize, but his uncle gave him an extra prize because it was so good for his age.

You will notice that Stevenson dictated his "History"; he did not write it himself. That was because he did not know how, for he was not taught to write when he was very young; he could not even read till he was eight. His pretty young mother, however, and faithful "Cummy" read and told him stories. He



"HIS PRETTY YOUNG MOTHER READ HIM STORIES."

said that he lived in a "Land of Story-books." He loved poetry, too, and tells us that he remembers, when he was very little, repeating these lines over and over for their music:

"In pastures green Thou leadest me,
The quiet waters by."

When he did read for himself, he read a good deal of Scott, although he was less enthusiastic over the "Waverley Novels" than are many other boys.

Nearly everything he read made him want to write himself. He enjoyed all his "composi-

tion" work, but he did not enjoy the writing that he did in school nearly so much as what he did of his own accord. As for his other lessons, his teachers considered him thoroughly lazy. All through his boyhood, Stevenson tells us, he was "pointed out as the pattern of an idler," and yet all the time he was eagerly trying to write. When he grew older he always carried with him two books — one to read and one to write in; and as he walked on the heathy hills, through the woods, or by the sea, his mind was busy trying to fit his thoughts with words. Sometimes he tried to describe exactly the thing he was looking at; sometimes he wrote down conversations from memory; sometimes he wrote on the same subject first in one man's style and then in another's. Thus he wrestled with his own brain; tried, criticized, and tried again. He says he practised to learn to write as boys practise to learn to whittle.

II.

ALL this time, while Louis was growing from childhood to boyhood, his father was watching him closely and planning for him to follow his own profession and that of so many in the family — the brave profession of lighthouse-building. With this in view, from the time Louis was fourteen his father took him on sea trips in the *Pharos* all among the rock-bound islands of the Scottish coast. While Mr. Stevenson inspected the lighthouses or studied the "ugly reefs and black rocks" where there was a "tower to be built and a star to be lighted," Louis talked with the captains or watched the brave builders, whom he heartily admired, eager as they were in their perilous work. He was happy, too, tossing about on the deep water, and he knew no fear in the great storms. He felt the power of it all. He saw the shimmering beauty in the deep path of the light, the beacon of safety over the black sea. These thoughts, however, did not turn his mind to lighthouse-building, but to story-building; and it was the life on the ocean which helped him to write "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped," which are so popular with young folk everywhere.

We are glad Stevenson's interest turned to

writing ; but his father was bitterly disappointed. He thought that an author's profession was too uncertain of success. Accordingly, in the hope of rousing Louis's interest in lighthouses instead of stories, he sent him to Edinburgh University to take a course in engineering. This made not the least difference. "It is no use to try to make a lighthouse-builder of this boy," at last said Mr. Stevenson to himself, and so he decided that Louis should study law. Thus it was that Stevenson, at twenty-one, entered on his law study, but half-heartedly.

This course of study, like the courses of his childhood, was interrupted by much sickness. Within two years Stevenson was ordered to Italy for the sake of his nerves and lungs. Two years later he went back to England, passed examinations, and was admitted to the bar ; but he never practised, for all the rest of his life was spent in searching for health in many lands. And yet, in spite of weakness, he was not idle. Everywhere he went he found something worth seeing and worth writing about ; and again the story of his young manhood may be read in his own books, just as the story of his childhood may be read in the "Garden of Verses." And we find him full of good cheer as a child and as a man. The little boy said :

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

The man wrote : "I have so many things to make life sweet to me, it seems a pity I cannot have that other thing—health. But though you will be angry to hear it, I believe, for myself at least, what is, is best."

The year after he left the university he took a canoeing trip with one of his friends. You may read about it in "An Inland Voyage." In the *Arethusa* and the *Cigarette* they paddled up the river that Stevenson describes as running as though it "smelt the sea." They spent their nights and took their meals at farm-houses. Sometimes they rested on the grass beneath the trees. From a recent storm the river was unusually turbulent ; trees had been uprooted, and here and there the wind had thrown them across the stream. On one of these trees Stevenson's canoe caught and was

capsized, and Stevenson himself barely escaped by clinging to the tree, while his canoe "went merrily down stream." When he got the strength, he pulled himself ashore by the tree trunk, his friend paddling off after the canoe. Of course such a struggle, combined with a wetting, was no help to Stevenson's health.

Two years later he took another trip. This time it was a walking trip in France, and his only companion was a little old donkey named "Modestine." He did not take her to ride on, but to carry his baggage, which he describes as a big sleeping-sack, "a bed by night, a port-manteau by day."

Modestine's natural pace was "as much slower than a walk as a walk is slower than a run," and "she stopped to browse by the way." As they journeyed on, Stevenson met a peasant who taught him to say "Proot!" which in French donkey-language is "Get up!" To urge her on still more, he gave him a whip. Another peasant, at whose house Stevenson stopped, made him a goad, with which he "pushed Modestine along." As their way led through the shaggy mountains of France, you can imagine that they did not travel fast. Yet they went one hundred and twenty miles or so in twelve days ; and when, at the end of this time, Stevenson sold his donkey friend, who could go no further, it was not without genuine regret, for she had been grateful, eating the black bread out of his hand, and she had been companionable. When he lay awake at night under the spicy pines, listening to the roaring wind or gazing up at the glittering stars, it had been pleasant to hear Modestine pawing by his side, or walking round and round at the end of her tether.

The next year, when Stevenson was twenty-nine, he decided to go to California, and, partly to save money and partly for experience, he traveled by emigrant ship and train. In "An Amateur Emigrant" he gives us his impressions of the rough passengers who were his companions on the sea voyage, and also what were, perhaps, their impressions of him. The sailors called him "mate"; the officers, "my man"; the workmen in the steerage considered him one of their own class ; a certain mason even believed that he was a mason. What they all

wondered at was that he should spend so much time writing.

In "Across the Plains" Stevenson gives us a good idea of the continuation of this trip by train to California. At night they made their beds by putting straw cushions on the boards which reached from bench to bench. Stevenson slept and "chummed" with a Dutchman from Philadelphia. These two and one other clubbed together to buy washing-materials—a tin basin, a towel, and a bar of soap. They washed on the rear platform. They bought, too, a few cooking-utensils and coffee and sugar, so that they could get their own breakfasts now and then.

On this trip Stevenson found one firm friend in the newsboy. The child had noticed how pale he looked, and that he held the door open with his foot so as to get a little fresh air instead of the foul air of the crowded car. So, one day when Stevenson was reading, the newsboy slipped a large, juicy pear into his hand. Stevenson says that this little newsboy "petted" him all the rest of the way.

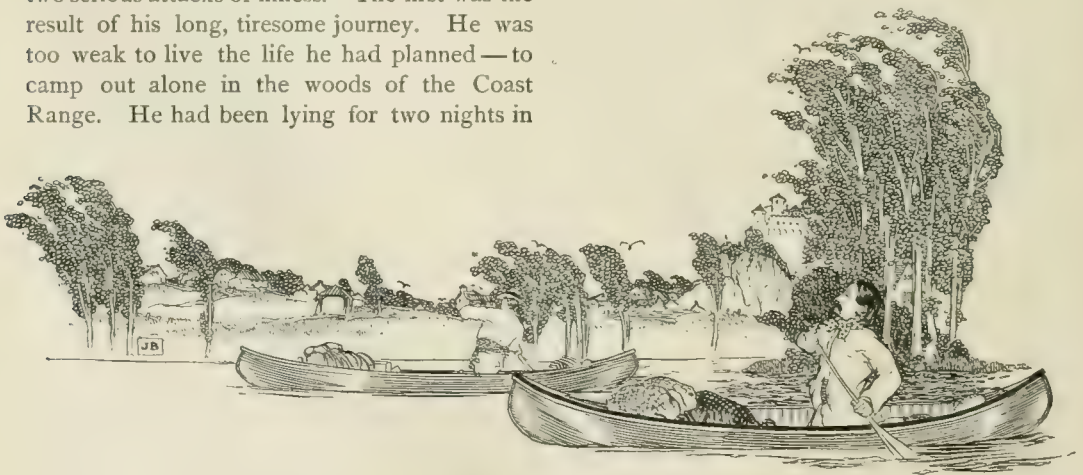
After he reached California, Stevenson had two serious attacks of illness. The first was the result of his long, tiresome journey. He was too weak to live the life he had planned—to camp out alone in the woods of the Coast Range. He had been lying for two nights in

by exhausting himself with nursing his landlady's little four-year-old child. Stevenson saved the child's life, but it almost cost him his own.

When Stevenson was in France he had met a Mrs. Osbourne, who was now in California with her son. When she heard of Stevenson's illness she came to help take care of him, and after Stevenson grew well they were married; so it was that his next trip was taken with her and with his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne (now himself a well-known writer).

These three camped out on Mount St. Helena, near the Silverado Mine, and called themselves by the same name which Stevenson chose for his book,— "Silverado Squatters,"—because without legal claim they had taken possession of a Silverado miner's disused house. Stevenson and his wife called themselves the King and Queen, Lloyd was the Crown Prince, and "Chuchu," the dog, they honored as the "Grand Duke."

After the old house was cleaned and repaired it was a sweet, airy place, "haunted by the perfumes of the glen." They had filled in the



ON THE "INLAND VOYAGE."

a half-stupor, under a tree, when a bear-hunter found him and carried him in his arms to a goatherd's hut near by. There he was taken care of for two weeks till he grew strong enough to go on to Monterey. From there he went to San Francisco, where the next year he was taken ill again. This time his illness was caused

doors and windows with white cotton cloth; they had brought their own stove; and they made their beds of clean hay. Though the cañons were full of rattlesnakes, none of the "squatters" were afraid, except "Chuchu." "Every whiz of the rattle made him bound." His eyes rolled; he trembled; he would be

often wet with sweat." Stevenson, however, "took his sun-baths and open-air calisthenics without fear, though the rattlers were buzzing

Alps, Edinburgh, and finally the south of France. For the next seven years, sick as he was, Stevenson somehow found strength, between the attacks of illness, to write with vigor and eagerness. Besides many books for grown people, he wrote during this time his best two books for boys—"Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped." "Treasure Island" was his first book that was popular enough to pay well. Stevenson's father helped him a good deal with this, by drawing on his experiences at sea.

The death of this father, two years later, was the deepest sorrow Stevenson ever had. They had been chums together, almost like two boys, with all the added love between father and son. This grief had such a bad effect on Stevenson's health that three months later, in August, he and his family, including his mother, went to the Adirondacks in America. They lived there, near Lake Saranac, until the next summer, in a wooden house on a hill-top overlooking a stream of running water.

While they were in the Adirondacks an American publisher offered Stevenson ten thousand dollars for an account of a voyage in the South Seas. He felt that the trip might do him good; he needed the money, and, as always, he loved the sea. All the family went with him, and even his mother enjoyed it, although they had a stormy voyage. When Stevenson was seventeen, an old Highland sibyl had prophesied that he was to be "very happy, to visit America, and to be much at sea." It had all come true. He was happy, because he was determined to be happy. As for his life on the sea, he tells it best himself. "I cannot say why I like the sea; no man can be more cynically and constantly alive to its perils; I regard it as the highest form of gambling; and yet I love the sea as much as I hate gambling. Fine clean emotions; a world all and always beautiful; air better than wine; interest unflagging: there is, upon the whole, no better life;" and again, "These two last years I have been much at sea, and never once did I lose my fidelity to blue water and a ship."

One of the interesting things that Stevenson did on this trip was to visit the leper settlement on one of the Hawaiian Islands. None of his family went with him. He was one passenger



"TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY."

all around." Nor did he think anything more of the brown bears and mountain lions, though once an old grizzly visited a poultry-yard in the village below. No; none of these creatures made him leave his mountain camp; it was the old, old enemy, illness, away off there so many miles from civilization or a doctor's help. Even "so far above the world" the sea-fogs found him out.

A few months after this Stevenson and his wife returned to Scotland. Mrs. Stevenson was a jolly, courageous companion as well as a capable nurse. She had need to be both, for by this time her husband's lung trouble had become settled. They still traveled, trying the different climates of the Scotch Highlands, the

in two boat-loads of lepers. In the boat with him were two sisters who tried hard to be brave; but one of them could not help crying softly all the way. Stevenson, in his big sympathy, was soon crying with her.

A crowd of other lepers swarmed down to the shore to meet them. They were in all stages of the disease, some very loathsome. Stevenson spent seven days and nights here. The whole experience was a great drain on his sympathies, actually living with those poor people, "still breathing, still thinking, still remembering," and yet dying by inches of a most dreadful disease. Yet, although Stevenson pitied the lepers, he did not let them see his pity. After the first breakdown, he was bright as ever. He played croquet with seven leper girls, and told stories to the old leper women in the hospital.

His love for children never failed. From the little California boy that he nursed through sickness, at the risk of his own life, to many small waifs in city streets, his love was the same. He said himself that he almost coveted the children, he wished so much that they were his, "especially the wee ones." Later, we find him formally willing his birthday to a little girl who was born on February 29, and so had only one birthday in four years; and now from the island of Honolulu we find him writing to a friend of his, another man of about forty: "The girls here all have dolls and love dressing them. You, who know so many dressmakers, please make it known it would be an acceptable gift to send scraps for doll dressmaking to the Reverend Sister Mary Ann, Bishop Home, Kilaupapa, Molokai, Hawaiian Islands." This letter shows not only Stevenson's love of children, but his willingness to take trouble over little things, although by this time he was a busy and prominent man.

In April, 1889, Stevenson's mother returned to Scotland, and he, his wife, and Lloyd continued their exploring tour, which included the Gilbert Islands, the Marquesas, the Carolines, Australia, and finally Samoa.

III.

STEVENSON's life in Samoa is, in some ways, the most interesting story of all, and here

again you can find that story in his own writings. This time, however, it is in his letters more than in his books. These letters are so vivid, moreover, that you feel as if you were right in Samoa with him. You are living in his spotless little box of a house, called Vailima, which means "five rivers," and so reminds you that it is within sound of flowing streams. There, from the broad veranda,—and the house is almost half veranda,—you can look straight up on one side at the wooded Vaea Mountain; and on the other side down six hundred feet before you gleams the sea, "filling the end of two vales of forest." The house is built in a clearing in the jungle. The trees about it are twice as tall as the house; the birds about it are always talking or singing; and here and there among the trees echoes "the ringing sleigh-bell of the tree-toad."

During the first six months that Stevenson and his family lived at Vailima there was much to be done. They built three houses, a big barn, two miles of road (this road three times, for the roads were continually being destroyed by heavy rains), "cleared many acres of bush, made some miles of path, planted quantities of food, and enclosed a horse paddock and some acres of pig run."

Sometimes Stevenson calls this property of his a farm and sometimes a plantation. It was a little of both. He had horses, pigs, and chickens, and raised nearly all our common vegetables. Besides these, however, he had the fruits of the tropics—his own banana-patch, his hedge of lemon-trees, and plenty of pineapples, breadfruit, and cocoanuts. Stevenson enjoyed the life of a farmer as much as he had enjoyed everything else. Sometimes, as he said, he played the "game of patience" by weeding all the morning. Things often went wrong; but he took bad luck merrily. Occasionally his pigs were stolen; once his horse "kicked him in the shin" when he was taking off her saddle; once the carpenter's horse stepped in a nest of fourteen eggs and, as Stevenson said, made "an omelette of all their hopes." Still, with perfect honesty, he could sign his letter, "The Well-pleased South Sea Islander"; for here in Samoa he could be out of doors, whereas in Scotland he would have

been in bed. The longer he stayed there, the stronger he felt. He rode horseback for hours without getting tired, and sometimes he rode very fast.

Riding, walking, bathing, and sailing were his chief recreations. Like the natives, much of the time he went barefoot. The roads, such as they were, were cut through a forest of fruit-trees between the noisy sea and the silent mountain. Palms waved overhead; tangled "ropes of liana" hung from the trees. The strong sun had brought out the richest, brightest colors in all the flowers; Stevenson himself was browned by its heat. Sometimes he gave himself up, like a child, to idle pleasures, such as wading for hours up to his knees in the salt water searching for shells.

"Now I can see and enjoy," and "Now I must work." He did actually say that it was "hard to keep on grinding." Still he did keep on, and in addition to his work as a farmer and an author he found time to teach. He gave regular lessons to Austin Strong, his step-daughter's little son, and taught "long expressions" and arithmetic to Henry, the son of one of the Samoan chiefs.

Henry was the first of the Samoans who really learned to love Stevenson. The affection of the natives was not very easy to win. They were naturally lazy; ignorant, of course; inclined to steal; and somewhat suspicious. Stevenson, nevertheless, saw in them not only much that was interesting, but much that was good. They were very clean people,—that



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT
VAILIMA, HIS SAMOAN
HOME.

GIVING A LESSON TO AUSTIN
STRONG AND THE NATIVE
BOYS.

He loved his work too much, however, and was too determined to succeed in it, to spend a great deal of time even in recreation. After he had been there a few months he set himself a rigid program, and after the addition was built on the house, from his room in an out-of-the-way part of it he tells us that he saw the sunrise nearly every morning, had breakfast at six, worked till eleven, and after lunch he usually worked again until four or five. Sometimes he played cards in the evening. At eight o'clock he had prayers for his own family and the Samoans of his household, a Samoan woman leading in the singing. He went to bed early, often reading himself to sleep, and sleeping on a chest covered with mats and blankets.

He kept to this program so strictly that I think he must have continually said to himself,

attracted him in the first place,—and they were people with a genuine love of beauty. Very wisely, Stevenson saw that he could only win them by being one of them. Accordingly, he learned their language as soon as he could.

When Stevenson knew their language well enough, he told them stories, and so he won from them the name of "Tusitala," which means "teller of tales"; his wife was called "Aolele," or "beautiful as a flying cloud." Thus, gradually but surely, the natives grew to know and care for their friends at Vailima. They tried to do for Stevenson what they never did for any one else—they tried to hurry. "You never see a Samoan run except at Vailima," visitors would sometimes say.

At first many of the men were tricky and ran away; but by and by they grew to care for the slender white master with the bright

eyes and winning smile, and they really wanted to work for him. "Once Tusitala's friend, always Tusitala's friend," they would say.

When the war broke out between the two chiefs, the Samoans showed their trust in Stevenson by bringing a bag full of coins, which they had saved for the roof of their church, and asking him to keep them till the fight was over. During this war Stevenson went often to see the prisoners, told them stories, heard their troubles, got them doctors, and was at last instrumental in having a large number set free without having to work out their freedom by road-building. A few days after this, Stevenson was surprised and touched to learn that the freed prisoners had agreed together in gratitude to work on his road as a "free-gift." It was to be his own private road, they specified, the road that led from his house to the public way.

They had given him the one thing they could give, and, as far as they knew, the one thing he wanted, and they insisted that they would not take presents of any kind, much less pay.

With a life so full of pleasure, work, and interest as this, it is sometimes hard to realize that Stevenson ever had hours of great despondency: but he often did. Although he was much better, he knew in his heart that he never could be well. It was his one great principle, however, to keep himself sunny, to wear a smiling face, "to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence." "The sea, the islands, the islanders, the island life and climate, make and keep me truly happier," he wrote bravely to a friend; but another time, when he had been thinking of his dear Scotland, with its "hills of sheep" and "winds austere and pure," and realizing that he could never see it again, he wrote a pathetic little poem, from which these lines are taken:

Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,

* * * * *

Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney,
But I go forever and come again no more.

And in a letter to a friend he wrote:

For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health;
I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have

done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written when my head swam for weakness, and for so long it seems to me I have won my wager. The Powers have so willed that my battle field should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic-bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpetings and the open air over my head.

During his last years he sometimes had "scrivener's cramp," so that he could not do his writing himself, but had to dictate his stories to his stepdaughter, Mrs. Strong. This, of course, was hard on his voice, and sometimes he lost the power of speech altogether.

One day, December 3, 1894, when he had felt particularly well, he came downstairs a little while before supper to help his wife make a salad, and together they set the table on the veranda, where, on pleasant days, they often had their meals, for Samoa is a land of eternal summer. Stevenson had been joking with his wife about something, when suddenly he put his hand to his head with the cry, "What's that? Do I look strange?" and then he fell unconscious beside her. Doctors were quickly summoned, but they could not help him. For about two hours he lay, still unconscious, still breathing. Around the room knelt or stood a dozen or more Samoans, longing to be of service; but they, too, could do nothing. Stevenson died a few minutes past eight that night.

Half hoping it was only sleep, the natives stayed beside him all night—some praying, some sitting in silence. In the morning still others came loaded with bright flowers, till the room was glowing with color.

Stevenson had asked to be buried on the summit of Vaea Mountain. There was no path to this summit, and so the chiefs assembled their men and about forty set out with knives and axes to cut a path up the steep mountain-side. At one o'clock that day all was ready. They came back, unwearied by their hard service, and a few of the strongest ones were chosen to carry their friend on their shoulders. Gravely and sturdily again they set out on the steep climb, followed by the family, the minister, and many more Samoans and friends.

At the grave the minister read the prayer which Stevenson himself had offered the night before he died:



POMPEII. THE BRONZE MEMORIAL BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS IN THE VATICAN MUSEUM.

"We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favour, folk of many families and nations gathered together in the peace of this roof. . . . Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, brace us to play the man under affliction. . . . Go with each of us to rest; . . . and, when the day returns, return to us our sun and comforter, and call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labour, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it."

So his last prayer was characteristic. He had "braced himself to play the man"; he had "awaked with smiles, he had labored smiling." And the gathering at the grave was character-

istic—the friends who laid him there were of all classes, many and deeply loving.

Even the last sleeping-place of this brave, bright, nature-loving man was just what he had chosen—within sight of the "besieging sea," which he had played by as a child and never failed to love, and within sound of God's great wind "that bloweth all day long."

Under the wide and starry sky,

* * * *

Here he lies where he longed to be;

Home is the sailor, home from the sea,

And the hunter home from the hill.



"AN APRIL GIRL" DRAWN BY AMY OTIS.

THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

CHAPTER XII.

HARRY FINDS A CLUE.

WHEN Chub left Roy lying gasping for breath in the bushes and took up the race again, he was a good hundred yards behind Jack and Pryor, who were just dropping from sight beyond the brow of one of the little hills.

"Keep over that way—get back to the road," he turned and shouted. He saw Roy nod wearily. Then he set out in earnest to make up lost ground. That was the hardest bit of the whole run for Chub, and it took him the better part of a mile to make up that hundred yards. Jack and Pryor did their level best to maintain their advantage. But when they were back on the road once more, Chub was running even with them. Pryor tried to slip aside and make him take the lead and set the pace, but Chub was too wary. It could scarcely be called running now; for, with less than a mile to go, it became a question with each one of them whether they could stay on their feet long enough to finish, and their pace was a slow jog that was little like the springy gait with which they had started out.

There was no breath wasted now in talk. They cast quick looks at each other, searching for signs of weakness and discouragement. It was every man for himself. Pryor struggling along with drooping head for the glory of the Middle Class, Jack resolved to win the honor for the First Seniors, and Chub equally determined to gain it for the Second Seniors. A quarter of a mile from the school, just as they turned into the Silver Cove road, Pryor's time came. He stumbled, and slowed down to a walk, his breath coming in agonized gasps. Chub, and Jack went on without a turn of the head, side by side, their eyes glued doggedly on the red-tiled tower of the gymnasium, visible now above the tree-tops a few hundred yards

away. A group of waiting boys marked the corner of the school grounds.

Chub looked at Jack, threw his head back, and strove to draw away from him. Jack responded gallantly and refused to own himself beaten. So they had it nip and tuck down to the corner, and yet making but slow work of it, while the audience shouted them on, scattering away from the rail fence that they might have plenty of room. And they needed it. Twice Chub strove to throw his leg across the topmost bar, and twice he failed. Jack, with set teeth, got over on the second attempt, and when Chub came tumbling after him he had a good six yards of lead. Ahead, at the gate across the field, stood Doctor and Mrs. Emery and Harry.

"Hurry! Hurry!" cried the latter, dancing excitedly about. "Oh, it's Jack Rogers and Chub Eaton! Hurry, Jack! Hurry, Chub! Oh, *can't* you run faster?"

"Which do you want to win, my dear?" asked her mother, smilingly. Harry answered breathlessly, without turning:

"Oh, I don't know! Both!"

Meanwhile, across the gridiron, Chub and Jack, accompanied by applauding friends and partizans, were fighting it out gamely. Chub had almost made up the distance between him and Jack when the track was reached. Across the cinders they staggered, the gate and finish but a few yards away. Then Fortune, thus far quite impartial, turned her face to Chub. Jack stumbled on the wooden rim of the track and gave Chub his chance, and in another second the latter youth was through the gate and lying with tossing arms on the lawn. Jack finished a yard behind him and keeled over in his turn.

Horace Burlen set down the times on the list he held, and others sprang to the aid of the exhausted runners. Then all eyes turned again toward the corner of the field, for some one was struggling over the fence there. Down he

jumped and came trotting across, and soon a fourth runner appeared.

"What was Chub Eaton's time?" asked Harry.

"Four and three eighths minutes better than the record made four years ago by Gooch," answered Horace.

"Well, I'm glad Roy Porter did n't win," said Harry, vindictively.

Chub rolled over on his elbows.

"He went down and out — two miles back," said he. Chub looked across at Jack, who was sitting up and breathing like a steam-engine. "Sorry I beat you, Jack. I would n't have, if you had n't stumbled."

Jack nodded with a smile.

"Glad you won, old man," he said. "It was a tough run, and I'm glad it's over. Phew! but I'm tuckered."

"Same here. That last mile was the dickens. There's some one else coming — two, three of them! One of 'em's fallen off the fence. I thought I'd never get over that thing! Who's that coming? Porter, by Jove!" cried Chub.

"Porter nothing!" said Horace. "That's Warren. And the next two are Glidden and Chase."

Chase, a youngster of thirteen, made a plucky race across the field and beat Glidden of the Second Senior Class by three yards. Then for a while no more finished. Chub and Jack and the others disappeared into the gymnasium, and Doctor and Mrs. Emery returned to the Cottage. Harry, however, still remained. It was getting dim now, and when, after five or six minutes had passed, more runners reached the fence, it was impossible to identify them. Until almost dinner-time the others straggled in to find the finish deserted and to crawl wearily up the gymnasium steps. Then Harry returned to the Cottage through the gathering twilight, looking rather disappointed, and telling herself over and over that she was awfully glad Roy Porter had n't won.

Dinner that evening was a jolly meal. Every fellow was frantically hungry. The First Seniors drank their sweet cider out of the mug they had captured, passing it from one to another like a loving-cup.

It was not until dinner was well-nigh over that

Roy's absence was noted by any save Chub. But when, at half-past nine, he had not returned, the matter was reported to Doctor Emery, and the telephone became busy. But neither Carroll nor Silver Cove knew anything of the missing boy. The principal waited until eleven o'clock, and then a searching party was made up. Mr. Cobb and Mr. Buckman took charge, and with four of the older boys and Chub, who was taken along to show where Roy had last been seen, left the Cottage at a little after eleven. Dr. Emery saw them off from the Cottage porch, and instructed Mr. Cobb to telephone him from Carroll or Silver Cove if he had a chance. It was as dark as pitch as they made their way across the field and found the road, and the wavering light from a couple of lanterns seemed only to accentuate the gloom. Once away from the school, they began to call at intervals, but got no response. Soon after that Mr. Buckman stopped and asked: "How many are there in this party, anyhow?"

"Should be seven of us," answered Mr. Cobb. "Why?"

"Because, unless I'm much mistaken, I counted eight a minute ago. Who's that over there — the last one?"

"Warren, sir."

"No, I don't mean you. Who's next to you?"

There was a moment's silence. Then —

"Blest if I know, sir," answered Warren, in puzzled tones.

"It's me," said an apologetic voice.

"Who's me?" asked Mr. Cobb, moving toward the speaker.

"Harry," was the answer.

"Harry! Harry Emery!" exclaimed Mr. Cobb, forgetting his politeness.

"Yes; I — I thought I'd come along."

"Well, if that is n't the greatest! Did the Doctor say you could come?"

"I — I did n't ask him," answered Harry. "Please don't send me back, Mr. Cobb. I won't be in the way a bit. I can walk miles!"

"Send you back! Why, I can't send you back now — that is, not alone. I suppose you'll have to — Well, come along, then; but see that you stick close to us," grumbled Mr. Cobb. "We must n't lose anybody else to-night!"



MR. COPE AND THE SEAL-HUNTERS LOOKING FOR ROY AND NEW TALE

So Harry trudged along at the tail of the party, keeping close to Jack Rogers and Chub, and starting nervously when she heard strange noises in the bushes along the way.

It was slow going, and when they were well up on the hills the night wind stung hands and faces. It was long past midnight when Chub announced that they should have reached the place where he had left Roy. But a locality looks very different at night, by the light of a wavering lantern, from its daytime appearance; and when they had cast about for a while, calling and shouting, Chub was forced to acknowledge that he was n't certain of the place.

"It ought to be about here," he said anxiously; "but somehow this does n't look like it. It does n't seem to me it was quite so hilly; and there were n't any trees, that I remember."

After a quarter of an hour more of unsuccessful search, Mr. Cobb and Mr. Buckman held a consultation and decided that the best thing to do, unless they wanted to get lost themselves, was to stay where they were and wait for dawn. So they found a sheltered spot in the lee of a big rock and made themselves as comfortable as they could. Warren suggested a fire, and a half-hour was spent in finding fuel within the radius of lantern-light. Finally, however, the flames were leaping and the sparks flying, and the party regained some of their ebbing spirits.

"If he sees the light he will look it up," said Mr. Buckman. "That was a good idea of yours, Warren."

"What I 'm afraid of," said Mr. Cobb, "is that he has met with an accident of some sort. It seems to me that if he had the use of his limbs he would have reached the school before this, or at least have communicated with us. Well, we 'll have to make the best of things until the light comes."

The leaping flames lent their tinge of romance to a situation already sufficiently out of the common to be exciting. The uncertainty as to Roy's fate added a qualm of uneasiness, but when once Warren had got well into his story of the Wyoming outlaws who lived in a cave and robbed trains and stage-coaches, even Chub forgot the purpose of the expedition for whole minutes at a time. I think Harry unconsciously

dozed several times, although she always denied it indignantly. Now and then one of the party would mend the fire and then fall back to the protection of the ledge and the waving bushes. Mr. Cobb followed Warren with some stories of Cornwall wreckers which he had read; and after that every member of the party save Harry, who happened to be very quiet about that time, contributed some tale of dark deeds. Just then Jack made the discovery that it was possible to see the branches of the wind-whipped bushes behind them. Chub climbed to the summit of the ledge and announced that there was light away down on the horizon toward the east. Then followed an hour of waiting, during which the world gradually turned from black to gray. The fire died out for lack of fuel, and the boys snuggled into the collars of their sweaters, for it seemed to grow more chill each moment. Then, when objects a few yards away could be distinguished, Mr. Cobb suggested that they "break camp." So they spread out in a line and took up the search again, calling as they went. The light grew quickly, and in the east the sky took on a tinge of rose. Mr. Cobb stopped once and picked something from the ground.

"Must be slate-quarries about here," he said. "There's a lot of broken pieces here, and loose gravel. Yes, here's a hole," he went on, walking forward; "but they only went down a few feet. I wonder if there are more of them?"

Suddenly there was a cry from the other end of the line:

"Mr. Cobb, come and see what I've found!"

It was Harry's voice, and Mr. Cobb made his way to her, where she stood at the edge of a thicket of leafless brambles.

"What is it, Harry?" he asked.

For answer she held up a tiny bit of crimson yarn.

"What do you make of this?" asked the instructor, looking at it in a puzzled way.

"I think it came from his sweater!" declared Harry, triumphantly. "It was on that branch there."

"Good for you, Harry!" cried Chub, who had joined them ahead of the others. "Roy had his red sweater on, and it's money to muf-fins that thread was pulled out as he went by."

"He did n't go by, though," said Harry. "He went through. Don't you see how the bushes are trampled down? Come on!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A NIGHT IN THE QUARRY.

WHEN Roy regained consciousness and opened his eyes he found himself in pitch-darkness. His head felt strangely dizzy, and for a moment he lay still and strove to recall what had happened to him. Then he remembered and, with a sudden fear at his heart, moved cautiously. But although every bone in his body felt sore, he was able to climb to his feet. The effort, however, left him so weak and dizzy that he reached out for support, found a branch, and clung to it while a minute or two passed. And in clinging to it he soon became aware that his left hand hurt him greatly. Presently, when he could stand without holding on, he felt of the aching member and found it swollen and sore to the touch. The trouble seemed to be at the wrist. Probably it was only a sprain or a dislocation; that could keep. Meanwhile he would like very much to know where he was.

When he had fallen he had caught a glimpse of a dark pit, the sides of which were hidden here and there by bushes. It had been the briefest sort of a glimpse, for he had stepped over the edge and, without a second's warning, had plunged downward into twilight darkness. He remembered clutching at a branch which came away in his hand, and he remembered crashing through a bush. It had broken but not stopped his fall. Of what happened after that he could remember nothing.

Now he stepped cautiously forward, feeling in front of him with hands and feet. The ground was loose and uneven. Three short steps brought his hands in contact with a smooth expanse of stone. His fingers could find no place to clutch. He moved to the right through the darkness. But the wall of stone continued. At last he found bushes, and for a moment he had hope. But, although he wormed his way upward through them for the space of a few feet, he again brought up against a perpendicular wall of rock and he was forced to retreat. He became conscious of a dim feel-

ing of fright and strove to fight it down, as he leaned against the wall behind him.

He moved on, whistling softly to keep from feeling discouraged. But his left wrist and hand pained severely, and presently he stopped and tried to find a position that would ease the ache. Finally he found his handkerchief, tied it about his neck, and placed the injured arm through the improvised sling. It helped a little. After that he continued his search, but rather half-heartedly. He longed for light and fell to wondering what time it was. But there was no knowing how long he had lain unconscious. It might be eight o'clock or it might be well toward morning! He wished he knew!

Above his head—how far he could only guess—the night wind was whipping the bare bushes. Now and then a gust came down and made him shiver, but on the whole it was not uncomfortable down there as long as he was moving about. But he could n't keep that up much longer, for his head was aching, his legs were stiff and lame, and every movement sent little thrills of pain down his arm from elbow to fingers. He was glad now of his thick sweater, and wished his legs were as warm as the upper part of his body.

For a while he sat on a little rock near the wall along which he had been traveling. Then he began to feel drowsy. That was fine, he thought; if he could only go to sleep he could forget his discomforts, and perhaps when he awoke it would be morning. So he felt about half fearsomely on the broken stone and moist gravel that formed the floor of his prison, afraid of encountering uncanny things in the dark. But his hands found only soil and rock and scant vegetation, and he laid himself down gingerly, out of respect to his aching body, and closed his eyes. For a while the discomforts of his couch made themselves too apparent to allow of slumber. He wondered who had won the race and whether they had missed him at school; whether Chub had caught up with Jack and Pryor; what Chub was thinking about his disappearance. Then he started out of his drowsiness. Surely he had heard his name called! He sat up and listened intently. Then he called at the top of his voice half a dozen

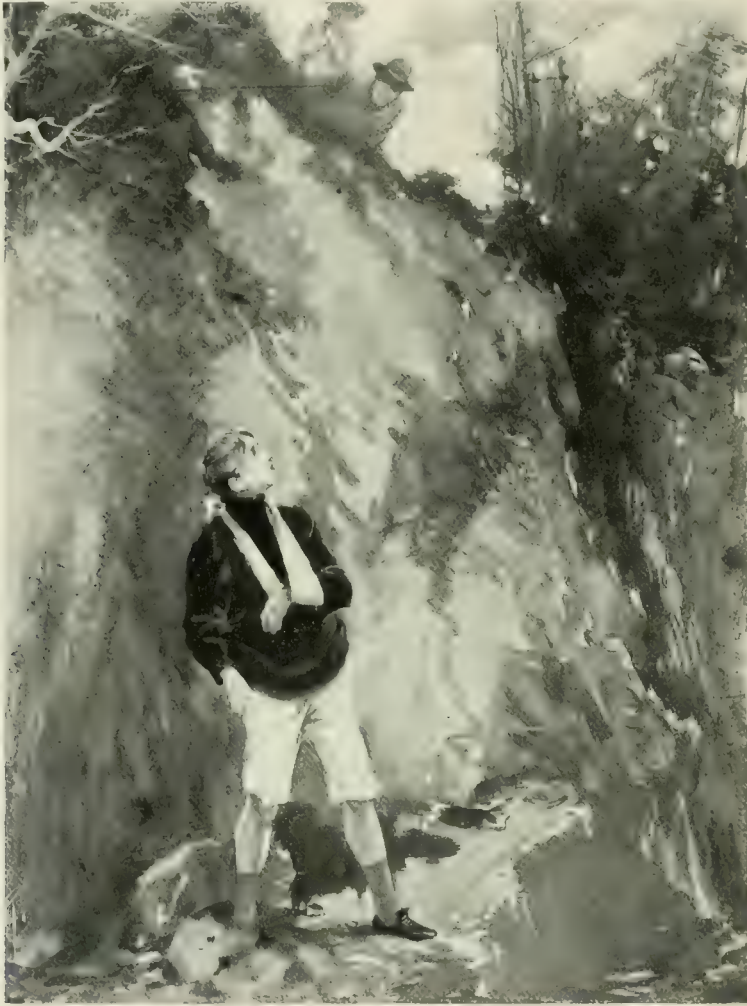
times. But he heard nothing more, and presently he lay down again with a sigh, eased the position of his throbbing arm, and went quietly to sleep.

And the very next moment, as it seemed to Roy, he heard his name called again, loudly and distinctly this time, and he opened his eyes,

"Look out!" he shouted. "There's a hole here. Look where you're going, Mr. Cobb!"

Then Mr. Cobb was kneeling above at the edge of the quarry, looking down upon him anxiously, and Harry's face appeared behind his shoulder—a very frightened countenance.

"Hurt, Porter?" asked Mr. Cobb.



"LOOK OUT!" ROY SHOUTED, "LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, MR. COBB!"

blinking, to find his prison filled with the gray, misty light of morning and to hear voices above him. Then came his name again, in the unmistakable tones of Mr. Cobb, and he sat up and answered at the top of his voice. Then came sounds of crashing branches, and Roy struggled rather dizzily to his feet.

"No, sir; just shaken up a bit."

"Well, thank heaven! Can you climb out anywhere?" Mr. Cobb's eyes traveled dubiously about the pit.

"I don't believe so," answered Roy. "I tried to find a place last night."

He turned and looked about him.

And his face went white at what he saw.

In shape the quarry was a rough oval, its walls so steep that at first glance escape even in daylight seemed impossible. In many places the top of the wall overhung the bottom. Now and then a clump of grass or weeds showed against the dark and discolored face of the rock, and in a few places good-sized bushes had grown out. But all this Roy saw later. At present he was standing with his back to the bank, staring in fascinated dread at the center of the quarry. From the walls, all around, the ground sloped downward toward the center, and only a few feet away from him was the margin of a pool some thirty feet in diameter. There was no slime on the top, no weeds about its edge, and in the dim light of early morning the water looked black and ugly. Roy stepped nearer and looked down into its depths. Far below him jutting edges of rock loomed up, but the bottom was not in sight. Shuddering, he retreated. Had he fallen a little farther away from the bank, or had he rolled over after falling, they would not have found him so easily. Then his head felt dizzy and he sat down suddenly on the narrow bank of broken and crumbled slate and went off into a faint.

When he came to, Mr. Cobb was dabbing his face with a wet handkerchief, and Jack Rogers and Chub were slapping his hands and arms. Perhaps it was the latter method which brought him around, for a dislocated wrist does n't take kindly to blows. He yanked his injured hand away with a cry of pain, and Mr. Cobb removed the sopping handkerchief.

"All right now, eh?" he asked kindly. "Hello! what's wrong there?" He took the boy's hand and examined it, his fingers probing skilfully. "How'd you do that? Fall on it?"

"I don't know," answered Roy. "It is n't broken, is it?"

"No; dislocated. Feel that bone sticking up there? We'll have to fix that right now, I guess. Hurts, does n't it? Give me a couple of handkerchiefs, you chaps." Chub and Jack produced theirs, and Mr. Cobb took a long leather wallet from his coat pocket and emptied it of its contents. "Just hold your hand out straight," he directed. Then, with one hand above the

wrist and the other about the fingers, he pulled steadily until the wrist slipped back into place. Roy winced a little, but after the lump had disappeared his whole arm felt easier. Mr. Cobb laid the leather wallet about the wrist and bound it tightly with the handkerchiefs.

"That'll do until we get back," he said. "Put it back in that sling of yours and keep it there, Porter. Now we'll see if we can get you out of here. Do you think you can walk?"

For answer Roy climbed to his feet.

"All right; only remember that you've had a pretty good shaking up and have n't had anything to eat since yesterday noon, and don't try to do too much. We'll see if we can't boost you up over here."

He led the way to the other side of the pool, and Roy saw that a rough path zigzagged down the face of the bank there. So steep it was, however, that they had to help each other here and there, and it seemed a long time before Mr. Buckman and the others, awaiting them at the top, were able to reach down and pull them over the edge of the rock. Roy subsided breathless on the grass and looked about him. The sun was just topping the rising hill beyond, and the world looked very sweet to him at that moment.

"That's where you went over," said Mr. Buckman, pointing across the pit. "We followed you up to the edge. You must have struck against that bush there and broken your fall; the branches are all broken, I noticed; a good thing you did, too, I guess."

"I remember falling into some branches," said Roy. "That's the last thing I do remember; when I woke up it was pitch-dark."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Cobb. "Lose consciousness, did you? Did you hit your head? Here, let's have a good look at you, my boy." And presently, "I should think you did! Does n't that hurt when I press it?"

"A little," answered Roy.

"Hum! Guess you've got a pretty tough skull. Look at this place, Eaton. Must have struck on a ledge, I should say. Well, that'll wait until we get home. I wonder if we can carry him between us? Maybe one of you chaps had better run back and tell them to send the phaëton."

But Roy protested that he could walk every inch of the way, and finally Mr. Cobb consented to let him try it, and the return journey began. Chub walked beside Roy, anxiously solicitous. Most of the party were frankly sleepy and worn out, now that the excitement was over. Harry appeared to have lost interest in the whole affair. Not once, so far as Roy knew, did she even so much as glance in his direction.

"What's Harry doing here?" he whispered to Chub. And Chub recounted the happenings of the night: how Harry had joined the party unknown to them, how they had built a fire and waited for light, and finally how Harry had discovered the bit of yarn torn from his sweater.

"It was fairly easy after that," said Chub. "We could see here and there where you had broken through the bushes, and once or twice we found your footprints. We knew they were yours on account of the spikes. If it had n't been for Harry, I guess you'd have been waiting yet—though maybe you could have got up that bank alone."

Roy trudged on in silence for a while. Then—

"Who won?" he demanded eagerly.

Chub grinned.

"I won the individual cup, and First Seniors got the class cup," he said. "Jack and I had it nip and tuck all the way to the gate, and if he had n't stumbled over the track he'd have beat me."

"I'm glad you got it," said Roy. "I was afraid you would n't catch up with them, after staying so long with me."

"I was a blamed idiot to leave you," answered Chub, savagely. "I did n't deserve to win anything. Why, you came mighty near killing yourself!"

"Yes, I guess I did," said Roy, thoughtfully. "But it was n't your fault, you know. I got all

mixed up and could n't tell where I was. And the first thing I knew, I—I was n't anywhere!"

But just then Mr. Cobb told Roy he had better not tire himself by talking; and an hour later Roy was fast asleep in his bed. They had served him with some milk-toast, scanty fare for a boy who had missed two meals, and he had promptly turned over and gone to sleep. In the middle of the forenoon the Silver Cove doctor appeared, redressed his wrist, put something on his head, and left a tumblerful of some sort of nasty-tasting medicine. And the next day Roy was up and about again, apparently as good as new, save for his injured arm. This was carried in a sling for a fortnight or more, but he did n't mind that much.

The second morning after his rescue he went over to the Cottage and asked for Harry. Presently she came down to the parlor, where he was awaiting her in front of the soft-coal fire; and he tried to remember the formal speech of gratitude he had fashioned. But it had gone completely from him. So he just held out his hand and said he was so much obliged to her for what she had done.

"Everybody says that if you had n't seen that bit of red yarn I'd have been there yet," he added.

Harry shook his hand very formally, said she had n't done anything, that she was very glad he had had such a fortunate escape, and asked politely after his injury.

"Oh, I'm all right now," said Roy.

After that conversation languished until Mrs. Emery came down and made Roy tell her all about it. And during the narrative Harry disappeared. It was quite evident that she had n't forgiven him, thought Roy as he took his departure. He did n't look back as he went down the drive, and so failed to see somebody with red hair peering down from between the curtains of an up-stairs window.

(To be continued.)

DOGS
AND CHILDREN
SCHOOL
BIRD
TEACHER.
CANDY HOUSES!
CO. BOX

452

HEAD-QUARTERS
EDGURIES

57
34
9005
100
36
5+07
64x=020
7+1
0x-14
99
x-9
=6+x
24
371
∞1∞

ARTICLE 11

HISTORY.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.



His mother often says he's "the apple of her eye";
But how so? I could n't tell you how.
You might as well suppose he's the cherry of her nose,
Or else the watermelon of her brow.

And she speaks of him oft as "the salt of the earth ;"
But why so ? I could n't tell you why ;
For he just as well might be the pepper of the sea,
Or the vinegar and mustard of the sky.

While "his little heart," she 'll tell you, "is in the right place";
If it really is, I 'm sure it is n't quite
Where a heart should belong : if on his right it is wrong,
But if on his left it is right!

THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY HELEN NICOLAY.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

LINCOLN's great skill and wisdom in his debates with Douglas turned the eyes of the whole country upon him; and the force and logic of his Cooper Institute speech convinced every one that in him they had discovered a new national leader. He began to be mentioned as a possible candidate for President in the election which was to take place that fall to choose a successor to President Buchanan. Indeed, quite a year earlier, an editor of Illinois had written to him asking permission to announce him as a candidate in his newspaper. At that time Lincoln had refused, thanking him for the compliment, but saying modestly: "I must in candor say that I do not think myself fit for the Presidency." About Christmas time, 1859, however, a number of his staunchest Illinois friends urged him to let them use his name, and he consented, not so much in the hope of being chosen, as of perhaps receiving the nomination for Vice-President, or at least of making a show of strength that would aid him at some future time to become senator. The man most talked about as the probable Republican candidate for President was William H. Seward, who was United States senator from New York and had also been governor of that State.

The political unrest continued. Slavery was still the most absorbing topic, and it was upon their stand for or against slavery that all the Presidential candidates were chosen. The pretensions and demands of the Southern leaders had by this time passed into threats. They declared roundly that they would take their States out of the Union if slavery were not quickly made lawful all over the country, or in case a "Black Republican" President should be elected. The Democrats, unable to agree among themselves, split into two sections, the Northerners nominating Stephen A. Douglas for Pres-

ident, while delegates who had come to their National Convention from what were called the Cotton States chose John C. Breckinridge. A few men who had belonged to the old Whig party, but felt themselves unable to join the Republicans or either faction of the Democrats, met elsewhere and nominated John Bell.

This breaking up of their political enemies into three distinct camps greatly cheered the Republicans, and when their National Convention came together in Chicago on May 16, 1860, its members were filled with the most eager enthusiasm. Its meetings were held in a huge temporary wooden building called the Wigwam, so large that 10,000 people could easily assemble in it to watch the proceedings. Few conventions have shown such depth of feeling. Not only the delegates on the central platform, but even the spectators seemed impressed with the fact that they were taking part in a great historical event. The first two days were taken up in seating delegates, adopting a "platform" or statement of party principles, and in other necessary routine matters. On the third day, however, it was certain that balloting would begin, and crowds hurried to the Wigwam in a fever of curiosity. The New York men, sure that Seward would be the choice of the convention, marched there in a body, with music and banners. The friends of Lincoln arrived before them, and while not making so much noise or show, were doing good work for their favorite. The long nomination speeches of later years had not then come into fashion. "I take the liberty," simply said Mr. Evarts of New York, "to name as a candidate to be nominated by this convention for the office of President of the United States, William H. Seward," and at Mr. Seward's name a burst of applause broke forth, so long and loud that it seemed fairly to shake the great building. Mr. Judd, of Illinois, performed the same office of friendship for Mr. Lincoln, and the tremendous

cheering that rose from the throats of his friends echoed and dashed itself against the sides of the Wigwam, died down, and began anew, until the noise that had been made by Seward's admirers dwindled to comparative feebleness. Again and again these contests of lungs and enthusiasm were repeated as other names were presented to the convention.

the cheering down the long Chicago streets; while inside, delegation after delegation changed its votes to the victor in a whirlwind of hurrahs. That same afternoon the convention finished its labors by nominating Hannibal Hamlin of Maine for Vice President, and adjourned,—the delegates, speeding homeward on the night trains, realizing by the bonfires and cheering



THE WIGWAM AT CHICAGO IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS NOMINATED.

At last the voting began. Two names stood out beyond all the rest on the very first ballot—Seward's and Lincoln's. The second ballot showed that Seward had lost votes while Lincoln had gained them. The third ballot was begun in almost painful suspense, delegates and spectators keeping count upon their tally-sheets with nervous fingers. It was found that Lincoln had gained still more, and now only needed one and a half votes to receive the nomination. Suddenly the Wigwam became as still as a church. Everybody leaned forward to see who would break the spell. A man sprang upon a chair and reported a change of four votes to Lincoln. Then a teller shouted a name toward the skylight, and the boom of a cannon from the roof announced the nomination and started

crowds at every little station that a memorable Presidential campaign was already begun.

In this campaign there were, then, four Presidential candidates in the field. In the order of strength shown at the election they were:

1. The Republican party, whose "platform," or statement of party principles, declared that slavery was wrong, and that its further spread should be prevented. Its candidates were Abraham Lincoln of Illinois for President, and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine for Vice-President.

2. The Douglas wing of the Democratic party, which declared that it did not pretend to decide whether slavery was right or wrong, and proposed to allow the people of each State and Territory to choose for themselves whether they would or would not have it. Its candidates

were Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois for President, and Herschel V. Johnson of Georgia for Vice-President.

3. The Buchanan wing of the Democratic party, which declared that slavery was right, and whose policy was to extend it, and to make new slave States. Its candidates were John C.

and lighted tapers. Lincoln was called the "Rail-splitter Candidate," and this telling name, added to the equally telling "Honest Old Abe," by which he had long been known in Illinois, furnished country and city campaign orators with a powerful appeal to the sympathy and trust of the working-people of the United States.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN LIVED WHEN HE WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT.

Breckinridge of Kentucky for President, and Joseph Lane of Oregon for Vice-President.

4. The Constitutional Union party, which ignored slavery in its platform, declaring that it recognized no political principles other than "the Constitution of the country, the Union of the States, and the enforcement of the laws." Its candidates were John Bell of Tennessee for President, and Edward Everett of Massachusetts for Vice-President.

In enthusiasm the Republicans quickly took the lead. "Wide Awake" clubs of young men, wearing caps and capes of glazed oilcloth to protect their clothing from the dripping oil of their torches, gathered in torchlight processions miles in length. Fence rails, supposed to have been made by Lincoln in his youth, were set up in party headquarters and trimmed with flowers

Men and women read in newspaper and pamphlet biographies the story of his humble beginnings: how he had risen by simple, earnest work and native genius, first to fame and leadership in his own State, and then to fame and leadership in the nation; and these titles quickly grew to be much more than mere party nicknames—to stand for a faith and trust destined to play no small part in the history of the next few years.

After the nominations were made Douglas went on a tour of speech-making through the South. Lincoln, on the contrary, stayed quietly at home in Springfield. His personal habits and surroundings varied little during the whole of this campaign summer. Naturally he gave up active law practice, leaving his office in charge of his partner, William H. Herndon.

He spent the time during the usual business hours of each day in the governor's room of the State-house at Springfield, attended only by his private secretary, Mr. Nicolay. Friends and strangers alike were able to visit him freely and without ceremony, and few went away without being impressed by the sincere frankness of his manner and conversation.

All sorts of people came to see him: those from far-away States, East and West, and those from nearer home. Politicians came to ask him for future favors.

He wrote no public letters, and he made no speeches beyond a few words of thanks and greeting to passing street parades. Even the strictly private letters in which he gave his advice on points in the campaign were not more than a dozen in number; but all through the long summer, while welcoming his throngs of visitors, listening to the tales of old settlers, making friends of strangers, and binding old friends closer by his ready sympathy, Mr. Lincoln watched political developments very closely, not merely to note the progress of his own chances, but with an anxious view to the future in case he should be elected. Beyond the ever-changing circle of friendly faces near him he saw the growing unrest and anger of the South, and doubtless felt the uncertainty of many good people in the North, who questioned the power of this untried Western man to guide the country through the coming perils.

Never over-confident of his own powers, his mind must at times have been full of misgivings; but it was only on the night of the election, November 6, 1860, when, sitting alone with the operators in the little telegraph-office at Springfield, he read the messages of Republican victory that fell from the wires until convinced of his election, that the overwhelming, almost crushing weight of his coming duties and responsibilities fell upon him. In that hour, grappling resolutely and alone with the problem before him, he completed what was really the first act of his Presidency—the choice of his cabinet, of the men who were to aid him.

People who doubted the will or the wisdom of their Rail-splitter Candidate need have had no fear. A weak man would have chosen this little band of counselors—the Secretary of

State, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the half-dozen others who were to stand closest to him and to be at the head of the great departments of the government—from among his personal friends. A man uncertain of his own power would have taken care that no other man of strong nature with a great following of his own should be there to dispute his authority. Lincoln did the very opposite. He had a sincere belief in public opinion, and a deep respect for the popular will. In this case he felt that no men represented that popular will so truly as those whose names had been considered by the Republican National Convention in its choice of a candidate for President. So, instead of gathering about him his friends, he selected his most powerful rivals in the Republican party. William H. Seward, of New York, was to be his Secretary of State; Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, his Secretary of the Treasury; Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, his Secretary of War; Edward Bates, of Missouri, his Attorney-General. The names of all of these men had been before the Convention. Each one had hoped to be President in his stead. For the other three members of his Cabinet he had to look elsewhere. Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, for Secretary of the Navy; Montgomery Blair, of Maryland, for Postmaster-General; and Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, for Secretary of the Interior, were finally chosen. When people complained, as they sometimes did, that by this arrangement the cabinet consisted of four men who had been Democrats in the old days, and only three who had been Whigs, Lincoln smiled his wise, humorous smile and answered that he himself had been a Whig, and would always be there to make matters even. It is not likely that this exact list was in his mind on the night of the November election; but the principal names in it most certainly were. To some of these gentlemen he offered their appointments by letter. Others he asked to visit him in Springfield to talk the matter over. Much delay and some misunderstanding occurred before the list was finally completed: but when he sent it to the Senate, on the day after his inauguration, it was practically the one he had in his mind from the beginning.

A President is elected by popular vote early in November, but he is not inaugurated until the following fourth of March. Until the day of his inauguration, when he takes the oath of office and begins to discharge his duties, he is not only not President — he has no more power in the affairs of the Government than the humblest private citizen. It is easy to imagine the anxieties and misgivings that beset Mr. Lincoln during the four long months that lay between his election and his inauguration. True to their threats never to endure the rule of a "Black Republican" President, the Cotton States one after the other withdrew their senators and representatives from Congress, passed what they called "Ordinances of Secession," and declared themselves to be no longer a part of the United States. One after another, too, army and navy officers stationed in the Southern States gave up to the Southern leaders in this movement the forts, navy-yards, arsenals, mints, ships, and other government property under their charge. President Buchanan, in whose hands alone rested the power to punish these traitors and avenge their insults to the government he had sworn to protect and defend, showed no disposition to do so; and Lincoln, looking on with a heavy heart, was unable to interfere in any way. No matter how anxiously he might watch the developments at Washington or in the Cotton States, no matter what appeals might be made to him, no action of any kind was possible to him.

The only bit of cheer that came to him and other Union men during this anxious season of waiting, was in the conduct of Major Robert Anderson at Charleston Harbor, who, instead of following the example of other officers who were proving unfaithful, boldly defied the Southern "secessionists," and moving his little handful of soldiers into the harbor fort best fitted for defense, prepared to hold out against them until help could reach him from Washington.

In February the leaders of the Southern people met at Montgomery, Alabama, adopted a Constitution, and set up a government which they called the Confederate States of America, electing Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, President, and Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President. Stephens was the "little, slim, pale-faced con-

sumptive man" whose speech in Congress had won Lincoln's admiration years before. Davis had been the child who began his schooling so near to Lincoln in Kentucky. He had had a far different career. Good fortune had carried him to West Point, into the Mexican War, into the cabinet of President Franklin Pierce, and twice into the Senate. He had had money, high office, the best education his country could give him — everything, it seemed, that had been denied to Lincoln. Now the two men were the chosen heads of two great opposing factions, one bent on destroying the government that had treated him so kindly; the other, for whom it had done so little, willing to lay down his life in its defense.

It must not be supposed that Lincoln remained idle during these four months of waiting. Besides completing his cabinet, and receiving his many visitors, he devoted himself to writing his inaugural address, withdrawing himself for some hours each day to a quiet room over the store of his brother-in-law, where he could think and write undisturbed. The newspaper correspondents who had gathered at Springfield, though alert for every item of news, and especially anxious for a sight of his inaugural address, seeing him every day as usual, got not the slightest hint of what he was doing.

Mr. Lincoln started on his journey to Washington on February 11, 1861, two days after Jefferson Davis had been elected President of the Confederate States of America. He went on a special train, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and their three children, his two private secretaries, and about a dozen personal friends. Mr. Seward had suggested that because of the unsettled condition of public affairs it would be better for the President-elect to come a week earlier; but Mr. Lincoln allowed himself only time comfortably to fill the engagements he had made to visit the State capitals and principal cities that lay on his way, to which he had been invited by State and town officials, regardless of party. The morning on which he left Springfield was dismal and stormy, but fully a thousand of his friends and neighbors assembled to bid him farewell. The weather seemed to add to the gloom and depression of their spirits, and the leave-taking was one of subdued anxiety,



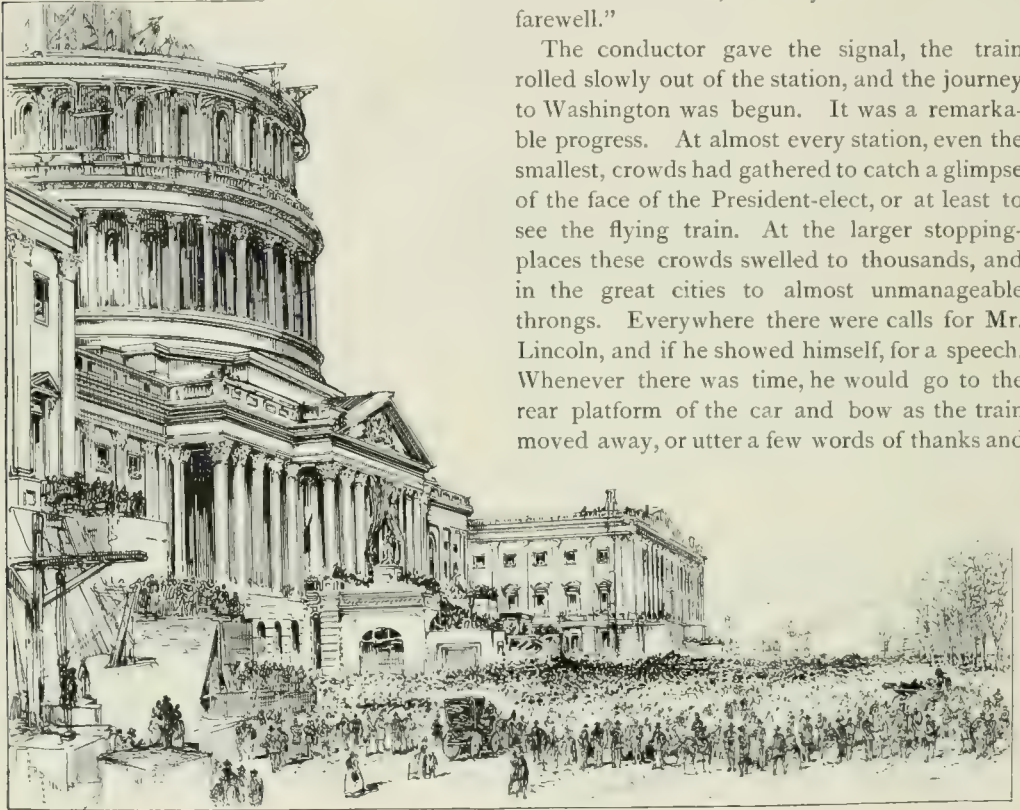
LINCOLN IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE AT SPRINGFIELD RECEIVING THE NEWS OF HIS ELECTION,
AND MAKING CHOICE OF HIS CABINET

almost of solemnity. Mr. Lincoln took his stand in the waiting-room while his friends filed past him, often merely pressing his hand in silent emotion. The arrival of the rushing train broke in upon this ceremony, and the crowd closed about the car into which the President-elect and his party made their way. Just as they were starting, when the conductor had his hand upon the bell-rope, Mr. Lincoln stepped out upon the front platform and made the fol-

lowing brief and pathetic address. It was the last time his voice was to be heard in the city which had so long been his home:

now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

The conductor gave the signal, the train rolled slowly out of the station, and the journey to Washington was begun. It was a remarkable progress. At almost every station, even the smallest, crowds had gathered to catch a glimpse of the face of the President-elect, or at least to see the flying train. At the larger stopping-places these crowds swelled to thousands, and in the great cities to almost unmanageable throngs. Everywhere there were calls for Mr. Lincoln, and if he showed himself, for a speech. Whenever there was time, he would go to the rear platform of the car and bow as the train moved away, or utter a few words of thanks and



THE INAUGURATION OF LINCOLN.
(From a sketch by Theodore R. Davis, made at the time.)

lowing brief and pathetic address. It was the last time his voice was to be heard in the city which had so long been his home:

"My Friends: No one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I

greeting. At the capitals of Indiana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and in the cities of Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York, and Philadelphia, halts of one or two days were made, the time being filled with formal visits and addresses to each house of the legislature, street processions, large evening receptions, and other ceremonies.

Party foes as well as party friends made up these expectant crowds. Every eye was eager,

every ear strained, to get some hint of the thoughts and purposes of the man who was to be the guide and head of the nation in the crisis that every one now knew to be upon the country, but the course and end of which the wisest could not foresee. In spite of all the cheers and the enthusiasm, there was also an undercurrent of anxiety for his personal safety, for the South had openly boasted that Lincoln would never live to be inaugurated President. He himself paid no heed to such warnings; but the railroad officials, and others who were responsible for his journey, had detectives on watch at different points to report any suspicious happenings. Nothing occurred to change the program already agreed upon until the party reached Philadelphia; but there Mr. Lincoln was met by Frederick W. Seward, the son of his future Secretary of State, with an important message from his father. A plot had been discovered to do violence to, and perhaps kill, the President-elect as he passed through the city of Baltimore. Mr. Seward and General Scott, the venerable hero of the Mexican War, who was now at the head of the army, begged him to run no risk, but to alter his plans so that a portion of his party might pass through Baltimore by a night train without previous notice. The seriousness of the warning was doubled by the fact that Mr. Lincoln had just been told of a similar, if not exactly the same, danger, by a Chicago detective employed in Baltimore by one of the great railroad companies. Two such warnings, coming from entirely different sources, could not be disregarded; for however much Mr. Lincoln might dislike to change his plans for so shadowy a danger, his duty to the people who had elected him forbade his running any unnecessary risk. Accordingly, after fulfilling all his engagements in Philadelphia and Harrisburg on February 22, he and a single companion took a night train, passed quietly through Baltimore, and arrived in Washington about daylight on the morning of February 23. This action called forth much talk, ranging from highest praise to ridicule and blame. A reckless newspaper reporter telegraphed all over the country the absurd story that he had traveled disguised in a Scotch cap and a long mili-

tary cloak. There was, of course, not a word of truth in the absurd tale. The rest of the party followed Mr. Lincoln at the time originally planned. They saw great crowds in the streets of Baltimore, but there was now no occasion for violence.

In the week that passed between his arrival and the day of his inauguration Mr. Lincoln exchanged the customary visits of ceremony with President Buchanan, his cabinet, the Supreme Court, the two houses of Congress, and other dignitaries.

Careful preparations for the inauguration had been made under the personal direction of General Scott, who held the small military force in the city ready instantly to suppress any attempt to disturb the peace and quiet of the day.

On the morning of the fourth of March President Buchanan and Citizen Lincoln, the outgoing and incoming heads of the government, rode side by side in a carriage from the Executive Mansion, or White House, as it is more commonly called, to the Capitol, escorted by an imposing procession; and at noon a great throng of people heard Mr. Lincoln read his inaugural address as he stood on the east portico of the Capitol, surrounded by all the high officials of the government. Senator Douglas, his unsuccessful rival, standing not an arm's length away from him, courteously held his hat during the ceremony. A cheer greeted him as he finished his address. Then the Chief Justice arose, the clerk opened his Bible, and Mr. Lincoln, laying his hand upon the book, pronounced the oath:

"I, Abraham Lincoln, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Amid the thundering of cannon and the applause of all the spectators, President Lincoln and Citizen Buchanan again entered their carriage and drove back from the Capitol to the Executive Mansion, on the threshold of which Mr. Buchanan, warmly shaking the hand of his successor, expressed his wishes for the personal happiness of the new President, and for the national peace and prosperity.



THE GIPSY GIRL. (SEE PAGE 526.)

ON THE ROMANY ROAD.

BY J. M. GREEN.

I WAS awakened one soft summer night—oh, long years ago—by strange, stealthy noises, as of a caravan creeping slowly by my father's house.

I wondered that our dog Fido did not bark, and the fact of his not doing so added to the mystery. I could hear the hens that were roosting in the old cherry-tree by the front fence whispering in low, startled notes to each other, and down by the pond a duck quack once, very sleepily. So in the morning when I came down I was not surprised to hear that a band of gipsies was camping in the old stone-quarry.

I really knew nothing about gipsies, but the very sound of the word had always given me the strangest sensations, and I could not quickly enough get away to visit them.

Ah! those gipsies! What a splendid band it was! What strings of sleek horses they had, manes and tails bedecked with ribbons and wondrous designs of plaited straw. And the great covered wagons,—houses on wheels,—larger than the largest farm-wagon, the sides divided into panels on which were painted the loveliest, shiniest pictures of such flowers and landscapes as man's mortal eye had never beheld! And over the narrow doors and high-perched little windows hung long draperies of white lace. And the tents—some white and glistening in the morning sun, while others, more interesting still, were patched and weather-stained. Over the fires, suspended from heavy curved iron bars, hung black pots and kettles, and from these came savory odors as they were tended by dark, wrinkled old women with wild elf-locks and gaily colored handkerchiefs thrown over their heads. Dark, foreign-looking men sprawled at length beneath the wagons, smoking or sleeping; and, I remember, it seemed very strange to me to see a man sleeping in the daytime. A troop of children played about, or gathered brambles from the

surrounding woods; and, to my amazement, I could understand no word of theirs.

The band remained there a couple of weeks, and among them it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of a boy of my own age. I was disappointed when I learned that his name was Tom; it did not seem to fit him at all, and I suspected that among his people he had another one.

I asked him which of the women was queen, but he quite failed to understand me. Still, I believed that somewhere, lurking in the dark interior of van or tent, was a beautiful woman, possibly with some kind of a crown on her head, who was their queen.

And all in due time, like a dream, they passed away, as did my childhood, youth, and early manhood; and the great cities of the world swallowed me, until green fields, running brooks, woods and flowers seemed things of books, and paintings, and the wild, dark-skinned people that pitched their tents among them belonged only to the theater and the page of romance.

But there came at last a time when I was weary of all the great cities could promise me, and I turned back to the open country, not in my own land, but far beyond the waters; and on a day I followed the windings of a pleasant meadow stream, or rested on the mossy bank in the cool shadow of the silvery willows.

By the edge of the far-stretching moorland my eye lazily noted a thin line of white smoke that hung like a silent signal, and my feet almost unconsciously turned toward it. A green heron arose at my approach, and with a hoarse, hollow croak flapped heavily a short distance down the stream, and disappeared once more among the reeds. I was anxious to observe his movements in his native haunts, and crept warily in his direction. I was a long time in finding him, and only did so when my eye caught the lightning movement of his neck as

he plunged his javelin-like beak into the water. When he withdrew it, I saw that he had some struggling thing in its relentless grasp. There was a moment's convulsive movement of the long throat, a light, hollow clattering of the bill, and then again, he stood absolutely motionless.

I suppose I watched him a long time, fascinated, marveling at his patience and his accuracy of aim. I forgot everything else—the busy world, the long walk back to the village, and the thread of white smoke—when I was suddenly awakened by the sharp bark of a dog. The heron took wing and flew heavily away. I arose, and looked over the reeds across the water in the direction of the disturbing sound that had broken the perfect silence.

Like a flash came back the memory of that night when I heard the gipsies passing by my father's house, and I thrilled again with the joy of feeling the old nomad still strong within me.

Two heavily built white horses stood on the edge of the stream; one was nibbling at the moist, rich grass, while the other with raised head looked inquiringly in my direction. A young girl stood by their heads, holding a rough rope halter. At her bare brown feet, though a little in advance, like a gallant protector, was an alert little collie pup, one dainty foot raised, ready poised for anything that might happen. Just over the brow of the gentle slope that led down to the stream was the dark body of a closed van, and beside it a weather-beaten, circular tent. A couple of dark figures hovered over a small fire.

My heart throbbed as I murmured: "A gipsy camp! Real Romanies of the old sort!"

The girl's face was warm and dark, and from beneath the yellow handkerchief thrown loosely about her head her hair showed inky black. A few moments she stood there, and then with skilful hand, she wheeled about the two clumsy horses, and with the puppy frisking and barking in front of her, hastened away to the camp.

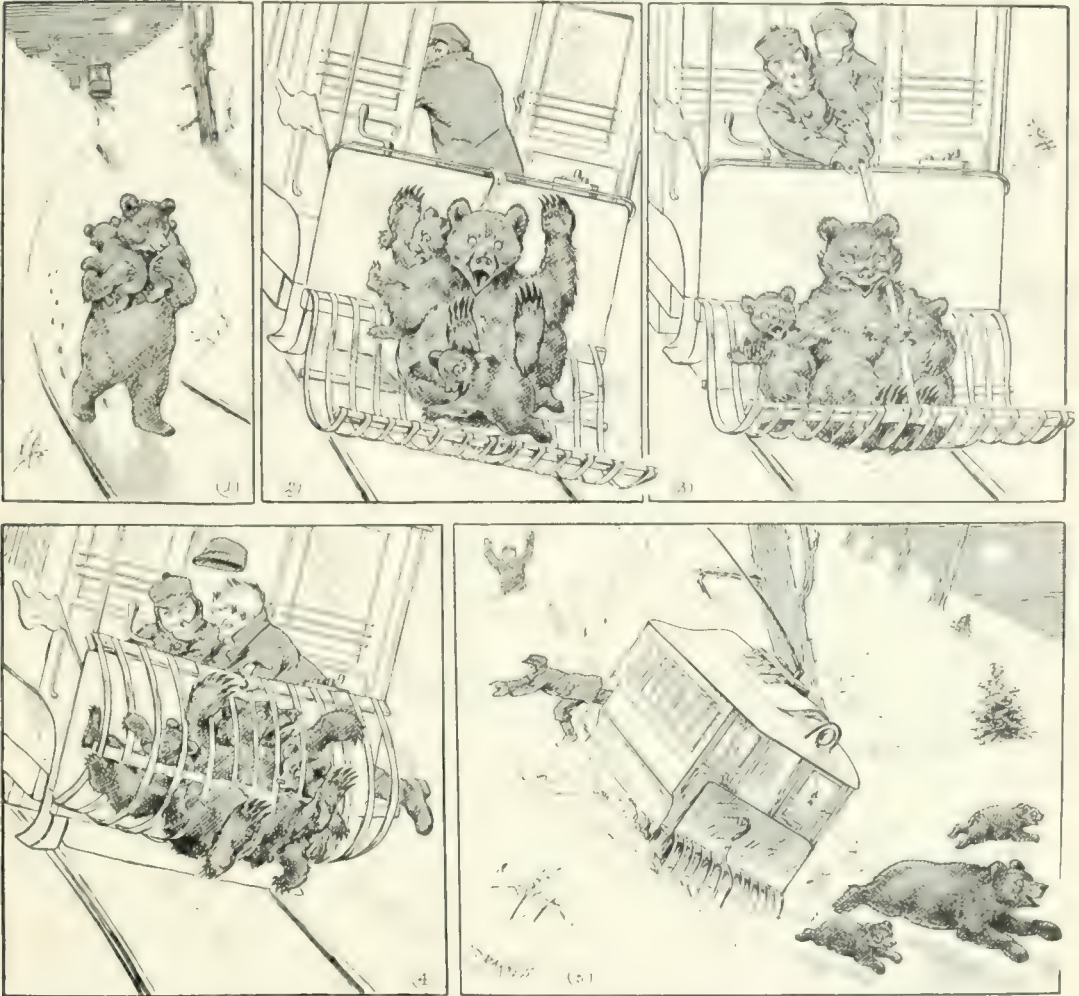
I longed to talk with the gipsy band and looked up the stream to discover if by any chance there might be some means of crossing to the other side; but seeing no sign of bridge or ford, and that the night was closing in, I turned homeward.

How eagerly I awaited the coming of the morrow, when I might hasten to make acquaintance with the tent-dwellers on the lonely moor! I refreshed my memory with what gipsy lore I possessed, and even dreamt of spending the whole morning with these free people of the field and roadside. But alas! in the morning such a storm beat across the moor as made it quite impossible to venture forth.

The next morning, however, was bright and clear, and slinging my sketching outfit over my shoulder, I hastened away. This time I, of course, was on the opposite side of the river, and I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of the signal smoke. But the sky was empty, and over the moor was a wondrous silence, not even my friend the heron welcoming me with harsh croak; and when at length I arrived at the brow of the slope where the tent and van had stood, I found a few smoke-blackened stones embedded in cold, wet ashes. The gipsies had fared on along the Romany road.



A TROLLEY-PARTY IN THE NORTH WOODS.



1. Mr. Brown is going to the woods to get a bear. 2. The bear is up to his eyes in snow. 3. "I don't like this," says the bear, "it is too late." 4. The boys try to make a capture, but— 5. The trolley, on its way, jumps the track, and the bears attend their own party.

MY LUCKY BROTHER.

(A Household Jingle.)

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

I HAVE a brother not so tall,—
I have n't any other,—
So he's what you may really call
A very lucky brother;

For when my trousers get too small
For me to wear, our mother
Just "takes them in," seams, legs, and all,
And gives them to my brother!

COURAGE.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

JACK was small for his age.

"He is small inside, too," said Al White. "He is scared of everything."

Jack's face flushed very red. It was true. He did feel afraid of a good many different things.

"What's this?" said a voice behind him. "Afraid, is he? Yes, I have noticed that. He is the youngster that could n't even screw his courage up to tell a lie."

It was George Haynes. He was talking about the first day at school, when Jack had broken a window-pane at recess and had walked right up the school-house steps into the office and the terrible presence of Dr. Bonsal and told him that he had done it.

George was the biggest and strongest boy in the school; he knew his lessons best, and he was the jolliest. So now, when he smiled down at Jack, Al did not tease him any more for the present.

"But I wish I could be brave," Jack said dolefully to himself, when he had turned the corner away from the others. "It's splendid to be brave. And it's right. I try. Mother says"—Jack smiled a little—"that she can see some difference in me."

Jack had come to his own gate. The baby was at the window, with his hands patting the panes and a wrinkle of welcome across his scrap of a nose.

"Well, anyway," said Jack, "I'll just try on, and maybe after a while the change will be big enough for almost any one to notice it."

So the days went by until they made a month. Some of them were rather sorrowful days for Jack. There was the time at recess when George Haynes's shaggy yellow dog bounded up to him and put his great, rough paws on Jack's shoulders just for sport. Jack "yelled like a Comanche," Al White said.

"That dog," Al said, "is exactly like a kitten, it's so playful, everybody knows."

"But," stammered Jack, "it was so—unexpected."

"If it had been expected," grinned Al, "you would have been up in the third story when it came. You are an elegant runner."

Then there was the day when they all went down in the woods and came to a brook with just a narrow branch over it for a bridge. All the rest walked across and thought it was fun. But Jack would not go a step. He went home.

Then there were other days with other similar happenings.

The school-house was off by itself at the end of a new side-street. No house was near. Every afternoon Mrs. McNeill went to sweep and clean it. Often she took her little girl Flora with her, when there was nobody "to keep her" at home. The next afternoon after the month was over, Al and Jack and three or four others were walking past the school.

Suddenly Al cried out: "Look there! Look at that!"

Great puffs of smoke were coming out of the windows on one side, and a nimble little streak of flame was running under the eaves.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" shouted all the boys.

A man passing in a buggy heard them and saw, and whipped up his horse to carry the alarm.

The boys rushed into the school-yard, wild with excitement, delighted that they were privileged to enjoy "the whole show"—all of them but Jack. Jack hung back.

"It won't bite you, Jack," said Al, encouragingly, "any more than Spur. Come in!"

Jack did not answer. Indeed, he had no time. For again Al cried out sharply:

"Look!"

The other boys followed his horrified gesture and saw Flora McNeill standing at a second-story window. They called and beckoned to her to come down; she shook her head and spoke to them, but they could not hear what she said.

"You must come!" screamed Al. "You must—"



HE HAD PUT HIS JACKET OVER FLOKA'S HEAD, AND HE WAS LEADING HER DOWN THE STAIRS.

"She can't!" broke in one of the boys, remembering. "Her mother has locked her in. The key is in the door."

The clouds of smoke were thicker, the strip of fire was wider, and through the boys' blank silence came the sound of a deep rumble in the school-house.

Al's face was white.

"The firemen will be here soon with a ladder," he muttered. "It won't take them any time —"

He did not finish. Jack brushed past him on a run, dashed up the school-house steps, and vanished in the building.

After an endless minute the boys outside saw him for an instant at the window with Flora, then both were gone.

He was longer coming down. But he came at last. He had put his jacket over Flora's head, as Dr. Bonsal had told them to do in cases of fire, and he was leading her down the stairs, passing the firemen in the smoke.

"I guess she's all right," he said. There was a queer gasp in his voice; he choked and shut his eyes and fell over on the grass.

"He's dead! Oh, he's dead!" cried Al. "Nobody can ever tell him how brave he was!"

When the slow village fire-engine began pumping, flames were lapping over the sides of the window where Flora and Jack had been. And the man in the buggy had driven off again to carry Jack to his mother.

His mother did not say anything. She just kissed him on the top of his singed hair.

He had also burned his hands, but while the burns were painful they were not serious. In three or four days he could go back to school again.

School was in the town hall. It was not far away, but it took Jack a long time to get there, for so many persons stopped him and asked him how he felt. It made him very uneasy, for fear he should be late. At last, however, he dodged into the door of the hall and began to climb the steep stairs. His last thought before he got to the top was:

"As soon as recess comes I'll remind Al White that I went in where the fire was of my own free will. He can't say I did n't."

All the scholars were assembled in the main hall for prayers. Dr. Bonsal was standing on the platform with the Bible in his hand, ready to begin, when the door-knob turned and Jack slipped in.

Dr. Bonsal laid down the Bible, and every head turned toward the late comer.

Jack hesitated. The room was very still. Dr. Bonsal walked down from the platform to the door.

"My boy," he said, when he got to Jack, "we are all prone —"

He must have felt a cough or a sneeze or something in his throat, for he stopped to clear it. And after that he did not go on. He began to shake hands with Jack, but when he saw all his tied-up fingers he had to stop again. Then what do you think he did — this very dignified principal? He put his hand under Jack's chin, tilted his face up, and stooped and kissed him on his forehead! *Kissed him!* Right out before the school!

How those boys and girls did clap and cheer and cheer! Jack thought that they would never stop. And Dr. Bonsal just let them and smiled.

Jack changed what he was going to tell Al at recess. After Al had talked a great deal himself, what Jack really did say, uncomfortably, was:

"But I'm scary yet. Mother thinks I'm better, but I'm still scary, I guess."

"Pshaw! That's nothing!" said Al. "If a person is scarier of meanness than he is of anything else, so that he's brave at the best times, then other little frights don't matter very much."

Then Jack drew a deep breath, and turned to his lessons, with an easy mind. For he saw that after this Al would always take his part.

"But," said Jack, within himself, "I'm going to get braver than those other sudden, little frights, besides. I can."

TRAINING BOTH HEAD AND HAND.

BY CHARLES C. JOHNSON.



A LITTLE MAN IN THE KITCHEN.

How queer it would have seemed to the sturdy children who kicked with bare feet against the rude benches of the district schools a century ago to have been told they were to learn to cook, to make dresses, to trim hats, to be boy carpenters, etc.! But that was long before the Old World commenced to send us hundreds of thousands of her people every year. It is principally the children of those who come to America from other countries who make the public schools of New York city the greatest in size and most important in the world.

In order to make these young people as useful as possible, there has been established in the public schools of many of our large cities a course of work that seems to have little to do with gaining a school education as our parents used to think of it.

It has been found necessary, in order to help the young students' minds to grow in the right way, that the boys and girls of the

schools should have what their teachers term "ethical training"; that is, the training which teaches duty to self and to others. These, among other things, are taught:

Duties to parents, brothers, sisters, and playmates; to servants and other employees; to employers and all in authority; to the old, the poor, and the unfortunate. Conduct at home, at the table, at school, on the street, in public meetings, and in public conveyances. Regularity, punctuality, self-control, cheerfulness, neatness, purity, temperance, honesty, truthfulness, obedience, industry, and patriotism.

I peeped into a manual-training workroom in a big public school of New York city one day, just to see how the boys behaved when by themselves, for no teacher was present. Each hand was occupied with the task of the moment, and each head was bent over it in a way that showed the keenest interest. Instead of looking for a chance to be mischie-



MASTERING THE ART OF MAKING CAKE.

vous, every boy seemed bent on doing the work assigned him as if his whole success in life depended upon the result. It was plain no one even thought of play.

"You see," said the teacher to me, when he came in, "each boy wants to do his very best. That is the spirit we try to instil. The boy who really wants to learn the best way to perform whatever he may be asked to do is the boy who is certain to gain success in some degree." This is just as true of girls as of boys, and there are hundreds of girls—some home helpers and others among the ranks of

the wage-earners—who owe the pleasure they draw from life to the system in vogue in the public schools.

Among the natural impulses of boys and girls are strong desires to examine, construct, and decorate. In the public school manual-training courses every effort is made to encourage such impulses. For instance, early in February the younger children fold, cut, and paste some form in connection with St. Valentine's day. In the same month comes Washington's birthday, and a tree, a hatchet, or a flag is the drawing-lesson or the lesson in object-making



A LESSON IN SERVING.

Next come the lessons in occupation. A chair, a table, or a pail is made of paper or cardboard. Sometimes a pan, a kettle, or something of that sort is created either of cardboard or of paper. Again, the object is a wagon, a cart, or sometimes it is a wheelbarrow, or a bird, or animals.

Nature study is first taken up by the children drawing or cutting out a bird, or a chicken-coop, or some animal form. Pictures of birds, animals and inanimate objects are placed on the walls of the school-rooms, and from these knowledge is gained not only as to the form of the bird or other study, and



its general appearance, but the lesson of close observation is taught.

One thing is sought at all times—to make each boy and girl think for himself or herself. If a girl is making an invitation card from a model, and believes she can, by a little change in form, render it more attractive, she is urged to do so. Each child is taught to plan defin-

itely and to carry out his or her plan. In all the lessons, whatever the study, his work, through such training, becomes intelligent, systematic, and thorough.

In the schools where our grandfathers and grandmothers were boys and girls the knowledge gained was chiefly confined to what in those days was known as "book-learning." The most modern public school is that which teaches the pupil how to use his hands as well as his head. Besides, in the New York schools, and in the public schools of some other cities, the girls are taught domestic science. That is the scholarly name for housekeeping.

The little girl who is instructed in housewifely ways by her mother thinks it queer, I am sure, that any girl should have to go to school to learn housekeeping; but, alas! all mothers are not good housewives, and so it is that thousands of girls are learning in the public schools how properly to wash, clean, scrub, and cook, gaining every day knowledge that brings health and happiness to the home.



MINNAPOLIS, MINN., 1904. (THE MUSEUM)

In the public-school cooking-classes the girls, great and small, are taught that the first principle to master is cleanliness, and the sec-



LESSONS IN LANDSCAPE GARDENING

ond economy. The need of such teaching is shown by the wasteful and extravagant ways in which the ordinary child of parents in poor circumstances does the simplest household tasks, as well as by the strange uses made of things. The work of the cooking-class is conducted along practical lines which give the child knowledge that can be applied to the preparation of the food usually found in her own home. The amount of home work reported by these girls is surprising. Many who never knew the taste of any bread except that at the cheapest of bakeries learn to make good bread for themselves. Often the children bring food materials from their homes, and these are made appetizing under the instruction of the teacher.

Cakes are made of simple materials; desserts, with an eye to trifling cost. The girls are shown how to cook the cheapest cuts of meat so that they will be most wholesome.

Another thing these school-girls learn is how to arrange food upon the table at a family dinner, how it should be served by a waitress. All those many little things included in that broad phrase, "table manners," are taught. Such knowledge is an aid to any girl, because it helps her to grow into that delightful personage, a well-mannered, womanly woman.

All the girls take these lessons into their own homes, and teachers who have visited their pupils say that in some of the tenement dwelling-places, where poverty is ever present, pinched lives have been almost illuminated by the practical application of the methods of living which the little daughters of the poor have mastered in their hours of school life.

When the task of teaching public-school girls to sew was begun, the lesson was confined to instruction in hemming and stitching. Now, in a number of the schools, girls from homes where the family wardrobes are of home manufacture are allowed to bring to school garments that are being fashioned for younger brothers and sisters, where the teacher gives them practical instruction regarding the work in hand. In this way, the knowledge gained is particularly of the sort that helps in everyday life.

In one school each child was told that if mother had bought a dress for one of the children, or rather the material for it, and had not time to make it, the child might bring the cloth to school and make the dress herself. As a result, the teacher in that school gave out, finished, the last day of the term of the sewing-class, three hundred garments fashioned by the children from material they furnished.

In the evening schools there are sewing and dressmaking classes for the older girls and women, where the art of sewing in all its



IN THE CARPENTRY SHOP.

branches is taught, especially to those whose earlier years lacked opportunity to gain the knowledge so valuable to every girl. Some-



times there are found among the evening-school pupils mothers inspired to attend the sewing-classes by their daughters, who have been taught in the day schools. These mothers prove among the most diligent of all scholars.

On the walls of the school-rooms where sewing is taught specimens of the pupils' work can be seen at all times. These show that diligent fingers, without neglecting essentials, have found time to fashion many dainty articles. There are few girls who do not wish to sew—surprisingly few; and a great proportion of them develop into experts with the needle. The mothers, too, urge their daughters to learn all that they can in these classes; for, besides making them of great assistance at home, the girls take better care of their own clothes, because they realize just how many stitches are required in the making.

Equipping a girl with the knowledge that enables her to make her own dresses is one of the greatest lessons in self-help the public school teaches. It not only fits her to make her own clothing, but, if she wishes to earn her living as a dressmaker, it qualifies her to take up that work at a point where she can command living wages. New York dress makers, for instance, always give a girl who has learned sewing in the public schools the preference when engaging assistants.

The dresses disposed of, there remains that

most important factor in a girl's equipment—her hat. The millinery class of the public school never lacks for pupils. Here, however, as in the dressmaking, the teacher is confronted with startling likes and dislikes in the matter of color. Almost invariably, the desire of children whose parents came to the United States from one of the Latin countries, as well as from Russia, runs to bright colors, harmony being a forgotten element. So the teacher tries to illustrate harmony in combination, and pleasing contrasts in colors. The children are encouraged to bring old artificial flowers, ribbons, and velvets from home. They are taught



how to renovate them. Then comes the color instruction. In certain schools the millinery and art teachers work together, and children

are taught to make color sketches of hats they think they would like. Where taste is faulty, patient correction, as a rule, finally brings about museums by their teachers, but lectures on the subjects connected with particular lines of study are often given to the classes.



A WAND DRILL.

a correct understanding of color relations and harmony. It is found that the very best way to teach color harmony is to take the children where they can see how Nature always places together colors each of which makes the others more attractive. So the classes, accompanied by their teachers, study Nature in the parks, and learn from her what even the best of textbooks do not tell them. In the same way girls and boys are taught natural history.

The Natural History Museum is a wonderful object-lesson. The most familiar birds, beasts, and fowls, as well as the reproductions of the monsters of past ages, are seen as no description could place them in the minds of children who study about them solely in books. Not only are the children thus taken to the

The nature room of the public school is large and sunny, with plenty of blackboard space. At times the room is a veritable bower. Flowers in profusion, brought in through the united efforts of teachers and pupils, fill jugs and jars. A hanging basket generally graces one of the windows, and attractive window boxes are also seen. Fish swim, moths and bugs fly, and frogs jump in quarters allotted them. It is amazingly like out-of-doors.

Often there is found beside one wall a small farm in boxes, which causes the little farmers much solicitude at harvest times. Then there are other boxes which illustrate landscape-gardening. The latter, however, are more often found upon the roofs of the school buildings than in the nature rooms.



FENCING EXERCISE.

In this way nature becomes something more than description taught from books. Many thousands of city children have never seen the real country, and they cannot go to it. So the public schools are, as far as possible, bringing the country and its pleasant ways to them.

While in the general work of the public school the education of boys and girls is along similar paths of learning, special studies differ widely. Manual training is one of the most gratifying courses in point of result. It is not taught so much with the idea of giving a child a start in a trade as to teach the use of the hands to the best advantage. If we will only stop to think about it, many of us will see

No attempt is made to train a boy to become a finished workman in any line. The end sought is to develop in him any taste for the arts which may be latent.

One fact of peculiar interest is that in a number of the schools much of the apparatus used in the manual training and other branches of study is made by the students themselves. Especially is this true in the evening schools, where, at least in one case that came under my observation, much of the electrical equipment is constructed by the pupils.

In the bench-work classes the boys are busy turning out boxes, ink-stands, photograph frames, and dozens of other articles. When



FIGURE 1

plainly that our fingers and thumbs by no means give us the skilful service they might had they been properly trained. This is why it benefits any boy to take the manual-training course. It gives him a control of his muscles that no other form of exercise makes possible.

The boy who takes manual training is taught to think for himself, to give free expression to his thought, and to act accordingly. In bench-work—that is, work accomplished at the bench—a type model, one that gives a general idea of the subject, is used. With this as a starting-point a boy begins his work of construction. He may be making a wall-pocket, a clock-case, a brasswork bowl, or some other of the many creations of which models were given. His foundation, in a degree, is the type model, but the conclusion of the task shows the real thought and skill of the boy himself; for he is told to make the finishing details whatever he best likes.

completed these creations belong to those who made them. They are found in thousands of city homes, and in some are the only articles of the sort possessed. The class in ironwork makes easels, paper racks, candlesticks, and scrollwork from Venetian iron. Sometimes the smallest boy in the class is the champion worker, and looks up with beaming eyes when his teacher shows his ambitious scrolls with initials wrought therein.

The results obtained in Venetian ironwork are remarkable. Not only are the brackets, the candelabra, the stands, etc., made truly ornamental, but frequently the workmanship shows the careful eye and skilled hand of the true artist. One boy modeled the Brooklyn Bridge, and with the aid of several companions made a genuine working model, complete in every way.

Basketry is the most popular of the industries taught in the public schools. More than



AN OPEN-AIR GYMNASIUM.

almost any other subject it gives the child opportunity to express itself as to color and shape. Development comes through this self-expression. The baskets made are not mere toys. The central idea of both teachers and scholars in constructing them is to make them, first, strong and useful, and at the same time as artistic as possible. In the beginning the size of the basket seems to be the quality foremost in the boys' minds. That a basket

eyes. The teacher guides them, however, to think more of the strength and the firmness, and in these respects one boy often criticizes another's work. It is noticeable, too, that ideas as to color undergo a change. At first the more striking and vivid the contrast, and the greater the number of colors employed, the more the basket delights the owner. Finally, by slow stages, the boys become reconciled to less brilliant combinations, and are thereafter satisfied with softer hues. Occasionally, a small basket-maker clings to his natural love for colors many and bright, and up to the last day of the term admires his basket decorated with a combination of crushed strawberry, pink, and dull reddish-purple, insisting that "Mama likes it, too." Only experience can change so firm an opinion.



NOON GAMES IN A SCHOOL YARD.

There is one class the boys of which often ask to be allowed to stay after school and finish the work in hand. This is the fret-sawing contingent, which transfers designs from printed sheets to wood with the aid of delicate saws, patiently cutting attractive scrolls and fashioning wood into counterparts of leaves of trees. Paper-knives with fancy handles are also made by these children, and ornate but useful wooden baskets.

should be large, perhaps, so that mother could carry eggs, potatoes, or even clothes in it, is apparently the necessary requirement in their

The great essential to good results in public-school work is health. Thus the physical training of the boys and girls is the subject of especial attention. It is varied in character,

although the general line of work is much the same. There are well-equipped gymnasiums for both sexes. In each of these teachers who have made healthful exercise a study instruct the children in chest expansion and muscle strengthening with the aid of dumb-bells, show them how the "buck" and the "horse" make one agile, while rope-climbing and parallel-bar exercise are utilized to develop the muscles and inspire self-confidence.

Then, too, broadsword exercise and drills with the wand—the latter much resembling the old-fashioned school "pointer"—give the children a graceful carriage and a knowledge of how to use arms and legs that is gained in no other fashion. The setting-up exercise, which is a part of the work, has proved a potent enemy to ill-health, ably seconded by the ladder-work and the exciting experiences of the basket-ball court.

But at recess, and before and after school, the boys and girls need no instruction in the ways of amusing themselves. Some of the schools have roof playgrounds, inclosed with wire screens, where foot-ball and basket-ball can be played as well as on the ground; while

if there is but the ordinary play yard, tag, potato races, etc., are always in order.



FOOTBALL PLAYED ON A ROOF PLAYGROUND.

Hygiene and exercise go hand in hand. Unhappily, the joys of the bath are not appreciated by those whose bathing experience has been limited. So the bath is really a part of the public-school course in many cities. Greatest of aids in the warm-weather bathing course is that admirable feature of great cities,



ANOTHER VIEW OF A ROOF PLAYGROUND.

the public bath. At certain times of the week school-children go in detachments, in charge of competent instructors, to these baths—one day or one hour will be for girls, and at another hour, or on another day the boys' turn

have taken a new place in the lives of the children for whom they were created. Not only do they teach the three "R's," but, step by step, they help boy and girl along the royal road to success that leads out from the high-



THE GIRLS' HOUR AT A SWIMMING BATH.

will come. Many boys and girls soon learn to swim, and thus increase both their vigor and happiness,—besides the security against possible drowning (of themselves or of others) should an accident occur when, in later life, they might be on the water.

Thus the public schools in the last five years

way of liberal education. The girl learns to be strong, womanly, and wise, versed not only in the wisdom of books, but in the knowledge that every housewife, every mother, needs. The boy is schooled in the practical gospel of self-help, self-reliance, and a clear perception of the duties that fall to the lot of a manly man.

AS TO A CANINE KING.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BATES.

IF dogs should form an empire great,
As men do who are wiser,
I wonder would their chief of state
Be called the Grand Kai-yi-ser.



E. WARDE BLINDELL

(J. P.)

IF YOU MEET A DOG, SAY HELLO TO HIM, WITH A FRIENDLY "WAG."

FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON.

CHAPTER XI.

A BIT OF NEWS.

"THE boys were going to have the bus and take us out to Kinikinnick that way, but Martha Cutting said that she would n't go in the bus, for the Claytons would think we were acting like a lot of country bumpkins going to a fair. That girl has a perfect genius for making one feel uncomfortable." Kate Norris threw herself with such despair into Avis Taylor's hammock that the ropes creaked in protest.

Sue laughed. She had just walked into Monroe on an errand for her father, and had run in to call on Avis; Kate, seeing her in passing, had joined them on the veranda.

"I can tell you, Sue," said Avis, soberly, "that this is no laughing matter. We can't afford carriages, but Martha thinks nothing else will do. And there are Cedric and little Clara—Belle will want to look after her, and of course Ceddie could have come with the crowd; but now—"

"But now what!" cried Sue. "Why, just this: you are all going in the bus, and you are going to stop for Phil and me. Betty and Peggy are invited with mother to tea, so they will go early. Besides, Virginia suggested it to me herself. Such foolishness! Is Martha running us?"

"Sue, you are a darling! Here we girls have been having a fit over that bus for two mortal days, and you settle it by a word!"

"And now that the getting there is settled,"—and Avis sank back in her chair as if a great weight was off her mind,— "let's talk clothes."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Kate, enthusiastically. Kitty's mother was the village seamstress, and a new dress for some one else was a far commoner occurrence than one for herself. "Mother is making me a pink dimity, with just the least V at the neck, and elbow-sleeves.

Of course I could n't have had it if this had n't been our senior year, and I will really need it for evenings, as there will always be something going on."

"And I have a new white organdie," said Avis, "and Belle a dotted swiss. Even little Clara has a pretty blue lawn. What are you going to wear, Sue?"

Sue was taken quite off her guard. She had been so delighted when Virginia had unfolded her plan that she had never once thought of a gown.

"I hope you will wear the evening gown you are going to take away to school," continued Avis; "we all want to see it so much."

"My evening gown?"

"Why, yes," said Kate. "Of course we know you must have something lovely for little affairs, you are always so stylish, Sue. I hope it is ever so much prettier than Martha's—"

Here, to Sue's astonishment, Avis gave a warning cry, and Kate popped her hand over her own mouth, as if she had just let escape a state secret.

"What is it?" begged Sue, having all an average girl's inquisitiveness. "What is it? Why, Kate Norris, I did n't think you would be so mean as to keep a secret from me!"

"But, Sue," said Kate—it was evident that both girls were longing to tell—"but, Sue, we found it out in such a queer way; and besides, it—well, it won't make you a bit happier; indeed, we are afraid it will make you quite miserable!"

"Yes, quite," Avis assured Sue, looking at her pitifully. "And Virginia, too—it might spoil the party for you both. No, we can't tell—"

"Oh, please!" Sue whispered breathlessly, thinking the whole thing a joke. "Please let me know the worst. I think I can bear it!"

"Well," said Kitty. "Well—"

"Oh, Kitty, ought we to tell?" broke in Avis, her sweet face crinkled with anxiety. "I'm so afraid it will make trouble!"

"I know it will. I just won't tell!" And Kate turned from temptation and hid her face in the hammock cushion.

"So there really is something, then. I thought all the time you were both pretending," said Sue in a matter-of-fact way, seeing that not only was there a secret, but that she must gain it by strategy. "I'm afraid I have n't time to stay very long for it, but just tell me this: have you promised not to tell?"

"Oh, no," cried both girls; "no one knows we know!"

"We each ran against a part of it," explained Kate; "and when we told each other—we have never had a secret we did not share in our lives—then we put two and two together, and *behold!*"

"Will I know it sometime?"

"Oh, yes, soon!"

"Could I prevent its happening if I knew?"

"No; it is too late!"

"Is it dead or alive?"

"Oh, very much alive," giggled Avis.

"It's alive, I shall soon know it, and it will make me unhappy." She thought for a moment, and then added triumphantly, "It's about Martha Cutting!"

"Sue Roberts, you're the brightest thing that ever lived!" cried Avis, admiringly.

"Then it is Martha. Well, tell me the rest. What did she say?"

"Nothing."

"Then what has she done?"

"She has n't done it—she is just going to. But we are not going to tell. It will be bad enough when you see her there!"

This was a slip, as Sue saw by the expression of dismay on both faces.

"At Virginia's?" she asked, pressing her advantage.

"No."

"Why, I'm not going to any other place, except Hope Hall."

"Oh-o-o-o!" wailed Avis.

"You don't mean—you *can't* mean—she is going there!"

Kate suddenly raised her face from the cushion, red and anxious.

"That is it, Sue. You have guessed it, and we have been acting like a pair of sillies, anyway. Sit down again, and I'll tell you all I know. You see, Bruce was up at the school-house one day with Mr. Keen, when Martha Cutting and her mother came in. Mrs. Cutting told Mr. Keen that she wanted all Martha's standings for the last three years, as she had decided to send her away to school. Well, Mr. Keen showed he did n't like it very well, Martha is such a splendid scholar, you know, and he has been so interested in her work. Then she always did have a way of getting around her teachers—"

"She had her lessons better than the rest of us; that's one way," interpolated Avis.

"Yes, I don't want to be unjust to her; she is bright and pretty, but she does not ring true, and you know it."

"But how do you know she is going to Hope Hall?" inquired Sue.

"Just wait a moment and you will see. Bruce told me when he came home—they never noticed him, as he was helping Mr. Keen behind the screen. We are all in the same class, so of course we were interested. Well, the day before, Avis met Martha in the post-office, and you know how she always loves to make you think she has a secret—"

"Yes," broke in Avis. "But I never would have suspected at all if she had n't kept flourishing a letter she had just received. It was in a lavender envelop, with a violet seal, and you know, Sue, Virginia had one just like it that last day you drove up here. So I knew at once it was a letter from Miss Hope, and exclaimed over it. Martha did n't like it a bit when she found I knew, for she had only meant to make me curious; but when I asked her about it, she said she supposed there was no law against other girls beside Sue Roberts and Virginia Clayton going to Hope Hall. Then she sailed away with her nose in the air; but when she found I did n't run after her, she came over that afternoon and was as sweet as peaches. Of course we never mentioned school."

"Mother has been sewing for her for weeks,"

said Kate. "She told Mildred Warner that her aunt had promised to take her to Europe if she received first prize in both voice and piano, but she did not say where she was going. And that is every blessed thing we know!"

"That 's enough! More than a plenty, thank you!" ejaculated Sue. "I feel like the

who knows?—I might have fainted or fallen in a fit, and have had to be carried home on a shutter!"

"Sue Roberts, stop your nonsense!" protested Kitty. "Don't you see Avis is just ready to cry, and that I am too!"

"Well, you need n't," declared Sue, giving



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, SUE? FAI'IERED DAVIE."

old German woman who said when her cow died, 'Now I'd chust as soon lif as die!' I'm sorry. Martha and I are like oil and water, the lion and the lamb, and lots of other things! We don't mix well. I pity Miss Hope!"

"But, Sue," persisted Kate, "have we done wrong in telling you—"

"Of course not. Why, if it had been sprung on me suddenly at the party or the station—

Avis an affectionate little pat and throwing Kitty a kiss. "I see I've got a job cut out for me, and that's to learn to like Martha and get her to like me, for she's my fate. Goodness, did that clock strike eleven? Good-by, girls; I've got to scurry," and away she flew.

"Why, she never told us what she was going to wear to the party!" commented Avis, half an hour later, when the two girls had

quieted their consciences by going in and confessing it all to gentle Mrs. Taylor, who gave them the scolding they felt they deserved, and sent them away comforted.

CHAPTER XII.

DAVIE TO THE RESCUE.

MANDY DOBBINS was hanging up the clothes in the back yard, and Sue—a rather sober Sue—stood at the kitchen table washing the breakfast dishes, while Betty polished the glasses until they shone.

"It seems to me, Sue," said Peggy, in a disconsolate voice,—she was scouring the knives with her board on the window-sill,—“that you are quiet'r to-day than you have ever been before. We always have such fun out here in the kitchen wash-days, and we have n't sung, 'There is a goose,' or 'Whoopsy saw,' or anything!"

"All right, honey," and Sue broke into a half-smile and began in a strained voice:

"Whoopsy saw, sine craw:
The Robertses come to town—

Well, why don't you both pipe up! I don't feel like singing a solo." For both Peggy and Betty had failed to join in her song.

"It sounded like a funeral," grumbled Peggy; "there was no more fun in your voice than—than—"

"Sue," said Betty, seriously, as she shook out a fresh tea-towel and looked up at the clock, "in four days and eleven hours we will be at Virginia's party! I wish she had n't asked us so long ahead. It's so long to wait when you have never been to a party in your life."

"Clara Wilkin told me at Sunday-school," went on Betty, "that she is going to wear Belle's second-best sash. I do wish you had something to lend, Sue. It's so lovely to wear borrowed clothes!"

"I don't think so," snapped Sue, banging the pan so fiercely that she pushed her favorite little blue bowl to the floor with a crash. "There, that served me right for being so cross!" she groaned as she gathered up the bits. "I'm all out of sorts this morning, and I warn everybody off the premises."

"What is it, dear?" inquired her mother, coming in with a pan of beans she had just gathered. "Anything wrong, little daughter?"

"There are two things, mother. One is, I just can't be happy about Martha going to Hope Hall, and the other is that Virginia has found out I am going to wear my white shirt-waist suit to the party, and she is bound to lend me her pink silk muslin,—she has never worn it here,—and I won't have it, and she is hurt about it."

"As for Martha's going, you must, my child, for your own sake, get over that foolish feeling. I am so sorry that rose lawn Aunt Serena sent you faded," said Masie, with a sigh.

"My!" said Betty, with a deep breath, "I'm thankful ours were white! If they had been fady, and we should have had to stay at home, I think I should have perished."

"Virginia says Kitty and Avis were right about my needing an evening dress at school," went on Sue, nervously; "and she is begging me to accept the pink for always, but of course I won't."

"No, of course not!" said Mrs. Roberts, emphatically. "I feel troubled about the hat. To be sure, it is simple—"

"I'm sure it could n't have cost much," cried Sue, as if her mother were about to wrest it from her. No one knew how often she slipped out of bed to try on the hat before the old mirror.

"Oh, well," said mother, cheerily, "you can wear the shirt-waist suit with one of your new linen collars and your red tie; that will be very pretty and girlish."

Sue groaned. Her mother had n't seen many evening parties; for that matter, neither had Sue, but she felt sure that girls did n't usually wear linen collars and red ties. And there was the pink gown. But no, no! And Sue's head went up in the air. It was quite bad enough to accept benefits from one's relatives, but from one's chum—never!

Yet, later that afternoon, when Davie went flying up to the wigwam to beg for a rubber band for his new sling-shot, he found Sue lying on her divan, and there was grief and despair in every line of the slender figure that lay among the gay pillows.

"Why-e-e! What 's the matter, Sue?" faltered Davie, in his astonishment. Sue to cry—Sue! Betty and Peggy had their weeping-times, to be sure, and nobody thought anything of it, but not Sue. "Are you sick? Shall I call mother?"

"No-o-o! Not on your life!" sobbed Sue. "Go away, Davie, and shut the door. I'm—I'm—crying like sixty, and I don't want anybody to see me! Go away!"

"Is it your tooth or your stomach?" anxiously inquired Davie, closing the door softly and going nearer to her.

"It is neither one," sniffled Sue from the depths of her pillow. "I want you to go away, for I am a mean, hateful thing, that's what I am!"

"Who said so?" demanded Davie, doubling his small fist. "If it was Phil or Benny, I'll show 'em!"

Sue lifted her head to look at her small champion, and a half-smile crept over her tear-drenched face.

"Did n't anybody say so, Davie; I think it myself. You see, here I'm getting ready to go away to school with a whole trunkful of new clothes; and now I'm crying like a baby because a girl I don't like is going too, and because I have nothing to wear—to wear—to Virginia's—party," and Sue's head went down again.

Davie could understand that going away to school with a person one did not like might not be pleasant, but a trunkful of clothes and nothing to wear struck him as very remarkable; yet, having been the brother of three girls since his birth, he knew that remarkable statements were to be expected. Still, it did n't seem like Sue to cry over a little thing like a dress.

"What kind of a dress do you want?" inquired Davie, for need of something to say.

"A—a party dress, of course, goosey; but there is no use talking: I can't have it. I would n't mind so much if it was n't for Martha Cutting; and besides, all the girls will know I have n't an evening gown for school. I wish I had been born a Hottentot!"

"Why don't you wear your Indian dress? That 'd look gorgeous, and I bet none of the other girls have one with elks' teeth sewed on it!"

"Go away, Davie Roberts!" cried Sue, sharply. "What do boys know? Of course no other girl has elks' teeth; no girl would want them for Virginia's party! Oh, Davie, forgive me!" For Davie's lip quivered, he having been so much affected by her tears that his heart had welled with sympathy and he was greatly hurt at this summary dismissal. "I'll be all right in a little bit. I would n't have father or mother know for the world, when they have been so good to me. Promise me you won't tell. Now, run away. I'm almost cried out now."

"Why don't you write to Aunt Serena?" asked Davie, he never having been known to give up a subject when he was once started on it.

"Because she has been giving to me ever since I can remember, and because I never asked anybody for anything in my life except Uncle David."

"Then why don't you ask Uncle David?" persisted Davie.

"Go along with you, Davie Roberts!" and Sue sprang from the divan and seized him by the shoulder. "Did n't I ask him to lend me his tepee, and did n't he send me the darlinest ever! Am I a beggar? There, take that kiss and trot along. Forget all about it, there's a good boy. I'm all right."

Davie, put out bodily, heard the key turn in the lock, and after a resentful kick at the door, to show he understood her ingratitude, he went slowly down-stairs and out to the barn-yard.

Mandy Dobbins had gone home for the afternoon and taken the twins with her, Ben was off with Phil on an errand, and father and mother were not to be told. There was not a creature with whom to talk of Sue's woes except the puppy and the pig. For a long time Davie stood with his hands in his pockets, watching the pig, his one possession,—for Farmer Brown had given Davie the pig,—jolly and fat as old King Cole, nosing the apples that had been given him for his dinner. If only, Davie thought, he had n't emptied his bank for that jointed fishing-rod, then he could buy a dress for Sue himself. It was dreadful to think of merry old Sue crying. He 'd buy a spangled dress like the one the lady wore who

rode the horse in the circus when Uncle David took him last summer. Uncle David! If only Uncle David knew, there would be no further trouble. Jolly⁹ Uncle David, who always slapped a boy on the back and asked him if he did n't want to borrow a quarter. If Uncle David were here to ask—

But at this point in his thoughts an idea struck Davie with great force, and dragging his hat a little farther over his ears with both hands, he started helter-skelter for the house.

"Mandy! Mandy Dobbins!" he called, as he burst breathlessly into the kitchen; "Mandy Dobbins!" but there was no response.

But, remembering that his friend Mandy had gone out for the afternoon, without waiting to consider whether he had a right to use Mandy's property without her permission, he ran into her little bedroom off the kitchen. Yes, there was her ink and pen on the window, and in a box on the table was her stationery; for Mandy's lover was a soldier in the Philippines, and much of her spare time was spent in letter-writing.

Then Davie with his treasures scurried away to the barn. In the harness-room he found a tobacco-pail which, turned upside down, would serve very well for a table; there was light from the high window, and he felt that here he would be safe from interruption. Davie had not written many letters, but Miss Banks, during the last week, had given her pupils some business forms that had made a great impression on Davie. It seemed so grown up and manly to write, "Dear Sir," and "your esteemed favor." He was quite sure he knew how to do it. Then Miss Banks always said he wrote very well for a small boy; there would be no trouble except the spelling,—the sight of a spelling-book always turned Davie sick at the stomach,—but then he remembered that Uncle David said he hated spelling too, so likely he would never know if the words were correctly spelled or not. So, comforting himself with this thought, down went Davie on his knees by the pail, and dipping his pen deep in the ink, thrusting his tongue in his cheek, and squinting his eye, he sent his pen sputtering across the paper.

MONROE, OHIO, August 23, 19—.

MY DEER SIR: Thats what teecher said men said to each other if you wuz riten a bizness letter and this is strictly bizness. Teecher she said put esteemed favor but you aint don it yit so i leave that out. You see our Sue she aint got no party dress for virginias party an i caught her cryin up in her wiggwam thats what she calls her room where she keeps ber injun things. She got a lot ant sereniy sent but they is day dresses cause our Sue said i wuz a goose you cant wear injun dresses to partys tall an marthy cutting she will laf if our Sue wears it. you said did i want to borro a quarter an i said what do men do an you said they give a note but our teecher she said also you can give morgage on house or farm or lif stock or anything you owned your own self and i asked her did lif stock meen a pig an she said yes. So I want to borro a dress for our Sue as i aint got no money but 7 sents my rod it folds and cost 2\$ i wist i had the money back for it aint no good an i am now a savin for a gun. i send morgage on my pig it is a nice clean pig an father he said we mite as well eat one of the fambly so mr. Read he will buy him of me this fall he is my own pig an this is a rite morgage for our teecher she showed us.

i David F. Roberts of monroe Ohio in consideration of one dress lended me by my unkle David for our Sue I convey to wit one said pig set my hand an seal
DAVID F. ROBERTS.

p s our Sue she does not no nor nobody dont an dont you tell an cross your heart an hope to dye i will take good care of the pig. i aint had no red lemenade since you took me an benny to the curcus i wist i had some in me now dont you your lovin neffu.

DAVID F. ROBERTS.

2 p s i cant spell but nether can you.

p s s dont take no time or our Sue will have to wear her saler sute an marthy will laf i will do somethin for you some day and dont tell ant sereniy
D. F. R.

It took Davie a long time to write his letter, for in spite of squinting eye and wagging tongue, the pen refused to go as it should. The teetering pail did not make the best of writing-tables, and for some reason Mandy's pen seemed to leak ink at both ends. Still he was more than satisfied, in spite of blots, as he surveyed his finished letter, and it took all his self-control to keep from rushing off to show it to his admiring family. At last it was folded and directed, the "Judge David Fulton" staggering from corner to corner across the envelop, seemingly held on only by an extra curlicue at the lower corner.

Once more Davie slipped into the house,—this time for two of the precious seven pennies,—and then away he sped to mail his letter.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO TRAVELERS.

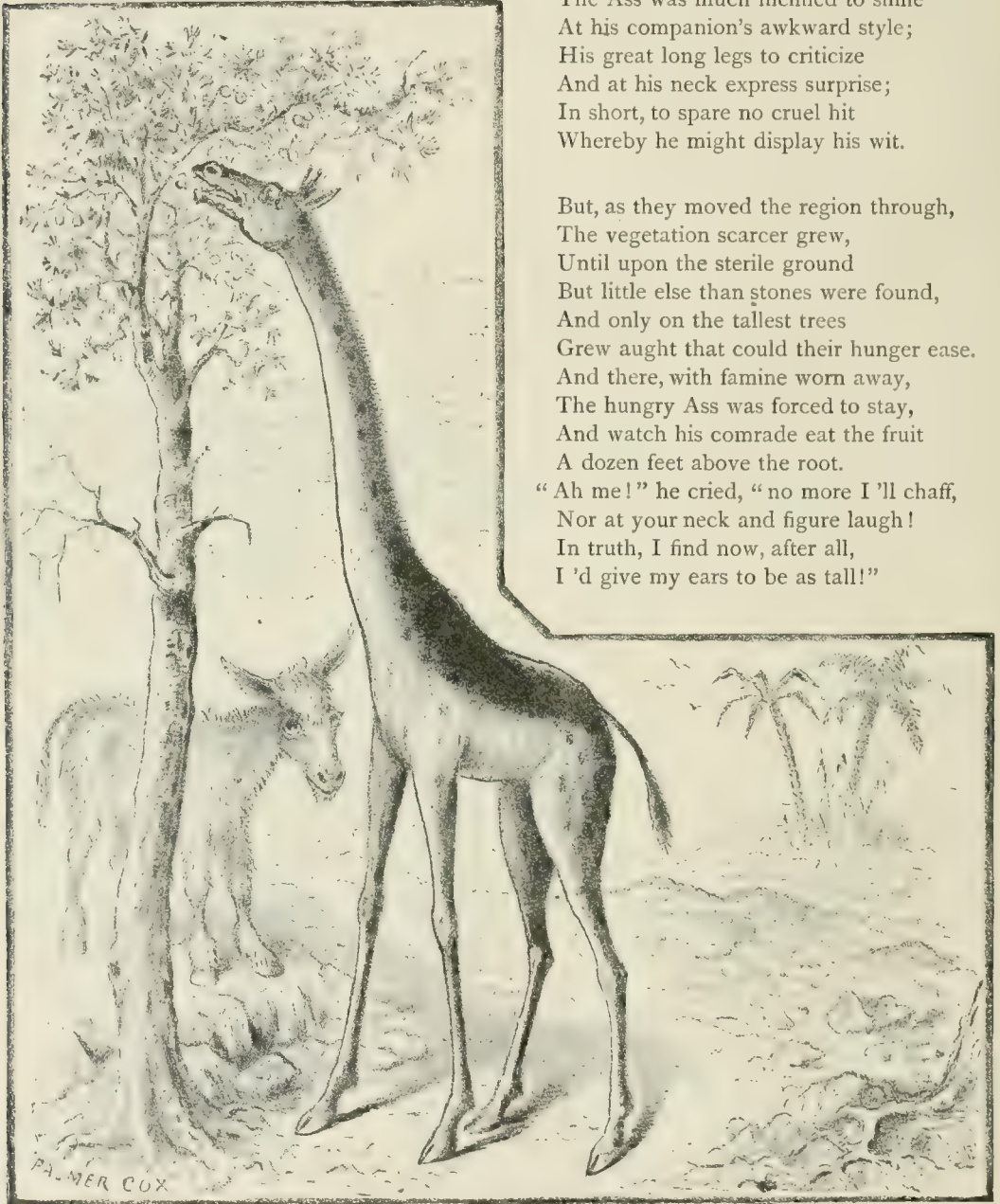
(A Fable.)

BY PALMER COX.

IN bygone times it came to pass,
A tall Giraffe and a dwarfish Ass,

As fellow-travelers, side and side,
Were jogging through a country wide.
The Ass was much inclined to smile
At his companion's awkward style;
His great long legs to criticize
And at his neck express surprise;
In short, to spare no cruel hit
Whereby he might display his wit.

But, as they moved the region through,
The vegetation scarcer grew,
Until upon the sterile ground
But little else than stones were found,
And only on the tallest trees
Grew aught that could their hunger ease.
And there, with famine worn away,
The hungry Ass was forced to stay,
And watch his comrade eat the fruit
A dozen feet above the root.
"Ah me!" he cried, "no more I'll chaff,
Nor at your neck and figure laugh!
In truth, I find now, after all,
I'd give my ears to be as tall!"



PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

HOW PINKEY WENT SNIPE-HUNTING.

WHEN the good fishing days began to entice the sport lovers of Enterprise out into the open the fever seized young and old alike, and almost daily two or three loads of enthusiastic fishermen could be seen driving from town, bound for the fishing-grounds in the river-bottom, eight miles away.

It was the custom, among those fortunate enough to have the opportunity, to spend two or three days and nights on these fishing trips, carrying with them the necessary camping outfit to make themselves measurably comfortable during their stay.

It was on one of these expeditions that Pinky Perkins and several of his companions were to camp out overnight.

There were seven boys in the party, most of them older than Pinky; and those who had been on camping parties before were not backward in telling those who had not what a lot of fun was in store for them. For Pinky and his chum, Bunny Morris, the prospects of the trip were especially delightful, for neither of them had ever been out on an all-night camping expedition before. Mr. Snyder, the father of one of the boys, had consented to accompany the party, with the double object of enjoying the outing himself and of acting as a sort of general manager of the trip and guardian for the boys.

Arrived at their destination, Mr. Snyder took charge of the tent-pitching and the camp arrangements in general, and insisted on there being no fishing until they were comfortably settled for the night.

Different boys were assigned to different tasks, and to Pinky and Bunny fell that of procuring a supply of fire-wood, with which to cook supper and also to keep up the camp-fire that night. While there was plenty of wood about, good fire-wood was scarce, and in their search Pinky and Bunny wandered quite a

distance from the site of their camp. Soon they came upon another camping party, just in the act of leaving for home; and in answer to their inquiries Pinky explained that they were searching for fire-wood. One of the men in the party was a relative of Pinky's, and he not only offered them what wood was left at their camp, but also loaned to them the large flat-bottomed rowboat they had been using during their stay, that the boys might load their wood in it, float it back to camp, and use it while they were there.

This was a great stroke of good luck for the boys, for with what was given them and what they were able to pick up in the vicinity, they had quite a respectable amount of wood to show for their efforts. They loaded it all into the boat and proudly started on their return trip. Pinky soon learned how to manage the oars, roughly made and heavy as they were, and before long they were delighted to see their own camp looming up as they floated around a bend in the river, the large white tent and the busy figures around it, getting things in shape, being a sight to gladden their hearts and quicken their pulses.

While the other boys had been fixing up the camp, the driver had taken his fishing-pole and visited a deep hole some distance away, by the roots of an old fallen tree, and had returned in a short time with three good-sized fish—enough for supper.

Needless to say, supper that night was a gay meal. Everybody was in the best of spirits, and the feeling of good-natured freedom at being out in the open pervaded the camp.

After fishing a while without much success, the boys all set their poles at intervals along the bank, in order that they might feel that they were still pursuing the object for which they had come, and then, with the leather-covered seats from the hack arranged in a semi-

circle around the fire, on which they piled large pieces of wood, they began to plan for the morrow. Mr. Snyder, feeling that his presence was not at all necessary just then for the safety or pleasure of the boys, had gone with the driver to visit the cabin owned by several of the business men of Enterprise, situated about a half-mile farther up the river, where some of his friends were spending a week, hunting and fishing.

Every once in a while some of the boys would leave the circle seated in the glow of the fire to inspect their poles, in hopes that they might have caught something, or to rebait their hooks in case some daring fish had made a new supply necessary.

"Let's go and see if we've caught anything, Bunny," said Pinkey at last, when he feared it might be noticed that he had not left the fire since supper; "there might be a fish on one of our hooks."

After rebaiting their hooks and setting their poles in forked props with the ends stuck well into the bank, Pinkey and Bunny returned to their comrades.

As the two chums approached the fire, Pinkey noticed that a sudden silence fell upon the group seated about it, and he imagined that "Putty" Black and one or two others looked a little bit guilty as he and Bunny resumed their places in the circle.

No one spoke for a few moments, and the silence was beginning to get uncomfortable when "Shiner" Brayley, one of the older boys of the party, and more or less of a leader among boys of his age, broke the silence by saying: "Say, fellers, who wants to go snipe-huntin' over to the island? This ought to be a great night for snipe—just about dark enough. We can take the boat Pinkey borrowed and get enough for breakfast in no time at all."

"That's what!" chimed in Putty; "and they make awful good eatin', too; don't they, Joe?" turning to another of the party, who seemed to be favorably impressed with the idea.

The island referred to was a small uninhabited bit of land, covered with trees and underbrush, lying about midway from either bank of the river, and about which still clung certain unsavory tales of the early days in that

part of the country, when a band of highwaymen made it their abode and preyed upon small boats passing up and down the river.

The suggestion of Shiner's seemed to strike almost everybody as the proper thing to do, and as though it was queer no one had thought of it before, and all except Pinkey and Bunny rose to their feet, eager to start.

"I've never been snipe-huntin'," acknowledged Bunny, rather apologetically; "but if you're all goin', why, we'll go too, won't we, Pinkey?"

"'Course we'll go," said Pinkey, exhibiting a bravado he did not feel; "I believe it'll be lots o' fun. I've never been, either; but I'd like to go. It's a good thing I got the boat so we can go,—eh, Bunny?" Going with the crowd would be better than staying in camp alone, anyway.

"Yes," encouraged Shiner, who seemed to be managing the hunt; "if you and Bunny had n't brought the boat, we could n't ha' gone—'cause the snipe you catch around here are n't fit to eat." Just what the difference would be in those caught on the island, he did not explain.

"How do you catch 'em?" inquired Bunny, rather dubiously, not desiring to encounter any new kind of game without being aware of its peculiarities.

"Why, one person just holds a sack," explained Shiner, as the crowd, one by one, stepped into the boat; "and another 'n' holds a lantern just above it, and when the others stir up the snipe and they see a light, they just walk right straight for it, and first thing they know they're inside the sack. When it's full, you just close the end, and there you are."

While the details of catching snipe were being explained, Pinkey suddenly remembered hearing his father tell of being in a party that went on a similar expedition once when he was a boy, and Pinkey recalled the details of the joke as his father had related them. He maintained his air of interest in the hunt, however, and did not pretend that he had ever heard of snipe-hunting before. He even carried his show of ignorance still further by asking questions such as only one without any knowledge of the sport whatever could think of asking.

Pinkey now believed that he saw pretty clearly through the whole scheme, and he resolved then and there that snipe-hunting was a game that more than one could play at, and that he would have his share of the sport this night, or know the reason why. He knew as well now what the conversation had been during his and Bunny's absence as if he had been present and had heard it all. Bunny, on the other hand, had grown quite enthusiastic over the prospects, and remarked what a fine thing it would be to catch several nice snipe for breakfast.

On the way over to the island, Putty spoke up and in a careless sort of way asked who had better hold the sack and lantern. Shiner at once decided that these honors should by rights fall to Pinkey and Bunny, since they had brought the boat which made the trip possible; and besides, it being their first time, they were not familiar with the most successful method of driving snipe. This exceptional privilege struck Bunny as being about the greatest honor that had been his for a long time.

When they reached the island, they landed the boat in a small cove, and after disembarking drew it up on the edge of the sloping bank, just far enough to prevent its floating away. As they were preparing to start, Pinkey kept his eyes open and took especial note of his bearings, and the lay of the land in general, as well as he could in the darkness; so that when they set off through the underbrush and grass, in search of a good spot in which to set the trap, he was more on the alert as to where they were going than were those leading the party.

Single file they went for several minutes, turning first this way and then that, until Pinkey became convinced that Shiner, who was acting as guide, must have lost his bearings himself. At last they reached a small open space on a piece of ground slightly higher than that all about it.

"This 'll be a dandy place," said Shiner, as the little band emerged from the thicket through which they had been slowly making their way, and stood around in the little circle of light shed by the lantern.

"Where 's the best place to stand?" in-

quired Pinkey, reaching for the grain-sack which one of the other boys had been carrying.

Shiner took the sack, kneeling down as he did so, saying, "Now, Pinkey, you take the sack and hold it so," at the same time making the opening as large and round as possible. "Keep it still, and don't talk or make a noise of any kind."

When Pinkey had dutifully knelt down and taken hold of the sack, Shiner turned to Bunny,



"DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT 'S UP? WE 'RE THE SNIPES!"

who was already holding the lantern, to give him his instructions. "Come here, Bunny," said he, "and hold the lantern right over the mouth of the sack, so that the snipe, when we drive them in this direction, will see it and walk right square into the sack."

"But s'pose they fly at me," said Bunny, uneasily. He was rapidly losing courage, and even with Pinkey and the lantern, he hated to be left there in the dark.

"Shucks! Bunny," spoke up Putty Black; "snipe never fly at night; they can't." Bunny felt properly humiliated at this example of his

ignorance concerning the habits of snipe, and said no more.

"How long 'll you be drivin' 'em in?" inquired Pinkey, desiring to learn the plans of the others as nearly as he could.

"Oh, it ought n't to take over five minutes," answered Shiner, as the crowd moved off; "you ought to catch enough in that time."

"Yes," thought Pinkey to himself; "in about five minutes I think we 'll have five of the biggest snipe that ever were caught."

Up to the present time Pinkey had had no opportunity to say anything to Bunny, except in the hearing of the others, so he had not given him any idea of what his plans were. Now, he did not have time to explain. He could only act, and explain afterward. His foresight in keeping accurate track of the points of the compass enabled him to know in just what direction Shiner and Putty and the others must go in order that his scheme might work most successfully; and to his delight, he noted that this was the direction they took on leaving him and Bunny. He did not know whether they had gone in the direction they did because they were not certain of their bearings, or because they did not wish to arouse his and Bunny's suspicions as to their real intentions, but it was enough to know they had unwittingly aided him in accomplishing the defeat of their plans, and also in making his a success.

Pinkey retained his kneeling position until the voices had died out in the darkness. Then he arose, leaving the sack in a heap on the ground, and said to Bunny in a decisive undertone: "Set 'er down, Bunny, and come on."

"I don't like it here, either, Pinkey," acknowledged Bunny, his voice betraying a little quiver in it; "but won't the others be mad if we go 'way and don't catch the snipe?"

"Snipe! What's the matter with you, anyway, Bunny?" said Pinkey, savagely. "Don't you know what's up? We're the snipe. They just want to leave us here like a couple o' gumps, while they take the boat and go back to camp. You can't catch snipe that way. Set your lantern down on that stump and follow me."

Pinkey had noticed that a small break in the

thicket surrounding the open space where he and Bunny were, led in the direction of the water, and into this he plunged, closely followed by Bunny. As Pinkey had surmised, the opening led to the water's edge; and in a few minutes they found themselves in the cove where the boat had been left, alone in the stillness and darkness that were all around and about them. Bunny started to say something, but the words stuck in his throat; and before he had a chance to try it again, Pinkey stopped him short.

"Sh!" said he; "don't speak above a whisper till we get in the boat."

"I could n't talk above a whisper if I tried," said Bunny, mournfully. "Ain't you scared, Pinkey?" And his voice showed that being alone on an island on a dark night was not the most desirable experience he could wish for.

"We have n't time to be scared now," whispered Pinkey. "Get a hold of the boat and help shove her off. They 'll be here any minute now."

Together the pair succeeded in pushing the heavy boat into the water; and when they had done this, both climbed in and shoved the boat from shore, using the oars against the bottom until they got out where it was deep.

"There!" said Pinkey, triumphantly, when they had floated safely away from the bank; "we 'll show 'em how to take us snipe-hunting. I guess the laugh 'll be on somebody, but not on us."

"My! Pinkey," said Bunny, with an expressive shudder, "s'pos'n' they had left us there all night! I'd ha' died, sure. I was gettin' scared stiffer every minute, anyhow, and a few more 'd ha' fixed me."

"I did n't like it, either," admitted Pinkey; "and I'm mighty glad we're in this boat, instead o' the other fellers. Sh! There they are now. Lie down." And he and Bunny sprawled themselves flat on the bottom of the boat, keeping their heads up to hear what was going on. There being scarcely any current in the cove, the boat had remained almost stationary since they had stopped using the oars. It was too dark for them to see or be seen by those on the island, but they were close enough to hear all that was said.

"Goin' to leave 'em there all night, ain't we?" they heard Putty say. Putty had been one of the main agitators of the trick, but had not said much while Pinkey was around. He was talking bravely now, however, since he thought he was out of hearing.

"Well," said Shiner, "we 'll leave them there

heard Joe Cooper say, with a shade of uneasiness in his voice. Joe was no larger than Pinkey and Bunny, and did not relish the situation any more than they did.

"You three fellers look that way, and we 'll look this," said Shiner, evidently growing a bit excited over the absence of the boat.



"THE LANTERN LIGHT DISCLOSED FOOTPRINTS IN THE MUD."

long enough, so they won't forget their first snipe-hunt for a while, anyway."

By this time the crowd had reached the bank and had begun to look for the boat. Pinkey and Bunny nudged each other and gave low chuckles of delight as they heard the search proceeding.

"Where 'd we leave it, anyway?" they

"Could n't ha' got away, could it?" suggested Putty, who, so far, had used all his energy in telling the others where to look.

"Stop your talkin' and look a little, and maybe we 'll find it sooner," growled Shiner. "Pinkey won't hold that sack very much longer, if I know anything about it, and he and Bunny 'll be down here in a minute and catch us."

Pinkey and Bunny were delighted to hear the search proceeding, the tone of the voices momentarily growing louder and more excited as different ones went crashing frantically through the undergrowth along the bank, now stumbling, now almost slipping into the shallow, muddy water.

"Here 's where it was!" shouted Shiner, no longer trying to speak in subdued tones; "and 't ain't here. It 's gone! Somebody run 'n'



"THEY 'VE GOT A FIRE OVER ON THE ISLAND," SAID BUNNY."

get the lantern quick." All thought of fooling Pinkey and Bunny now disappeared as the realization of their own predicament confronted him.

Putty and Joe went floundering off through the thicket, shouting for Pinkey and Bunny to come on and bring the lantern, while the others stood on the bank and discussed the disappearance of the boat.

"Could n't ha' got away all alone," declared one, "'cause we left it high and dry on the bank and there is n't any tide in the river."

"I wish 't we had n't come here," acknowledged another; "that 's what I wish." It was plain that the stories of robbers having once lived on the island were having a very telling effect on the courage of some.

In a few minutes Putty and his companions came dashing back, bearing the lantern, their faces showing evidence of unconcealed fear.

"Where 's Pinkey and Bunny?" demanded Shiner.

"We found the lantern settin' on a stump," faltered Putty, "and the sack right there by it, but Pinkey and Bunny were both gone," and he looked very solemn. He could only think that disaster had befallen them, and that he would be held partially to blame.

But his fears were short-lived, as far as Pinkey and Bunny were concerned. The lantern light disclosed footprints in the mud which were much too small to have been made by robbers of a dangerous age.

The whole story was as plain as day now, and as the truth finally dawned upon the outwitted crowd they fell to blaming one another for their predicament.

"We 're a lot o' snipe ourselves, that 's all," admitted Shiner; "and we might as well make the best of it. Anybody who thinks that Pinkey Perkins was born around April Fools' Day is goin' to get left. There 's no need o' hopin' he 'll ever bring that boat back this night; and I don't know as I would, either, if I was in his place."

And he was right. Pinkey and Bunny had by this time drifted out of hearing of the island, and with the aid of the oars they soon made a landing at their own camp, arriving in high spirits at having so cleverly turned the tables on the others.

Mr. Snyder and the driver arrived about half an hour after Pinkey and Bunny, and found them comfortably stretched on the ground before the fire, on which they had piled some big sticks of wood. The boys were discussing their evening's experience, and seemed to be highly pleased over something.

"Where are the rest of the boys?" inquired Mr. Snyder, looking about him.

"Snipe-huntin'," replied Pinkey, as soberly as he knew how.

"What! Snipe hunting? Why, what do you mean?" Mr. Snyder could not just grasp Pinkey's meaning.

"They 're over on the island yet," explained Pinkey. "They took Bunny and me over to show us how, but I knew already, so we took the boat and came back. They can't 'April fool' me so easily as all that."

Pinkey then told the whole story to Mr. Snyder, who seemed to enjoy it immensely; he said that he and Bunny had served the others exactly right.

"But how soon are you going over after them, Pinkey?" inquired Mr. Snyder.

"Well," said Pinkey, thoughtfully, "if it would n't have hurt us to stay over there all night, I guess it won't hurt them; and, besides, I 'm gettin' sleepy."

Mr. Snyder thought it best not to question the boys further, and remarked, as he walked

away, that he guessed he 'd go out and see how the horses were getting along.

"Look, Pinkey! they 've got a fire over on the island," said Bunny, as he and Pinkey rolled themselves in their blankets and prepared to enjoy a night such as they had so often read of in books.

"Well, they 're probably tryin' to catch some snipe for breakfast," said Pinkey, sleepily. "I hope they get as many as we did. Good night!"

Mr. Snyder and the driver went quietly to the boat as soon as they left camp, and in a short time they had reached the island and had relieved the minds of five of the most repentant boys it would have been possible to find anywhere. When they reached camp, they all went quietly to bed, thankful that the kindness of Mr. Snyder had made their experience less unpleasant than it might have been.



THE WEST WIND AND THE BEAR.

Plantation Stories.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.



“DE WEST WIND’S TUNE MAKE LITTIL MISTER BROWN BEAR MIGHTY SLEEPY.”

AUNT JINSEY had been mammy to the Randolph children, on Broadlands plantation, as she was mammy to their mother before them. But with the coming of the new baby, a little colored nurse, twelve-year-old “America,” was brought up to the Big House to play with the three elder children, and do what she could, till Aunt Jinsey’s time was more her own.

America assisted in getting Pate, Patty, and

Isabel out of bed, and, under Aunt Jinsey’s direction, managed their morning toilets.

“You dest like a little bear, Marse Pate,” the young girl giggled. “I bound you like to sleep all de winter th’oo.”

“Does bears sleep all winter, Aunt Jinsey?” asked Pate, applying to the higher authority, as he grumblingly fastened his shoes.

“Dey does sence de West Wind done piped old Mr. Bear to sleep one time,” returned Aunt

Jinsey, good-humoredly. The baby lay across her knees, with his long white skirts trailing down to her foot, and she trotted him gently as she spoke. "Black gal," she broke out with sudden fierceness, "what you let little Marse put his shoes on widout poligizin' 'em for? You — wid po' talk 'bout bears; an' lettin' dese chillen go same as white trash!"

"Never mind the shoes!" cried Pate. "Let Meriky tell us about the bear."

"Meriky tell you 'bout de bear!" snorted Aunt Jinsey. "Ef she can't tell a tale better dan what she kin dress a child, hit 'll be a mighty raggety tale."

"You tell us, then, Aunt Jinsey," pleaded gentle little Patricia. "It was you that said you knew about the West Wind piping the bear to sleep. Tell us that tale."

Somewhat mollified, the old woman settled herself for the story, keeping a sharp eye on America, who was still busily polishing Pate's shoes. "Long time ago, de fust bear he was young an' foolish. He never slep' all de winter long in a holler log, like bears does dese days; an' he was a mighty bad hand to backbite an' carry tales. He tell everybody dat will listen to him dat de West Wind ain't no singer."

"Now, de West Wind kin make de puttiest music er anybody in de Big Woods. More dan dat, he make up all de songs what he sings, dest as he go 'long."

"When he hear what dat impudous young bear say, he fly right straight to Mr. Bear, he did. 'Oh, I ain't no singer, ain't I?' he ax. 'Well, Mr. Bear, we kin call up all de critters in de Big Woods to jedge, an' I kin sing you so fast asleep dat you won't wake up 'fo' spring.'

"'Try hit,' say Mr. Bear. 'Uh-uh-uh!' he grunt; 'try hit — dest try hit!'

"So den de West Wind call all the critters togedder; an' when dey ranged round to look on, he sing 'bout what bears loves best. He had him a song 'bout ripe huckleberries, an' honey dripping out de comb in de bee-tree. Oh, mind you, his song was sweet!"

"I 've heard the wind when it made me think of things like that," said Pate. "But it never made me sleepy."

"De West Wind's tune make little Mr. Brown Bear mighty sleepy," said the old negress. "He

stand hit as long as he kin, an' den he quile down in de holler tree very comfo'able an' commence to snore."

"All de critters laugh, but dat ain't win de day for de West Wind, yit. He got to put Mr. Bear so plum' fast asleep dat he won't wake up tell spring."

"So de West Wind pile leaves all 'bout de bear, an' make him warm, so he snore softer an' softer. De dry leaves done dey part; dey rushle a nice little chune to go wid de West Wind's song; but still Mr. Bear was a-snorin', an' de West Wind know 'at when a bear snore he gwine wake up soon."

"Den de West Wind call 'pon de rain; an' de rain come an' pat for de music. 'Pitter



—patter — *pit-pat*! Pitter — patter — *pit-pat*! Dat how de rain sound on de leaves. 'Pitter — patter — *pit-pat*! Pitter — patter — *pit-pat*!' But still Mr. Bear snore on."

"Last of all, an' best of all, to make a bear sleep, come Jack Frost wid his banjo. When de West Wind pipe a song, an' de leaves rushle an' play a chune to go wid hit, an' de snow come, an' Jack Frost's banjo begin to snap an'

crackle de strings, dey ain't no bear ever made kin stay awake. Naw, suh — nary bear ever made! Dey dest plumb 'bleege' to go to sleep.

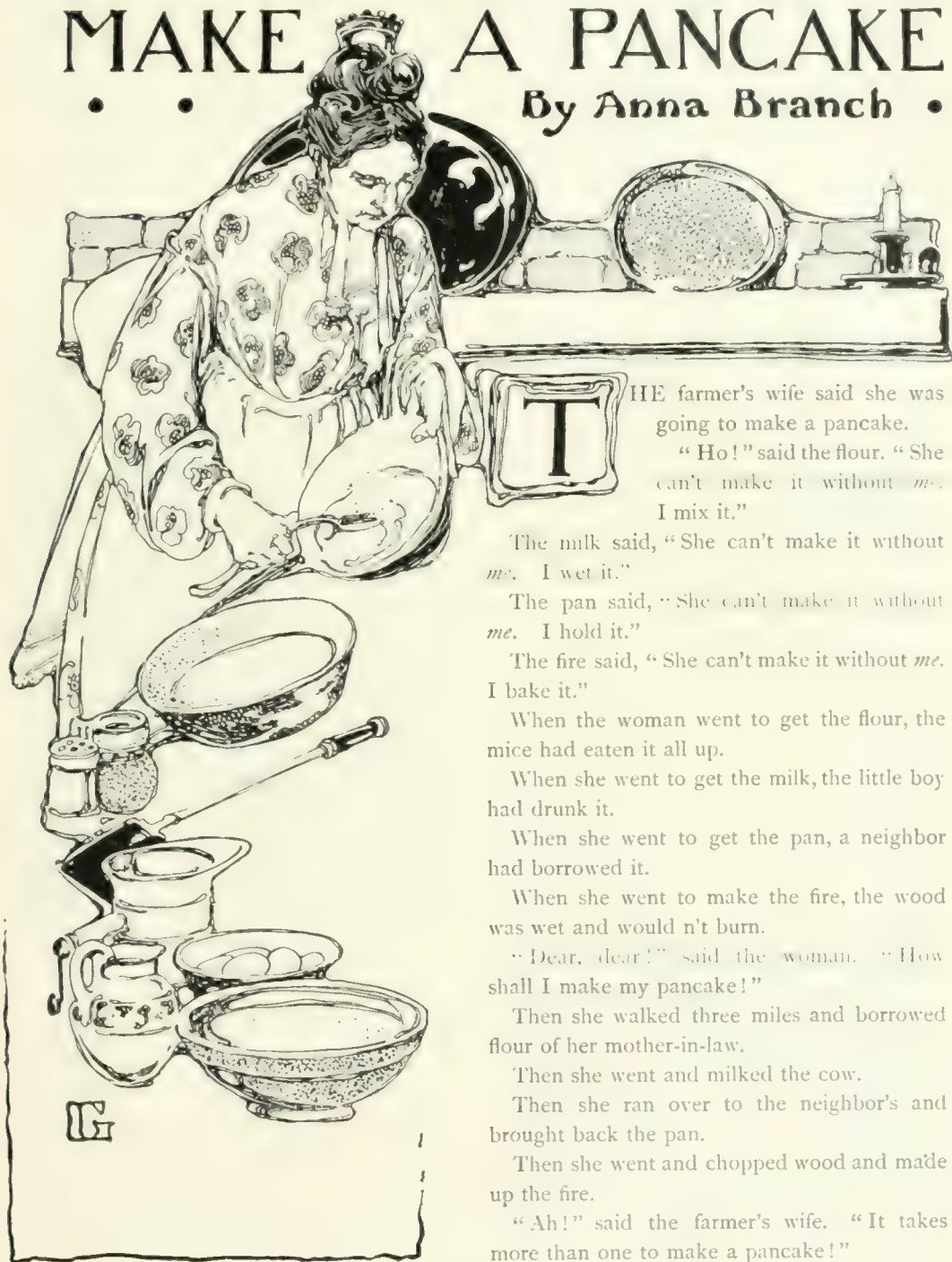
"Mr. West Wind bend down close over Mr. Bear. He sleep like a dead bear. He ain't snore no more. Den de West Wind an' de rain an' de frost take a-holt o' hands an' fly away laughin'. An' de leaves say, 'We 'll stay hyer an' watch him tell spring.'

"So it was wid dat first bear; so it been wid every bear to dis good day. Dey might like to stay awake an' dance in de field, an' play snow-ball wid de critters; but when de West Wind begin to pipe, and de rain begin to pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, an' de snow come,—most of all, when Jack Frost play de banjo,—de bear 'bleege' to go sleep in a holler tree an' sleep tell spring."



MORE THAN ONE TO MAKE A PANCAKE

• • By Anna Branch •



THE farmer's wife said she was going to make a pancake.

"Ho!" said the flour. "She can't make it without *me*. I mix it."

The milk said, "She can't make it without *me*. I wet it."

The pan said, "She can't make it without *me*. I hold it."

The fire said, "She can't make it without *me*. I bake it."

When the woman went to get the flour, the mice had eaten it all up.

When she went to get the milk, the little boy had drunk it.

When she went to get the pan, a neighbor had borrowed it.

When she went to make the fire, the wood was wet and would n't burn.

"Dear, dear!" said the woman. "How shall I make my pancake!"

Then she walked three miles and borrowed flour of her mother-in-law.

Then she went and milked the cow.

Then she ran over to the neighbor's and brought back the pan.

Then she went and chopped wood and made up the fire.

"Ah!" said the farmer's wife. "It takes more than one to make a pancake!"

Nature and Science For Young Folks

Edited By Edward F. Bigelow

EXPLORING A NEST OF "YELLOW-JACKETS."

ONE day, in the last part of summer, some one called up the stairway to tell me that "your boy says he can't mow the front lawn." He is n't my boy, but I borrow him to assist in caring for my pets and to do various odd jobs about the premises.

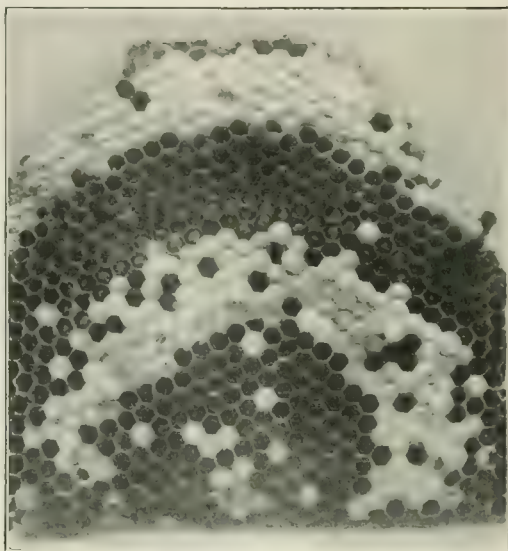
So I went down from my study to see what was the matter with the lawn-mower—as I supposed that to be the cause of the trouble.

"Now, see here," the boy said; "I can't stand this, and I won't. I've been stung twice; I can't run a lawn-mower by that walk where the yellow-jackets are coming out of the ground, and I won't. I want you to understand that. See them there!"

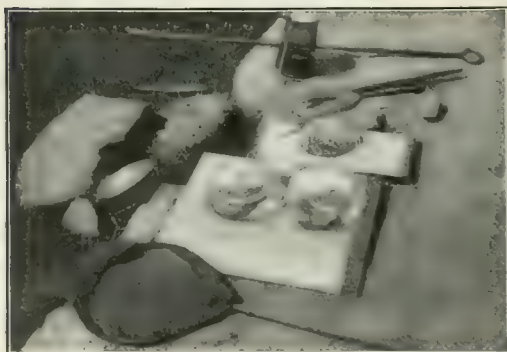
Sure enough, from a small hole in the ground, under a stone, the hornets were going back and forth like honey-bees in and out of a hive. And it occurred to me that such a colony of stingers was not only bad for the boy, but might be so for pedestrians on the sidewalk or for horses on the road near by.

Late that night, after the hornets were all in, I set firmly over the hole the upper wire netting of a fly-trap, and pushed earth closely around the base. All the next day the hornets

were going up through the cone-shaped trap within that part of the contrivance, till the cage was nearly half full.



THE MAIN PART OF A HORNET COMB.

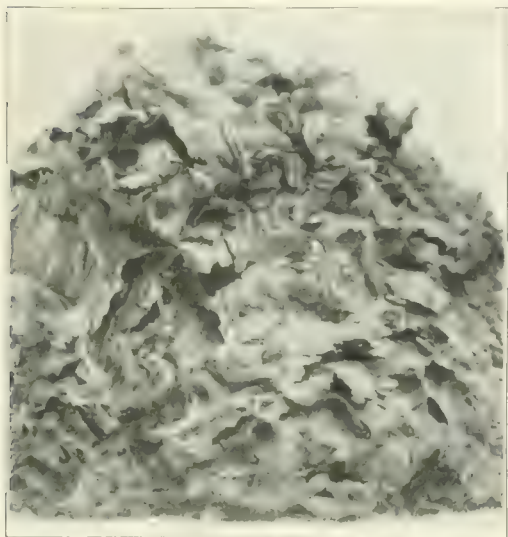


HORNET "APPARATUS."

The next morning I supposed that all the fierce little stingers were within the trap; but fearing that some lazy hornet which had not been out of the burrow that day might be disposed to come out at that time, I put on gloves and the bee-veil which I wear as a protection when I am about to handle honey-bees. I soon found that I certainly needed such protection. It was evident that the same conditions prevailed in the hornets' nest as in a hive of bees, with the exception that only a small percentage of the members of the colony go for work out of doors—that is, out of the nest. Most of the hornets were too young to start in the work of the wide, wide world; many others were occupied in caring for the hatching hornets (like the "nurse" bees of a hive), or in making the papery combs and infolding layers.

All these simultaneously turned their attention to me. Where the veil hung away from my face, I escaped. But through the rest of it, through gloves and clothes, almost anywhere and almost everywhere, I received a liberal amount of attention and stings. But one who has handled bees and other stinging insects for many years soon learns to regard such things as but the "exhilarations of the chase." Yet I would not advise such exhilaration, even with the best of protection, to any one who does n't have a kind of "dreaded joy" in dangerous work.

I found that the nest occupied a cavity about a foot in diameter. The outer layers were very fragile and could not be lifted out, for the entire mass broke apart, while portions of it crumbled to pieces. These underground hornets seem to have learned that it is not necessary to make the walls of their home so firm



THE MAIN PART OF A HORNET'S NEST.

and tough as are those of the white-faced hornets that build the large nests in the branches of trees and of shrubs. The papery material that these yellow-jackets make and use is also beautifully striped and tinted. Our young folks will recall that the nests of the larger open-air hornets are of dull, uniform, weather-beaten appearance.

The comb of the yellow-jackets, like the enveloping layers, is of hornet-paper. The caps are



A NEST PLACED OVER A HORNET'S NEST.

white and so thin and dainty that the brood-cells have the appearance of being capped with white wax. A bit of this delicate tissue, when viewed by the aid of a compound microscope, is seen to have a beautiful and intricate structure.

It cost a little time and many stings, but to have again peered into one of nature's wonders was well worth the work and the pain.

But the boy who runs the lawn-mower? He was also well pleased, from my own as well as from his particular point of view. He seemed to take an especially fraternal interest in my wounds when he examined and exhibited his; for he had two, and I had—well, I won't say just how many I had received, but I consider my capture amply repaid what it cost me.

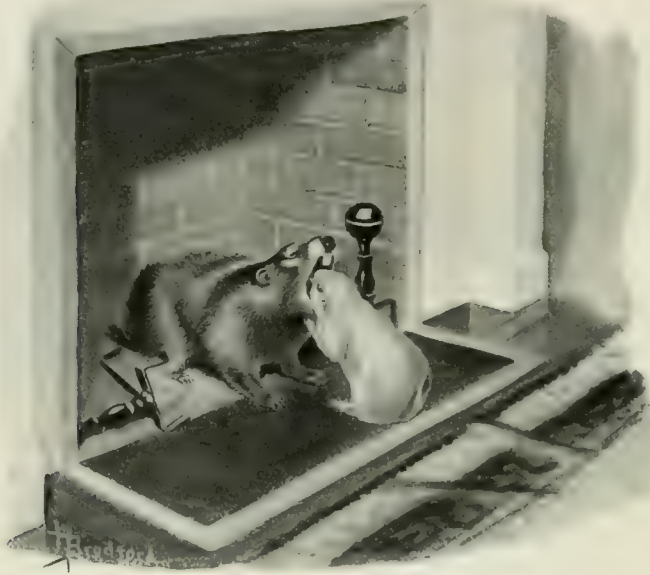
The lawn-mower now sings its metallic song, and the citizens go along the street unmolested, for the entire nest and its occupants are safely stored in exhibition boxes for the admiration and the instruction of those young folk who visit my laboratory.

NOVEL "ATTACK" OF PRAIRIE-DOG ON A WOODCHUCK.

WE had once a prairie-dog, whom we named "Napoleon" on account of his extraordinary energy, courage, and acuteness. We had a pair of them, the other being "Josephine," but there was nothing remarkable about her. "Napoleon" was a fat little fellow, but exceedingly strong and brave.

We had caught a young woodchuck. It was

chuck drew himself up and opened his mouth as wide as it would go, while his eyes gleamed with fury; and I held my breath in terror for my pet, who walked up to him, seeming greatly interested. "Napoleon" never paused an instant, but proceeded to examine the woodchuck's wide-open mouth, thrusting his whole muzzle inside it, and then actually putting out his little pink tongue and sampling the roof of the woodchuck's mouth! Every moment I



THE WOODCHUCK AND THE PRAIRIE-DOG.

old enough to have all the undaunted ferocity of its species; and, indeed, it was already nearly three times the size of "Napoleon." The woodchuck had been left out in the sitting-room, where it had retreated into the unused fireplace, and sat, glaring furiously at every one who approached, and keeping its mouth wide open, except when, from time to time, it would close it with a fearful snap, loudly grinding its teeth together in the way peculiar to woodchucks. Some one now brought in "Napoleon," and, to my horror, set him down on the floor. I was for snatching him up, feeling sure that the woodchuck would make an end of him; but my father said, "Let them be. We can interfere in time." "Napoleon," after investigating other parts of the room, trotted toward the fireplace. The wood-

thought, "Now—now it will be all up with 'Napoleon'! Those awful jaws will shut and that will be the end."

But nothing of the kind happened: the woodchuck seemed entirely paralyzed; he did not relax a muscle, but sat immovable, with mouth wide open, as he had done when "Napoleon" first approached. The latter made a long and leisurely inspection, first of the inside and then of the outside of the woodchuck's mouth, and at last trotted calmly away again, leaving the poor nonplussed animal sitting calmly in the fireplace as before.

"Napoleon" lived for several years more, and at last died of old age (so we believe), his mate having previously escaped.

MARY B. THAYER.

MONADNOCK, N. H.

DO BIRDS CARRY EGGS AND YOUNG?

NORTH BROMONA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you kindly tell us why they carry their eggs and young?

Your interested reader,

GERTRUDE PALMER.

Both the European and the American woodcock have been repeatedly seen carrying their young, while on wing, by holding them between their thighs. Of course the chicks can be thus carried only when they are rather small, and only one at a time. It has also been reported on good authority that wood-ducks, whistlers, and a few other ducks which nest in holes in trees convey their young to the nearest water in their bills. I do not think of any other birds which carry their young, but doubtless there are others. Grebes, and I think also loons, carry their young on their backs while swimming, probably at times to considerable distances.

I have heard that whippoorwills will sometimes remove their eggs from one place to another, when disturbed, by flying off with them in their mouths, but I do not think that this is fully established.

I have written the above without attempting to look up this question in the books, for which I have not time at present.

WILLIAM BREWSTER.

Birds probably carry their young much more often than is usually supposed. Among others, the following instances are of especial interest as bearing upon this subject—all observed in the New York Zoölogical Park. For two years (1904-5) the same pair of mallard ducks have nested in a deserted osprey's nest in a cedar-tree about twenty feet above the water. The female carried down the majority of each brood, one by one, in her bill. This year a young white ibis hatched in a nest about twenty feet from the ground, and tumbled out when three days old. One of the parents picked it up by the wing and carried it up to the nest in her bill.

Several years ago a female bald eagle carried a good-sized stone some fifty feet, placed it in her nest, and sat on it for several weeks.

C. WILLIAM BEEBE,

Curator of Ornithology, Zoölogical Society,
New York.

VERY LARGE SUNFLOWERS.

WESTOVER, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We raised very large sunflowers this summer, and some of them were quite large, we thought. The stalks were twelve feet high and eight inches around down near the ground. The largest sunflowers were sixteen inches across the seeds. One of the stalks bore thirty-seven sunflowers, but the largest one on that stalk was only nine inches across.

Please tell me where the largest sunflowers grow, and how big they get.

Your interested reader,

EMILIA A. McDERMOTT, JR.



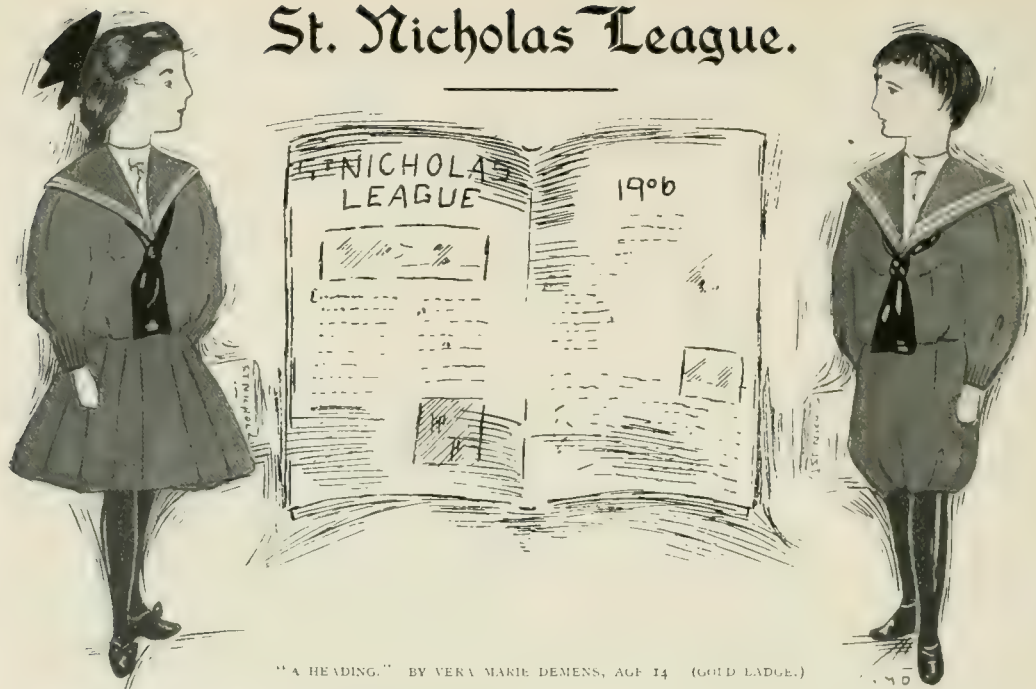
LARGE SUNFLOWERS.

Regarding the "largest sunflower," we have understood that some were exhibited at a fair in one of the Western States. One flower, placed on the top of a barrel, considerably overlapped it all round, being probably two feet in diameter. It was perhaps the variety known as "Giant Russian," the large-seeded kind, the seeds of which are sold on the streets in Russia, and eaten as we do peanuts.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.

Will the young folks who are interested in the subject please "write to ST. NICHOLAS" about large sunflowers they have seen? Also, about very tall sunflower stalks?

St. Nicholas League.



"A HEADING." BY VERA MARIE DEMENS, AGE 14 (GOLD LADGE.)

We fear there will be many disappointments this month. To use the good old phrase, "circumstances over which we have had no control" have made it necessary to reduce the number of League pages, which means a reduction in the number of published contributions and the leaving out altogether of the Roll of Honor, Chapter List, and League Letters. Just as soon as possible we shall be back to our old space and form, and the roll of worthy names shall have the old place of honor, and the list of chapters will be continued where it left off, and the Letter-box will be reopened for distribution and perusal. In the meantime be charitable and wish us well.

THE MOUNTAIN-BARRIER.

BY ELMIRA KEENE (AGE 17).

(Cash Prize).

At the coming of the twilight
As a child I loved to stand
Looking down the winding roadway
Over field and meadow-land.

And I saw my childhood's mountains
Where they rose sublime and high,
Distant forms of shadowy purple
Fading in the northern sky.

I who only knew the country
Dimly felt the world was wide.
They had told me of a city
Lying on the other side;

Of an ocean deep and boundless
In the mighty land beyond:
I had only seen the brooklet
And the shallow, bounded pond.

And I wished with ceaseless longing
For the city and the sea,
Till, with years that bring fulfilment,
Both of these have come to me.

Come to me, and I who wished them
Live within the place of strife.
Now the mountains, ever barring,
Shut me from my childhood's life.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 75.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Elmira Keene** (age 17), 31 E. Springfield St., Boston, Mass. Gold badge, **Clement R. Wood** (age 17), 1223 S. 20th St., Birmingham, Ala.

Silver badges, **Lucia Warden** (age 11) (please send better address), and **Katharine K. Davis** (age 13), 123 N. 11th St., St. Joseph, Mo.

Prose. Gold badges, **Elsie F. Weil** (age 16), 4634 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and **Sarah McCarthy** (age 13), 1827 Fifth Ave., Troy, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Geneva Anderson** (age 15), 815 N. Montana Ave., Helena, Mont., and **Charlotte Brinsmade** (age 12), "The Gunnery," Washington, Conn.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Vera Marie Demens** (age 14), 1149 N. 28th St., Los Angeles, Cal., and **Ella Stein**, 327 W. 57th St., New York City.

Silver badges, **Alice Mentora Tweedy** (age 13), Châtea St. Laurent, Nice, France, and **Sidney Atkinson** (age 9), 10 Euphon Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

Photography. Silver badge, **John Griffen Penny-packer** (age 15), Phoenixville, Pa. Gold badge, **Ernest A. Stifel** (age 15), Boquet St., Pittsburg, Pa.

Wild-animal Photography. First prize, **Edwin M. Einstein** (age 15), 948 K St., Fresno, Cal. (No second and third awards.)

ON THE MOUNTAIN

BY NANCY CLARK LANE, A. B. S.

(1880-1881)

ON the crest of the world the world lies still

From the heart of the dying sun to me;
And the twilight, cold, and pure, and still,
Up the cañon creeps, like a spectral sea.

In the valleys below, the plains are dark
With the clustering cattle browsing slow.
Cleaving the sky, the cliffs rise stark
Where the blasting breaths of the north
wind blow.

Where the elements strive in giant war,
Where the peril and pride of life is high,
Is the joy of sun and snow and star;
And the plains can see but an empty sky.

I would stand on the uplands of life for aye;
Though I forfeit the slumb'rous valley's
peace,
In the high, keen love of the rocky way
I would sing my song till the strain shall
cease.

THE STORY OF A WORD

BY ELSIE C. WELCH, A. B. S.

(1880-1881)

If the eminent scholar and theologian, John Duns Scotus, could rise from his grave and see to what use (or rather misuse) his name has been put, he would be much dismayed.

John Duns Scotus, the most famous of the Schoolmen, lived in England at the beginning of the fourteenth century. The Schoolmen were a learned body that controlled the universities and schools during the Middle Ages. Scotus's wide-spread reputation for learning earned him the name of the "Subtle Doctor."

During the lifetime of Scotus the Renaissance was creeping into every corner of England. The new learning soon enlisted many faithful adherents who had become tired of the antiquated ideas of the Schoolmen.

Scotus stubbornly resisted all the movements of the reformers, and hurled his obtuse philosophical arguments against them.

After his death his followers, called Scotists or Dunsmen, prolonged the controversy with the reforming party. When members of the two opposing factions met each other hot, angry debates ensued; and the reformer would always reply scornfully to every remark of the Scotist, "Oh, you're merely a Dunsman!"

It was not long before the ennobling and wholesome influence of the Renaissance spread over all England and prevailed against the system of the Dunsmen. A Dunsman, or Duns, no longer was an honorable member of a prominent organization, but an obstinate opposer of the true principles of philosophy and learning.

Gradually, as the Dunsmen disappeared, the word "Duns," first used to denote a member of the Scotist party, became a term of contempt, and developed into its general and more modern meaning—any stupid person.

Poor old John Duns Scotus! The fates were certainly unkind to him. Not even the names of his philosophical works and theological treatises are remembered now. The only honor we have accorded him is to use his name to designate a dolt.

THE ORIGIN OF A WORD

BY ELSIE C. WELCH, A. B. S.

(1880-1881)

EVERY ONE doubtless knows the meaning of the common words which they use. But very few know the origin of the simplest ones. Some of these wise, practical people may say, "Why does one need to know the origin of words?" Yet, although it may not increase one's practical knowledge to know some things, yet one would indeed lead a prosy life if one never did anything that did not make one very much the wiser. I thought perhaps the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS would like to hear the origin of the word "tip."

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, in the coffee-houses of London there was always a box in the dining-room to receive money for the servants. Over this box were printed in large letters the words "to insure promptness." But these words were rather



"THE MOUNTAINS HAVE SNOWY GOWNS,
AND WHISTLING WINDS DO BLOW."

long, and soon, when people began to shorten everything, they dropped these cumbersome words and, using the initial letters, made the word "tip." At one time this word was considered slang, but now one can find it in the dictionary.

THE MOUNTAINS.

BY ELSIE C. WELCH, A. B. S.

(1880-1881)

THE mountains now have snowy gowns,
And whistling winds do blow;
The high peak hath a pure white crown,
All made of the glistening snow,
All made of the glistening snow.

When lovely spring will come again,
And mountains dress in green,
Then one by one the little buds will come out to
be seen.
Then one by one the little buds will come out to
be seen.

MY MOUNTAIN.

BY KATHERINE K. DAVIS
(AGE 13).*(Silver Badge.)*

FROM out my western window
I glanced at dawn of day,
And saw my rugged mountain
Stand stately, far away.

The morning haze hung softly
About his summit high,
And hid his harsh, cold outline
From its background, the sky.

At noon the blazing sunshine,
Reflected on the snow,
Flamed up in dazzling radiance—
In brilliant, silver glow.

The summit of my mountain
Seemed crowned with jewels gay,
As though to give him honor
In that bright hour of day.

At eventide, in glory
Of rosy sunset light,
The mighty monarch waited
The coming of the night.

The stars, so small and silent,
Peeped out about his crest,
And slowly rose the silver moon,
To guard him in his rest.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY GENEVA ANDERSON (AGE 15).
(Silver Badge.)

ONE of the most interesting words in our language is the word *shibboleth*. It comes from the Hebrew tongue, where it means an ear of corn, or a stream or flood. The story from which it gets its present meaning is found in the twelfth chapter of Judges.

Jephthah was one of the judges of Israel who conquered the Ammonites by the help of his tribesmen, the Gileadites. But instead of being glad over this victory, the Ephraimites blamed Jephthah for not asking their aid, that they also might have had a share in the glory. Although Jephthah told them that when he had asked their help he had been refused it, still the Ephraimites were not pacified. So the two tribes joined battle.

The Gileadites were the stronger, and succeeded in taking the passages of the Jordan. Then the Ephraimites saw they were beaten, and those who escaped the slaughter fled, only to be stopped at the river by the men of Gilead. Each one who came to the river was asked, "Are you an Ephraimite?" and if he said, "No," the command came, "Say shibboleth."

Now, the Ephraimites could not pronounce the "sh," and would say, "Sibboleth." So in this manner the victors determined who were enemies and who were friends. "And there fell at that time of the Ephraimites forty and two thousand."

This word, when it passed into our English language, came to get its meaning from the Bible story rather than from the original meaning of the word itself. It signifies a criterion or a test. For instance, one writer has said the "sh"-sound is the *shibboleth* of foreigners.

In the twentieth century it has come to have a broader meaning—a party cry or watchword, or a pet phrase.

MARCH

"A HEADING." BY ELLA STEIN, AGE 15
(GOLD BADGE.)

TO A MOUNTAIN.

BY CLEMENT R. WOOD (AGE 17).
(Gold Badge.)

MOUNTAIN, as a Titan high,
Looming always in the sky
O'er the vale, incessantly,
Oh, may I thy minstrel be!
In the morning tints of rose
Cause thy ever-capping snows
With a pale-pink light to glow
Ere the valley, far below,
Has received the earliest ray
Of the new-awakened day.
Mountain streamlets, murmuring,
O'er thy rocky ledges spring;
Fluted oak and pine trees hale
In long lines rise o'er the vale.
In the afternoon a beam
Of perfect yellow light doth stream
While the vale's in shadowed rest,
All around thy hoary crest
Making golden castles now
Of the rocks upon thy brow.
Mountain, as a Titan high,
Looming always in the sky,
Clothed in nature's majesty,
Oh, may I thy minstrel be!

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY MARGARET DOUGLASS GORDON (AGE 14).

FAR, far away, where the blue waters of the Strait of Gibraltar ripple musically against the base of that mighty rock, there lies a dingy little Spanish town, full of ancient rookeries, tumble-down buildings, and dangerous pitfalls—Tarifa, beloved of the sea-gulls. The great white-winged birds fly above it daily, on various inland errands, and their eyes are very loving to the ruinous little place, for they know the tradition, handed down from sea-gull to sea-gull, of the glory of it in the

"THE HILL IN WINTER." BY ERNEST A. STEFEL, AGE 13
(SILVER BADGE)

days gone by. Tarifa, the Moorish city, was there in 710, and called it after his name; and his Moors covered almost the half of Spain, and many were the courts they built, and the walls they covered with their wonderful, delicate traceries, almost as fine as a fairy's gossamer wing. And many were the fountains that sparkled in the public squares, and the dark-eyed maidens that came, pitcher on head, to gossip at them, in this, Tarifa's heyday.

Most excellent times were those, and Tarifa prospered greatly. Most stately were the splendid Spanish merchantmen and galleons that passed slowly, with sail set, through the strait. Most exorbitant was the tax which they paid to Tarifa for that privilege, and *this* was the source of Tarifa's wealth. Spanish ships and a Moorish strait! What could be fairer? Yet as Tarifa grew in riches she also grew in ill repute for such extortion, until she became a by-word, all such compulsory taxes being called "tariffs," as if "tarifa" had put it, for long after the Moors were driven out of Spain.

And this is what our word "tariff," signifying a tax paid by imports upon entering the United States, is derived from.



and from that comes "kind," that is, "kinned." A kind person is a "kinned" person, one of kin, one who acknowledges his kinship to others, and the debt of love which, as a kinsman, he owes them. Now, "mankind" is "man-kinned," that is to say, each time we use the word we declare our faith in the relationship which exists between all mankind.

And now the words "kind" and "kindness," always beautiful, take on an added significance when we understand the root from which they grew, and that out of the sympathy which arises from our all belonging to that great family—the whole human family—come those kind and loving words and deeds which add so much to our happiness.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY HELEN LOW MEALS (AGE 110).

THE word "manufacturer" I think, is one of the most interesting words there is.

It was taken from the Latin words *manus* and *facio*. *Manus* means hand and *facio* means to make.

AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE STORY OF A WORD.

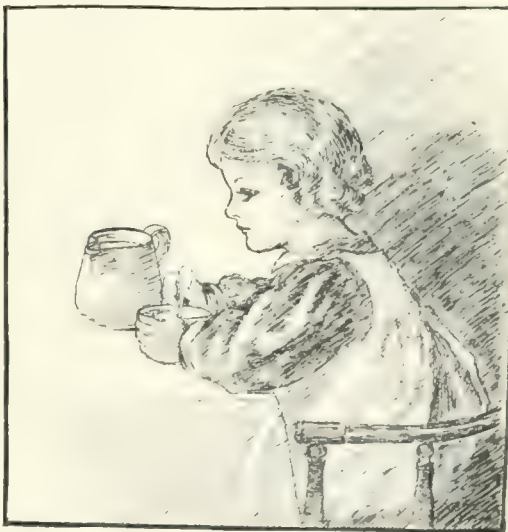
BY HELEN M. KOHNZ (AGE 15).

UNTIL ST. NICHOLAS gave out this subject, I had never thought very seriously about words. Of course, it was always necessary to know their meaning, and how to spell them; but, apart from that—why, I never dreamed the study of words could be so interesting.

Some words have their origin in history—"pecuniary" and "Gothic," for example. Mythology has lent a helping hand to others, and many words seem to be poetry in themselves.

The hero (if I may so call it) of this paper is the little word "kind"—little, but full of meaning. Its two most common uses are the adjective meaning "averse to hurting or pain," and the term "mankind"—the human race.

At the first glance, we see no connecting link between the two words; they seem to be entirely different one from the other. But go back to "kin," which the Anglo-Saxons called "cynn," meaning "relatives,"—



"STORY OF A WORD." BY HELEN M. KOHNZ, AGE 15.

A long time ago, when a person said a thing was manufactured it meant it was made by hand.

They used to make cloth, tools, doors, and all manner of things by hand.

The men cut wool off their sheep's backs to bring to their wives to make woolen clothes for them.

The wives spun the wool into thread on their spinning-wheels and wove it into cloth on their looms.

The clothes that were made for them that way were called homespun clothes.

The tools were made out of any little bit of metal they could find.

But the original word manufacture no longer means hand-made, but machine-made.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY CHARLOTTE FRISMADE (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

A LONG time ago, when Rome was greater than it is now, the Roman people called a crab *cancer*. Little crabs were called *cancelli*. Then from *cancelli* came *cancellarius*, chancellor, and cancel, to strike out. But chancellor did not, in every sense, mean a person who struck out. For if there was a base-ball match, and a batter struck out, he would not have been called a chancellor. A chancellor was a legal officer who sat behind a screen which was said to look like crabs' claws



"A HEADING." BY ELAINE BULL, AGE 17.

crossed. He attended to the people who came, and saw that they had their business done. He also had the business of canceling any laws which were thought to be improper. But chancellor did not come directly from the Latin. The Normans brought it over with William the Conqueror in 1066. Nowadays a chancellor is a sort of adviser who helps his employer, who is usually some important person. At any rate, a chancellor is more important in these days than he was with the old Romans.

THE MOUNTAINS.

BY ISADORE DOUGLAS (AGE 17).

MAN struts beneath us, boasting of his might:
Let him but look on us and learn to see
How puny is his life, how small his thoughts.
We are the mightiest children of the earth;
Man's years are but a day beside our life,
And when the striding ages crush him out
We still shall be—aloof, inscrutable.



"THE HILL IN WINTER." BY HELEN L. K. PORTER, AGE 12.

Our stream-worn sides are old—old as the sky—
Yet young with nature's everlasting youth.
Man's futile mind is powerless to grasp
The eons we have stood since that far day
When through the awful void of sunless space
God spoke, and at the sound our peaks sprang up
To greet the wonder of the new-made light.

THE MOUNTAIN OF HOPE.

BY MARGARET STUART BROWNE (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

RINGED with the stars, eternal such as they,
Is the great mountain of our human hope;
Rocky and rugged is its long, steep slope,
But many a blossom hides beside the way.
The purple shadows lie about its feet,
Where gorgeous creepers riot, hued like blood;
The pensive lily shakes her heavy bud,
The poppy nods the swaying grass to greet.
And always up the shoulder of the peak,
Stumbling and toiling, weary travelers climb;
They hope the summit to attain in time
And to receive the things which most they seek.
Upward and onward! though the weak ones drop,
The strong press forward ever, for they dream
That where the sunset's golden banners gleam
They see their victory, on the mountain-top.
And then some gain the summit at the last,
But ah! they thought that it was far more fair,
And though Hope has a realm that is not *there*,
This is a colored picture of the past.
But, after all, this worthily was done,
And it is something to have bravely striven;
For, even when no great reward is given,
Whoever nobly tries to win *has* won.



"A HEADING." BY SIDNEY ATKINSON, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE MOUNTAIN OF SUCCESS.

BY FLORENCE KAUFMAN (AGE 14).

A lofty mountain we must climb
 If we success would reach;
 And many struggles must we leave,
 And learn what they may teach.

There is no lack of suffering,
 Of sharp and bitter pain;
 But we must learn to bear it all
 If we the prize would gain.

If we slip back a step or so,
 Let 's not discouraged feel;
 But forward march, to try again
 To reach our goal, with zeal.

A long and weary march it is,
 We get tall on the way;
 But let us keep on trying still:
 We 'll reach the top some day.



"A STUDY OF A CHILD." BY EDITH EMERSON, AGE 17.

MY DAY-DREAM.

BY ELIZABETH R. HIRSH (AGE 13).

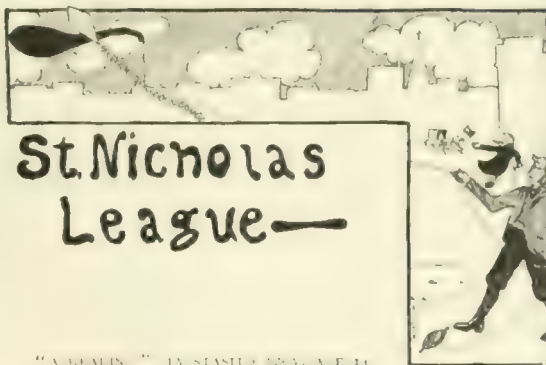
(Silver Badge.)

I AM so tired! What care I whether the town system of local government originated among the Saxons or the Romans, or whether the Magna Charta was granted in twelve hundred fifteen or twelve thousand fifteen? The clouds of smoke drifting lazily from a near-by chimney seem to have a curious effect upon me, for suddenly I find myself sitting at the breakfast-table.

A ring of the bell, a cry of "The postman!" from father, and "Oh! I hope it 's St. NICHOLAS—the twenty-ninth, you know!" from me, and we rush to the door. I return victoriously, waving St. NICHOLAS above my head.

"Let me see it!" scream the others.

"I got it first, and I 'm going to see if my name is on the Roll of Honor," say I, rapidly turning the pages till I come to the League. After glancing down the list of names—"It is n't on the second roll."



"A GASP." BY STANLEY COO, AGE 11.

"Nor the first, either," after a few moments. "Could it be printed?" I am trembling all over now.

"I guess that was too much to expect," I say, running my eye over the pages. "But wait!" I gasp, look again, and give another gasp: "It can't be true! Oh, father," I ejaculate, "I've won a silver badge!"

"You have not," say the others, incredulously.

"I have! I have!" as, half mad with joy, I jump around, waving the magazine frantically.

"Let me see, dear," says father. I put the magazine before him, and, unable to keep still, dance round the dining-room, first on one foot, then on the other, until from sheer exhaustion I drop panting into my chair. "A silver badge!" I gasp, with what breath I have remaining. "Oh, a silver—"

"Elizabeth!" and I wake to find I have been indulging in one of those disappointing, though delightful, day-dreams.

THE FAIRY MOUNTAINS.

BY ELIZABETH R. CHASE (AGE 13).

I HAVE a wondrous secret which you must never tell;
 'Tis known to not a soul save me, but you shall know
 as well.

'Tis not of sky nor ocean,—oh, don't you wish you
 knew—

But of the distant mountains, the fairy hills of blue.

Nobody ever told me—I simply knew 't was so—
 That up the distant fairy hills is just the way to go;
 That some place on the mountain-top a gate will let you
 through

Into the fairy country beyond the hills of blue.

Sometimes I lie in bed at night and think a long, long
 time:

I wonder if the hills are steep and difficult to climb.
 But doubtless there are countless tasks which every one
 must do

Who seeks to reach the country beyond the hills of blue.

I wonder if the princes there are wondrous fine to see,
 If they are just as passing fair as princes used to be;
 If giants roam about the land, and fairy dragons, too,
 Beyond the distant mountains, the fairy hills of blue.

Do you suppose the princesses who dwell in castles there
 Have raven locks, or golden rings, or simply common
 hair;

If kings are many as of old, or if there 's just a few,
 Beyond the distant mountains, the fairy hills of blue?



"A HEADING" BY HELEN GARDNER WATERMAN, AGE 14.

I told the grown-ups once a bit to see what they would say.

They said there was no fairyland, in such a funny way. But they can talk and talk and talk—we know it is not true:

There's one beyond the mountains, the fairy hills of blue.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY RUTH E. ABEL (AGE 14).

THE dollar was first coined in St. Joachimthal (in Bohemia), by the Merchants' Guild, about the year 1518.

About this time the guilds enjoyed great privileges and their power extended all over Europe; they issued letters of credit and bills of exchange and some of the local guilds coined money.

The money coined by the Merchants' Guild of St. Joachimthal was of superior fineness, and Joachim being in the central part of Europe and on the trade routes, this money became widely distributed and was accepted all over Europe at its current face value. It was made of silver obtained from the Joachim valley (*thal*), and was known as the Joachimthal-er or the Joachimthal-one.

The merchants specified in their contracts that payments should be made in the Joachimthaler.

Joachim being a rather cumbersome word, it was finally dropped and the coin called just "thaler."* After the Joachim coinage ceased the word "thaler" was used to designate any silver coin of about the value of the Joachimthal one.

The word in its wide use gradually became "dollar" as we have it to-day.

The American Congress adopted the Spanish milled dollar as the basis and unit of our money in 1785, and the coinage was begun in 1793.

* Pronounced tahl-er.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY MARGARET M. LAWRENCE (AGE 13).

THE word "clove" is taken from the Latin word *clavus*, meaning a nail, to which it has a resemblance.

The clove is a native of East India. It is the bud of a kind of myrtle-tree which first grew on the Molucca Islands, in the Indian Archipelago. The tree is an ever-green tree and is beautiful. It has a straight trunk and smooth bark. It grows pointed at the top, and forms a pyramid of green. The flowers are picked before they begin to open and are dried in the shade. The little ball at the end of the clove is the flower folded up. The Dutch call it *kruydnagel*, meaning nail-spice.

THE STORY OF A WORD—"EASTER."

BY INEZ OVERELL (AGE 14).

EASTER to-day means the festival of the Resurrection of Christ.

There was an ancient goddess, Ostara, after whom similar heathen festivals were named. Originally Easter, or Eastre, as the Anglo-Saxons called it, was celebrated as the beginning of spring.

Eight days were given up to feasting and joy, games were played, songs were sung, prisoners were released, slaves were given their freedom, and even the churches were open for merrymaking. This did not last, however, for the priests objected to ill-behavior in the churches. Later on, the time of celebration was limited to three days, and was finally cut down to two.

It was about this time of year that the Druids, at one of their festivals, gathered in the woods near their magic castles, bearing their magic wands. Here they sacredly cut the mistletoe boughs with a golden knife.

After the rising of Christ at Easter-time the festival was celebrated by prayers and joyful thanksgiving. People greeted one another with an Easter kiss.

One of the favorite general customs was the staining of eggs with many dye and colors for Easter presents. These customs have been handed down from generation to generation, so it seems that the Easter festival has now a double meaning.

THE ORIGIN OF A WORD.

BY ELAINE STERN, (AGE 14).

"OH, DEAR!" and a tear fell on the open Ancient History page before ELEANOR.

"I cannot understand about hieroglyphics, or any of the ancient languages."

The blue eyes filled with tears.

"I wish some one would explain it to me."

Suddenly she heard a deep voice at her side say, "Little girl!"

She turned and for one full minute gazed at the strange figure before her. The flowing robes, the sandaled feet, all reminded her so much of—the picture of an Egyptian on the frontispiece of her history.

"Yes, sir!" she gasped, for lack of words.

"I have been sent from the 'Past' to explain to you about the origin of hieroglyphics. Come, child of the twentieth century, I will lead you back to many years before Christ."

She followed him to the door leading to the nursery. He opened it. No longer was it the toy-strewn room, but—

She seemed to be on a great desert of sand. The



"A HEALING." BY ROGER TWITCHELL, AGE 14.

hot, merciless sun beat down on her bare head. Before her towered a huge pyramid.

"This," said her guide, "is Cheops, greatest of pyramids." In its side was a small door, which he opened. Down a long, dark passage they went. At length they came to a clearing; the great gray walls were covered with strange signs and symbols.

"These," said her guide, "are hieroglyphics. The Egyptians used them as you use your alphabet. The word comes from two Greek ones, the first meaning sacred; the second, carving. In these strange figures, the men of old had their life-history carved.

"The key is the Rosetta Stone, found by a French professor in 1789. On it were written the three languages—Greek, demotic script, and hieroglyphics. The people understood the first, and from that the other two were translated. Up to that time many of the carvings on the obelisks and pyramids were not understood.

"The mysterious symbolic writings were in irregular color-markings.

"Do you understand the origin of the word?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"I wish I might show you the beautiful cities of old; but (close your eyes)—one—two—three!"

A cheery laugh made her open her eyes. Her head was resting on the open history page before her, and her chum ELEANOR was leaning over her.

"Come out and play. Do leave those stupid lessons alone!"



"TAILORED." BY GENE BRAY, AGE 11.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 78.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 78 will close **April 20** (for foreign members **April 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **July**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, "The Sunlit Hills."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "A Jolly Fourth of July."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Early Spring."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "My Playmate or Playmates" and a Heading or Tailpiece for July.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"GOOD-BY." BY RICHARD L. LEE, AGE 9.

BOOKS AND READING.

FOUR GATES TO THE MIND. IN a bright little book we read of what either Ruskin or the writer who quotes from him calls "the limbs of the mind." Of course you see that, as the limbs of a monkey or of a man enable the creature to take hold of things, the word means those faculties by which the brain can take hold of what brings it life and power. If one wishes to be less striking, but more general, one may call these the four "gates" of the mind. The first is Curiosity, or pleasure in knowing; the second is Sympathy, or pleasure in sharing another's feeling; the third is Admiration, which helps one to enjoy beauty and ingenuity; the fourth is Wit, which really is best explained by the old word, "knowingness," and means the power to turn an idea about and view it from various sides. You must see that this last faculty has not necessarily anything to do with fun or humor, dealing rather with fancy. It will reward you to think further on the subject by yourself, and to see how your pleasure in reading comes to you through these four gates to the mind.

AN ERROR CORRECTED. POPULAR ideas are often very mistaken, and, like derelicts, they remain afloat if no one takes the trouble to sink them. One common notion that we meet here and there in reading relates to "The Swiss Family Robinson." There is considerable joking in regard to the big bag from which Mrs. Robinson used to extract whatever articles happened to be needed. Jokers would say that she produced a sewing-machine, a parlor lamp, or a grandfather's clock from this wonderful receptacle at a moment's notice. A young girl who read aloud "The Swiss Family Robinson" to her little sister made this accurate list of all that Mrs. Robinson extracted from her magical sack: 1, handfuls of oats, pease, and other grain; 2, vegetable seeds; 3, needles and thread and a "ball of thread"; 4, a Bible; 5, seeds of Indian corn, melons, pumpkins, and cucumbers. That is positively all that is mentioned in the book. It is true her own family joked her about the mys-

terious contents of the marvelous receptacle, but the above is a complete list of all that is mentioned as taken from it.

CAREFUL READING. FOR older boys and girls who desire general advice about what to read, it will be well to recommend the writings on this subject of John Morley, Frederic Harrison, and Sir John Lubbock. But in the absence of any special guide it will be found helpful to stop every now and then in one's reading and to ask the plain question: "What does this author mean to tell me?" Unless this question can be answered satisfactorily, you are reading inattentively or the author is writing in an affected or obscure style. The most marvelous things that have been put into words have been said in the very simplest fashion. When Joshua stops the sun and moon in their courses, the words he uses are no longer or more unusual than: "Stand thou still!"

A WARRIOR AND HIS BOOK. REAL book-lovers are likely to own a few books that they especially treasure. If these be bound worthily in handsome leather, it is not being too fussy to make a little chamois case or light box for each one to protect it from the chance knocks and scratches that mar the beauty of the leather. It is true that the best binding is one that, like the old white vellum, is durable, cleanable, attractive, and serviceable; but not all bindings can be left unprotected, and if Alexander the Great believed nothing better worthy of a place in the jeweled casket of Darius than his copy of Homer's Iliad, even the most manly boy need not be ashamed to provide a safe-keeping wrapper for his dainty books.

THE BUTTERFLY. THERE used to be an old bit of verse describing how, in the early summer, on a beautiful sunshiny day, a young butterfly came out of its cocoon, and, strange to say, began to find fault with everything. The flower-juices were not at all to its taste, and the sun was a little too hot; the dewdrops dabbled its wings, and altogether it would seem as if something had happened to

the day itself. But toward the end of the little poem some very wise creature fortunately explained the whole matter by asking a question that ended with:

Could it have been the reason why,
That something ailed the butterfly?

The application of this little fable should be made very carefully by girls and boys who are unable to find anything good in books that all the world has long ago decided to be among the very best of their kind. To put it very plainly, there are two elements that go to good reading: a good book and a good reader; and reading, like a quarrel, requires both factors.

"CHEERERS." SOMETIME ago our friends were kind enough to send us lists of books good to read through the getting-well days of little invalids. From these lists were excluded whatever had a tendency to over-interest or excite. We should be glad of a few suggestions of books that tend to give brightness to April rainy days or to relieve a fit of depression such as no young person is supposed to have, but such as, nevertheless, does now and then come. A friend suggests to us James Barrie's "Auld Licht Idyls" and "A Window in Thrums," Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," and Anstey's humorous books as being types of the sort required.

THE TIME OF DAY. WE heard not long ago a few words of wisdom from the lips of a young friend. In talking about the books which she kept before her, she remarked that she tried always to give the earlier hours of the day to the more solid reading, since she found that the untired mind found no great difficulty in following the deeper reading. Toward the afternoon books of a lighter character were chosen; and if any reading was done in the evening, she took care that it should be of the lightest sort—amusing fiction or brief and bright bits of information.

This young girl is unusually systematic, trying to keep on hand one book of the sort she calls "solid," and one work of a lighter nature. She compelled herself to finish the more serious books, and was therefore careful never to begin

one of which she was not sure. As to the others, she allowed herself more liberty.

**PUTTING AWAY
CHILDISH
THINGS.** IT is not often that we venture to say a word in this department to parents or

elders. We would not dare assume that many of them read the department, though we know by some very kind letters that some do. But so that a few of our boy and girl readers may show this item in the proper cases, we wish to suggest that there is a time when what one may call the "infant foods" of literature cease to nourish the growing mind. Older people are very likely to forget how soon their juniors begin to take interest in the affairs of the grown-up world, and a boy or girl is not long in the teens before the mind demands something that will give youth power to grow into manhood.

Fortunately, great poetry has in it all the requisites for this age. If a boy or girl believes that juvenile literature has been outgrown, it would be a good plan to go to some older person of sound judgment and ask for bits of reading that would test pleasantly this question of maturity. We are inclined to think that some of Macaulay's essays would be the right sort of reading to try; others might prefer some of Lamb's essays.

But let it be remembered that the greatest minds are best able to find good in all sorts of reading. Stanley, for example, found invaluable hints in an anonymous little volume called "How to Observe." Who knows of it?

**WHILE THE IRON
IS HOT.** A MAN who has done a great deal of literary work

has found it a most excellent rule to turn aside, if possible, even in the midst of an absorbing task, for the purpose of looking up at the moment any reference that touches his curiosity. At times the curiosity can be satisfied by a moment's reading; if more is required, it is easy to make a note and return to the matter at leisure; but often it will be found a fatal error to put aside a question without jotting down some memorandum. The time to fix a fact in memory is when that fact is first introduced to the mind and the interest in it is keenest.

THE LETTER-BOX.

TRIER, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My mother, three younger sisters, and my brother and I have come to Germany to study. Our home is in New York. I am writing to tell you about our trip to Marburg in the Hessian land. Marburg is a university town on a hill by the Lahn, one of the tributaries of the Rhine.

As we left the Rhine we passed by fields upon fields of golden wheat, ready stacked for the thrashers. As we stepped off the train we saw four or five of the students with their brightly colored caps and colored bands across their breasts and scars on their faces. The latter they were more proud of than any of their bright ribbons, for had they not been won in a duel! We were very much surprised at this, for we had been led to believe that the Germans would not allow such things, and we asked a student about it. He said that it was perfectly safe to duel as they do it, and that it was very seldom that any serious injury was done, because they were so well protected and the doctors were always at hand, who between each bout examined the duelers. He said it developed courage and fortitude. Then he mentioned foot-ball, which in his mind was far worse than dueling.

We left the station on a horse-car which took us part way up the hill on which Marburg is situated. One of the first things we saw was the beautiful castle on top of the hill, but we were soon attracted from this to the quaint peasant costume which all the peasants wore. The brightly colored skirts and black velvet jackets, the white scarfs and bright caps, were extremely picturesque and would make an artist wish for his brush.

Altogether the commanding situation of the town, the university life, the peasant costume, and the beautiful St. Elizabeth Church left an impression which we shall never forget.

LOUISE GULICK (age 16).

CLARE, MICH.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Papa has bought you for twenty-one years. I like to read the volumes that were published before I was born.

The stories I like to read best are: "Sara Crewe," "Lady Jane," "Denise and Ned Toodles," "Elinor Arden, Royalist," "A Comedy in Wax," and "Queen Zixi of Ix." I have two brothers whose names are John and William. John is eight and William is six. They like to have me read the St. NICHOLAS to them.

I have been a member of the St. Nicholas League three years, and my brothers would also like to become members.

I have sent away for a camera, and I am going to learn how to take pictures when it comes. Hoping to see my first letter published, I remain,

Your sincere reader,

HILDA DUNLOP.

NORTH NEWCASTLE, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American boy, and my father began with Volume I of St. NICHOLAS and I began at Volume XXXII. My father was born in England. I have a sister nine years old and her name is Rebecca, and my name is Henry, and I am ten years old. We have two dogs: one is a skye-terrier and the other is a spaniel; we have a donkey, too.

I like the St. NICHOLAS very much, and I think the story of "Queen Zixi of Ix" is very funny.

Yours truly,

HENRY NASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have ever written to you. I like very much "Pinkey Perkins"; I liked especially well the one of December. I have a steam-engine and a steam-locomotive, but I don't think it is as nice as Pinkey's; but it has a whistle and a safety-valve and can go very nicely. Your loving reader,

ALFRED B. NORTH.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of your enthusiastic readers. I especially like your serial stories. A few weeks ago I was in New York. I passed by your building, but from lack of time I failed to go in. Here there are several inches of snow and very good skating. I was very sorry when I heard of the death of Mrs. Dodge, and I am sure many others were. Hoping that all subscribers and officers of this magazine have a happy New Year,

I remain,

W. WALLACE ALWARD.

VANCOUVER BANKS, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I just joined the League about two months ago. The first number I wrote for was December. My story was not published, but my name was on the first Roll of Honor, and you cannot imagine how surprised I was.

It encouraged me greatly, and seemed to put new vigor into my work.

My brothers have some chickens which do not lay eggs, and I have a cat.

I have taken you for five years, and my mother took you before I did.

A few of my favorite stories are "Queen Zixi of Ix," "Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy," "Denise and Ned Toodles," "From Sioux to Susan," and "The Crimson Sweater." There are many more I would like to mention, but it would take too long.

Your interested reader,

FRANCES SLADEN BRADLEY.

BATH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly favor me by printing this letter in St. NICHOLAS? I shall be much obliged if some Japanese reader will send me, through the medium of your Letter-Box, particulars as to how rice is cooked in Japan.

I have read of its being steamed and sent to table with the grains separate one from the other. I do not know how this is accomplished.

With thanks,

I remain, yours faithfully, S. LEE BUSH.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and niece went away to the country early in March. They went to Napa Soda Springs. When I had my summer vacation from school, sister Bertha came down from the Springs, and took me up there for two weeks. I was very glad to see my niece Isabel again. We had fine times together, painting, drawing, playing ball, and many other things, and I was very sorry to go home again.

Just before the Fourth of July, grandma and I went to Santa Cruz for a week. We had a fine time at the beach, and Bennett's famous band played every evening.

From

ENID FOOTE (age 13).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE A ROSTIC. Primals, Berlin, Madrid, finals, London, Athens. Cross-words: 1. Brazil. 2. El Paso. 3. Rio de Janeiro. 4. Laredo. 5. Haiti. 6. Nelson. 7. Malaga. 8. Anarat. 9. Duluth. 10. Racine. 11. Indian. 12. Dallas.

WORD SQUARE: 1. Grates. 2. Relent. 3. Alpaca. 4. Teapot. 5. Encore. 6. States.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. P. 2. Bat. 3. Basel. 4. Pas-saic. 5. Tease. 6. Lie. 7. C. II. 1. C. 2. Bog. 3. Comic. 4. Gin. 5. C. III. 1. C. 2. Sad. 3. Aller. 4. Sleeper. 5. Caledonia. 6. Deposed. 7. Renew. 8. Rid. 9. A. IV. 1. A. 2. Adv. 3. Admit. 4. Air. 5. I. V. 1. 1. 2. Ere. 3. Event. 4. Trenton. 5. Entry. 6. Toy. 7. N.

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMAS. Madison, Jackson. 1. Majesty. 2. Land-ol. 3. Decanter. 4. Inking. 5. Ashen. 6. Sorely. 7. Snoring.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell a sportive time.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A farming imple-ment. 2. A punctuation mark. 3. A kind of bear. 4. A number. 5. A high seat without a back. 6. Necessary for a kitchen. 7. Large bundles. 8. Mails. 9. A pattern. 10. A machine for raising and lowering heavy weights. 11. A wood-nymph. V. D.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

(One word is concealed in each couplet.)

WHO 's lost a red ribbon out here in the field?
I'll auction it off; to some bidder I'll yield.

Will you bid for it, Ruth? I even will trade
For the blue one you wear at the end of your braid.

A quarter, my Ada, is less than its due,
You can see at a glance that the ribbon is new.

Now, children, don't quarrel; in every eye
I see resolution this ribbon to buy.

Even Eric, the thrifty, is counting his cash,
And Hal looks determined to do something rash.

The circus! They're gone! Well, I'll end my tirade.
Such wholesale desertion sad havoc has made.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

MYTHOLOGICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-four letters and form the translation of a Greek epigram relating to a well-known mythological character.

My 19-7-45-9-72-44-43 and my 45-64-5-42-28-36-14 are the names of a husband and wife mentioned in "Mid-summer Night's Dream." My 21-29 31-30-6 73-12 was brother to Prospero. My 42-18-28-63-65-48-43-14 is the object of the ninth labor of Hercules. My 73-2 is the name of one of Juno's rivals. My 24-19-68-12 is a creature who can now only be heard but not seen. My 11-47-64-71-5-37 is a mythological monster. My 39-59-63-

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Seem. 2. Flat. 3. Elope. 4. Maple. 5. Steel. II. 1. Roost. 2. Ovate. 3. Oakum. 4. Stump. 5. Tempt. III. 1. Least. 2. Elate. 3. Aaron. 4. Stout. 5. Tenth. IV. 1. First. 2. Hate. 3. Rotan. 4. Stays. 5. Tense. V. 1. Atlas. 2. Thine. 3. Liege. 4. Anger. 5. Seers.

ANIMAL PUZZLE. Longfellow. 1. Lynx. 2. Opossum. 3. Nylghau. 4. Giraffe. 5. Ferret. 6. Elephant. 7. Leopard. 8. Hamlet. 9. Ocelot. 10. Weasel.

ADDITIONS. 1. Fort, forty. 2. Rab, raly. 3. Post, forty. 4. Ma, May. 5. Shad, shady. 6. Lad, lady.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. Ethan Allen. 1. Fri-end. 2. Cot-ton. 3. Rat-her. 4. Equ-ally. 5. Bon-net. 6. Par-able. 7. Bul-let. 8. Pil-low. 9. App-ears. 10. Cor-nice.

69 is the daughter of Juno. My 34-10-22-43-55 was the goddess of beauty. My 20-61-51-56-18-49 is the Greek name for the messenger of the gods. My 45-9-54-40-8-47-74 was a daring and ambitious youth. My 17-05-14-67-16 is the Greek deity of the hearth. My 33-73-47-63-27 is the character to whom this quotation relates. My 25-70-45-53-6-65 was a maiden who was changed into a tree. My 38-60-7-52-32-55 was the mother of a famous warrior who fought in the Trojan war. My 13-36-58-5 was the founder of Carthage. My 35-56-45-26-32-46-64-36-4-10 was wife of Neptune. My 50-15 is an exclamation. My 21-31-59 was the goddess of discord. My 57-62-23-12-74-66-43-1-41 is the name given to the band of men who went on a famous expedition.

GLADYS GAYLORD AND JEANETTE RATHBUN,
(League Members).

CUBE AND SQUARE.

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FROM 1 to 2, a republic of Central America; from 1 to 3, a famous Carthaginian general; from 2 to 4, a division of the island of Great Britain; from 3 to 4, the western-most land of England; from 5 to 6, the capital of Cum-berland, England; from 5 to 7, certain mountains in New York; from 6 to 8, a little town of Norway near the island of Egeröe; from 7 to 8, a town in Cleimont County, Ohio; from 1 to 5, devastation; from 2 to 6, a river of France; from 4 to 8, the second king of Israel; from 3 to 7, to mark with a name.

INCLUDED SQUARE (reading across only): 1. A masculine name. 2. A great division of the globe. 3. To cause to revolve. 4. To despatch.

HARRY I. TIFFANY (Honor Member).

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

DOUBLE WORD-SQUARE.

READING ACROSS: 1. To split. 2. The first man.
To wander. 4. A feminine name.
READING DOWNWARD: 1. Scarce. 2. Anything
worshipped. 3. A branch of the Orange River in Africa.
4. A feminine name.

MASON GARFIELD (League Member).

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



IN this numerical enigma the words are pictured instead of described. When the eleven objects have been rightly guessed, and the letters set down in proper order, they will spell a quotation from "Twelfth Night." V. D.

DIAMOND.

1. In riddles. 2. A moor. 3. To quit. 4. Motives.
5. To evade. 6. Finish. 7. In riddles.
"THE PUZZLERS."

A REVOLUTIONARY ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following words have been guessed and written one below the other, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell a name famous in Revolutionary days.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. A battle won on January 3, 1777. 2. A British general who surrendered October 17, 1777. 3. An American patriot who took a famous ride. 4. The colonel of the "Green Mountain Boys." 5. The river crossed by Washington in December, 1776. 6. A battle won by the British in

1777. 7. A city captured by Clinton in May, 1780. 8. A celebrated American statesman born in 1757. 9. A battle won by Stark in 1777. 10. A battle fought on October 7, 1780.

FLORENCE CASSIDY (Honor Member).

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

THREE FIFTHS of wrest,
Two fifths of chest,
And then three fifths of reins;
Three sevenths of trinity,
One half of dimity,
Then three eighths of disdains;
Next take three fifths of aloes,
And last one third of trains,
Then when these are guessed correctly
You will find three poets' names.
DAISY JAMES (Honor Member).

A BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following names have been rightly guessed, the initial letters will spell the name of a biblical character.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A tanner of Joppa. 2. A Hebrew patriarch. 3. The lawgiver of the Israelites. 4. The last letter of the Greek alphabet. 5. The mother-in-law of Ruth. 6. One of the disciples. 7. A Hebrew prophet of the ninth century B.C. 8. A convert and companion of the Apostle Paul. 9. The Persian name of the queen from whom one of the Old Testament books takes its name. 10. Relating to a very famous city.

KATHARINE OLIVER (League Member).

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In tardy. 2. Skill. 3. Pertaining to Arius. 4. Decorated. 5. Reduced from a state of native wildness and shyness. 6. A masculine nickname. 7. In tardy.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In tardy. 2. A light moisture. 3. The second King of Israel. 4. Contrived. 5. More learned. 6. One-half of a word which means pertaining to the skin. 7. In tardy.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In tardy. 2. A European bird of the crow family. 3. Gave medicine to. 4. A poltroon. 5. Having the strength exhausted by toil or exertion. 6. Arid. 7. In tardy.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In tardy. 2. To scatter seed. 3. A small party. 4. Multiplied by two. 5. Fortifies. 6. One half of a word meaning intention. 7. In tardy.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In tardy. 2. An affirmative. 3. Barks. 4. Delta-shaped. 5. To gush forth. 6. To be seated. 7. In tardy.

FREDERIC P. STORKE (League Member).

